

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 393,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES



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**SUPPLEMENT**  
*for* **ADULTS**

Including  
Directions for this  
charming 'Patricia'  
Jumper.





ARCTIC FOX for evening—at least eighteen skins for a luxury effect.

## SOON WE'LL ALL be able to buy FURS



CONTRASTING FURS—silver fox sleeves, collar and hat with an American broadtail coat, designed by Norman Hartnell.



THE LITTLE "brief" coat, to be worn with pleated skirts in daytime and crinolines at night.

Every year furs become less of a luxury and more within reach of the average income.

Scientific methods are increasing the production of skins, and the result is lower prices.

A FEW years ago a girl felt like a film star if she could afford a couple of skimpy little stonemartens to wind round her neck.

Nowadays she feels that the world has treated her badly if she cannot include in her dress budget a whole fur cape or a sumptuous swathing of foxes.

Though many furs still have to be hunted in the wilds of snow-

capped mountains, vast quantities are bred on efficient and humane farms.

The latest result of scientific methods is the return of Russian ermine to the fur market.

For some years the bulk of this expensive fur has come from Canada, but the Russian fur trade has now been reorganised, and beautiful, supple ermine skins are prepared for the market in Leningrad by Russian girls who, so far, have

only been able to buy bulky sheepskins for themselves.

Millions of pounds' worth of furs—foxes from the Himalayas and Canada, ermine and chinchilla, mink and sable from Russia, skunk from America, baby seal from the South Pole—are sold every year in the three great fur markets of the world—Beaver Hall in London, and the markets in New York and Leningrad.

The bargaining in furs produces the same noisy excitement as the Stock Exchange or wool sales.

Good furs are becoming so easy to procure that our old friend the rabbit is more and more unemployed, though he staged a temporary comeback for the Coronation, when, bleached white and clipped, he often masqueraded as ermine.

World affairs and changes in the frock silhouette affect fur fashions.

This year there is a Chinese influence on fur coats, and the romantic influence of crinoline evening frocks and the full-skirted daytime silhouette have resulted in a square little hip-length coat of becoming youthfulness.

### This Year's Newcomer

COATS and capes are so subtly cut and moulded that a furrier needs all the skill of a Parisian dressmaker. Darting, ruching, swirling give them the same subtle beauty of line as a model frock.

The Chinese influence is revealed in loose sleeves falling from square shoulders and widening a little towards the wrist, and in a padded roll of fur down the front, like a mandarin's coat.

The little "brief" coat in flat or long fur is this year's newcomer. Square cut and waist length, it sits jauntily above a pleated daytime skirt or the billowing fullness of a crinoline evening frock. Its sleeves are short or long.

With a daytime "brief" you wear a little muff and hat of the same or contrasting fur to complete the "skating girl" atmosphere.

This winter we will wear furs to keep warm, not just to look like film stars.

FAMED AMONG film stars for her lovely furs, Madeleine Carroll wears a lame evening coat weighted with a long loose collar of fox, which she winds closely round the neck when she goes out.

Fur scarves and stoles must be wrapped warmly round the neck, instead of trailing over the shoulders.

Waist-length capes are second favorite to the brief coat. Like the brief coat they fall straight and flat from square shoulders.

Long fur coats are devoid of flares. Movement is provided with hidden fullness. They are made with a padded double hem down the edge to edge front, most of them without collars.

Contrasting furs are used to give added luxury to coats. An American broadtail coat may have silver fox sleeves, or a bronze moleskin contrast with dyed arctic fox sleeves.

Silver fox and cross fox are the most fashionable long-haired furs, and flat furs are dyed in similar colorings, as they tone best with the new season's colors—teal-blue, carbon-blue and the new wine shades.

Furs of all types are used for hats. One hat may consist of a large "powder puff" of silver fox and a bandeau, another may be a pillbox of squirrel or broadtail, and a third may be a small crosscut hat of ermine that makes you look as though you are going to leap aboard your sleigh at any minute.

If a whole hat of fur does not suit you, you will still look very fashionable in a felt hat trimmed with fur.

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



### Artist's Achievement

MR. M. C. MEERE has been awarded the Sir John Sulman prize for his picture, "Atalanta's Eclipse." Competition for the award is open to artists throughout Australia.

Mr. Meere, who was born in London, came to Australia in 1927. He designed posters issued for the N.S.W. 150th Anniversary Celebrations and for the Empire Games.



### Brilliant Student

DR. DAPHNE BAMFORD,

who, before her marriage to Dr. Clement Bamford last December was Miss Daphne Stephan, of Sydney, has been awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by the University of Cambridge.

Dr. Bamford graduated as a Bachelor of Science in 1936, and was the first woman to obtain the University medal for chemistry, which had not been awarded for fourteen years. She was awarded the James King of Irrawang travelling scholarship, and has been doing research work at Cambridge.



### Received Father's Honor

SIR ANDREW ASHTON WALL

LER HILLS, five-year-old son of the late Major Hills, who died on Christmas Eve, has received the baronetcy which was to have been conferred upon his father by the King in the last New Year honours list.

Major Hills was a member of the House of Commons, and a former financial secretary to the Treasury.

## A Brother advised—

YOUR COUSIN'S STUNNING, BOB. I'M OFF TO CLAIM ANOTHER DANCE

IF YOU'RE LUCKY...



ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM—2/6 Jar, 1/- Tube. A light, greaseless foundation cream.

1' PER BOX

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

N.S.W.





## Little Princesses will stay at home . . .

While King and Queen are touring America

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose will stay at Royal Lodge, Windsor, while the King and Queen are in Canada and the United States.

IN charge of their nurse, Miss Knight, and governess, Miss Crawford, they will spend the whole six weeks in the "country house" which the King and Queen have used since they were Duke and Duchess of York.

Here, in the heart of the Windsor Great Park, yet only an hour's drive from London, the Princesses will follow the King and Queen's tour every mile of the way with avid interest.

A large map of North America already adorns the walls of the beige and rose-pink schoolroom there. Each day they will mark with tiny colored flags their parents' progress, daily bulletins will keep them informed of events, while eagerly awaited letters will supply more intimate details.

As a special treat, the Queen may speak to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose on the transatlantic telephone.

Princess Margaret Rose learned to swim last summer—but only just. So in the artificially heated water of the swimming pool at Royal Lodge she is to have lessons and practice until "fifty yards without touching the bottom" is an accomplished fact.

The King is very anxious that both Princesses shall be good swimmers; that is why he has had a swimming pool built at Buckingham Palace where the squash courts were.

Every day the King and Queen will receive wireless reports of the Princesses, and Queen Mary will supplement the official bulletins with more intimate accounts of their daily doings.

By Air Mail From MARY ST. CLAIRE,  
Our Special Representative in England.

Just as Queen Mary took charge of the baby Princess Elizabeth when the King and Queen, as Duke and Duchess of York, visited Australia, so she will keep a watchful eye on both granddaughters, though they are now of an age to be guided more than watched.

It is only an hour's drive up to town, so several visits to Marlborough House, where Queen Mary lives, to the theatre, and to their cousins, Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra, have been planned.

### "Keeping House"

BOTH the Duke of Kent and the Duke of Gloucester will be particularly busy while the King and Queen are on their Canadian and United States tour, as they will be members of the Council of State set up during the King's absence.

For this reason the Princesses will visit, rather than be visited by, these members of the Royal Family.

Their six weeks' stay at Royal Lodge does not mean that the Princesses will be cut off from their friends and members of the Buckingham Palace Girl Guide and Brownie troops.

Each week-end they will entertain several of their more intimate companions at Royal Lodge. In "Y Boethyn Back to Gwilt" (Little cottage with a straw roof), which the people of Wales gave to Princess Elizabeth, they will play at "keeping house."

All roads leading to Royal Lodge have been closed to motor cars. The Virginia-covered Lodge, with its striped awnings and colored garden furniture, its lovely swimming pool and gardens filled with bowls of spring and summer flowers, will provide a delightful private retreat for the Princesses.

In the evening the round oak table in the schoolroom will be covered with jig-saw puzzles, photograph and stamp collections.

For a short while before going to bed they will work on their latest puzzles, piecing together maps of Canada, the United States, pictures of Ottawa, the Statue of Liberty, and the "Stars and Stripes."

STUDY in expressions. Princess Margaret Rose and Princess Elizabeth at the National Pony Show, London. At top, Princess Margaret seems to be using her pencil as an impromptu flute, and in lower picture her whole interest is given to the contents of a chocolate box.

—Air Mail photos.

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# LADY GIFFORD will become a most-envied "DOLPHIN"...



LORD AND LADY GIFFORD and the great block of flats in London, where they will make their home.



## Couple's romantic home in greatest flat-block in London

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

When Lord Gifford flies back to London with his Lady at the end of this month, he will bring her to one of the most modern homes in England.

It is in Dolphin Square, one of 1250 luxurious flats in the largest and most luxuriously equipped block of flats in Europe.

LADY GIFFORD when she enters her new home will automatically become a "Dolphin"—one of the most domestically enviable titles in London!

The gigantic block of flats stands in three acres of lawn and garden overlooking the Thames.

All flats are self-contained and the building includes a complete arcade of shops, restaurant, ballroom, swimming pool, squash courts, gymnasium, and a children's nursery with trained attendants.

The rents range from £2/10/- to £10 a week.

When I saw over the Gifford flat last spring, just a year ago, I remember being torn between the glorious view and the exciting furnishing. Every window looks out on the Thames, even the kitchen!

LORD GIFFORD superintended the furnishing of his flat himself, and he has set a standard of bachelor comfort which a bride could hardly have bettered.

He was very emphatic on the subject and said he didn't see why bachelors shouldn't have as attractive and comfortable homes as anyone else.

The flat consists of three rooms with marvellous kitchen and bathroom.

Tiny? Not at all, when the three rooms are large and the flat can be extended to include any number of furnished guest rooms through the simple process of booking them. There are maids' quarters as well.

Rachel, Lord Gifford's housekeeper, who was with him for ten years before he came to Dolphin Square, approved most heartily of her new home. She showed it off with pride.

### Nautical Flavor

THE whole flat has the same color background. Throughout, the walls, ceilings and woodwork are cream, and soft carpeting of grey-beige fits snugly up to every wall.

In the lounge the chief color is a rich blue. The note is struck by the two blue velvet chairs and a stool which were part of Westminster Abbey furnishings during the Coronation.

Cushions and divan cover are in the same shade of blue velvet. There are comfortable chairs in dark brown, cream quilted curtains at the windows and all the furniture wood of desk, buffet, table and occasional chairs is antique mahogany of a lovely warm shade.

Lord Gifford has used a different shade of blue in his bedroom. The curtains and matching bedspread are in quilted blue chintz with a pattern of seagulls.

Seagulls in Raleigh House, Dolphin Square! It all has a very nautical flavor,

quite in harmony with Lord Gifford's own naval career, first at Dartmouth—the same naval college where the Duke of Windsor was a pupil—and later at sea from 1914 to 1918.

The spare bedroom is gay with quilted curtains in bright yellow, and the divan cover is made to match. Divans are a feature of many London bedrooms nowadays, they are sprung as comfortably as any bed, but give the room a daytime tailored effect which is very fashionable just now.

The bathroom is in delicate green and the kitchen is cream picked out in scarlet paint with scarlet oil silk curtains at the windows.

No wonder Rachel is enthusiastic. In the streamlining of both rooms with every possible fitment built in there's not a stray ledge to catch the dust.

### Escort Service

IN Lord Gifford's bedroom, a furry koala presides on the top of the chest of drawers. This is an Australian touch which is repeated in all the shop windows of the District Messenger and Theatre Ticket Company over which Lord Gifford presides.

He has made it the company's mascot, and incidentally a familiar sight in London.

Dolphin Square has its own branch of the District Messenger Service, and Lord Gifford has some amusing tales to tell of the boys' jobs.

During school holiday time it is quite usual to get a request for an escort to the Zoo. This sort of assignment is enthusiastically received!

The boys don't like minding babies so much, but they do it most successfully.

When Lord Gifford's sister and her baby were staying with him they had a boy in to mind the baby at night, whenever they wanted to go out.

Lady Gifford will find every opportunity in her new home for the social life she is used to. The party arrangements at Dolphin Square are famous in London.

Lord Gifford made history at the Square by giving the first private party after the flats were opened.

That was before the restaurant and dance floor were finished, but the cocktail bar and swimming pool were already in use, so he suited his invitations to the setting by inviting his 120 guests in these terms:

"Heaven alone knows why Jean Black wants to leave us, but if she must I suggest we all have a good cry together at the swimming pool, Dolphin Square, at six o'clock. (Anywhere else would be flooded out!)"

Many Australians who were at this farewell party to Jean Black, of Sydney, have a lively recollection of Lord Gifford as host.

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"Exquisite skin is a charm men can't resist. Every single day I use Lux Toilet Soap..."

SAYS BEAUTIFUL

*Loretta Young*  
20th Century Fox Star in "SUEZ"

Men are always admiring your skin, Betty. What do you use?

Just Lux Toilet Soap. That's Loretta Young's beauty care. Why don't you use it?

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Use Lux Toilet Soap and see how soft, smooth and fine your skin becomes! The supercreamed lather cleans pore-deep, removing all excess oil from the skin. But it doesn't sap the softening oils the way ordinary drying toilet soaps do. The supercreamed lather softens a dry skin... refines an oily one... keeps a normal skin young and lovely. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly for a radiant, film-star complexion!



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9 OUT OF 10 GLAMOROUS HOLLYWOOD STARS CHOOSE LUX TOILET SOAP



# FIERY CARGO

Complete short story  
showing what love can do to a  
spirited girl...

Illustrated  
by

Wynne W.  
DAVIES

**T**HE cargo steamer Southerner was en route from Melbourne to Sydney, over a calm sea, with a bright sun lighting her drab hull. Captain George Bell, leaning his forearms on the bridge bulwark, smoked his pipe and was well content. It would be a good trip, without the discomfort of rain or rough seas. Suddenly Captain Bell straightened. The men were escorting someone from the boat deck, someone small and dressed in tan overalls. The someone was struggling, protesting in no uncertain voice. Captain Bell looked grim. Stowaways—for this person could only be that—did not usually make a fuss.

The men halted on the lower bridge; the bosun asked, "Will I bring her up there, sir?"

"Her?" The captain was astonished. "Oh, yes, bring her up."

A girl stowaway. Something new! Presently, when the men had persuaded the stowaway to climb the bridge ladder—it took Jacob Jacobson pulling ahead and the bosun thrusting behind, with advice and encouragement sotto voce from the other sailors, to get her on the bridge—presently she stood resentfully before the skipper, a small person defiant in tan overalls, folding her arms and caressing the places where the bosun's hard hands had taken hold to pull her up the ladder.

"Well, what's all this?" The captain's voice was sharp.

"Found her in the port lifeboat, sir. She's eaten part of the emer-

awfully well off. I was going to get a job so I could pay my board while I was staying with her. I had to get to Sydney. You can't put me back now."

"Yes. But I can and will turn you over to the police at Sydney, and they'll pack you straight back to your legal guardian. He is that, I suppose?"

"Yes. The awful beast—at least, he is awful, though he isn't a beast."

"Very lucid. Now, young lady, do you realise that stowaways always work their passage? You're going to peel potatoes in the galley."

"I'm not."

"Yes, you are. Take her there, bosun."

"Ay, sir."

The girl, pretty with her tumbled hair and flushed cheeks, dashed into the charthouse as a possible refuge. The door shut very nearly on the bosun's fingers, and he opened his mouth to say "D—n," but remembered that a lady, and the skipper, were present. He said, instead, "Come out of there, you tinker."

"I shan't."

Peggy had fastened the door and was triumphant. The skipper looked in at the porthole. "Come out of that young woman!"

"No."

"**W**HY, you — break the door down, bosun. No, wait. It's good timber. We'll smoke her out. Fetch a shovel of hot coals from the galley and a handful of sulphur from the stores. I'll teach her. Now, girl, if you've never sniffed sulphur in your life you will now. Wait a bit."

Shrewdly jamming the end of the fire-bucket rack in the porthole to prevent its being closed, the skipper awaited the bosun and the gas attack. A few whiffs of sulphur would fix her.

Shortly the bosun was standing at the porthole with the shovel of coals, the sulphur simmering thereon and a choking cloud arising. The bosun fanned the fumes into the porthole with his hat. It took just five minutes to bring the stowaway out, coughing.

"Good," said the skipper. "Bosun, heave those coals over the side. If she shuts herself up in any place, get some more and smoke her out again."

"No, no!" protested the girl. "I've had enough."

"Getting sense, I see," said the skipper. "Then go down and peel potatoes."

"I won't. I won't lock myself in anywhere, but I won't peel potatoes, and you can't make me."

"Can't, eh? You'll see. Would you rather oil the foredeck? You know, with an oil-tin and a nice mop?"

The girl shuddered. "I won't."

"Or maybe you'd like to chip paint."

"I won't do any of those horrid things. I'm hungry. Those awful dog-biscuits or whatever they were in the lifeboat were worse than nothing."

"Better men than you have eaten them," returned Captain Bell.

"No doubt," she said disdainfully.

"H'm. Well—Take her away. Lock her in the hospital cabin, and there she stays, with a slice of dry bread and a jug of water, till she works. There's good grub on this ship, girl. The owners are decent, they know a sailor works better on a full belly—I mean stomach. We're having the best corned beef and cabbage you ever tasted for dinner. If you want some, say so!"

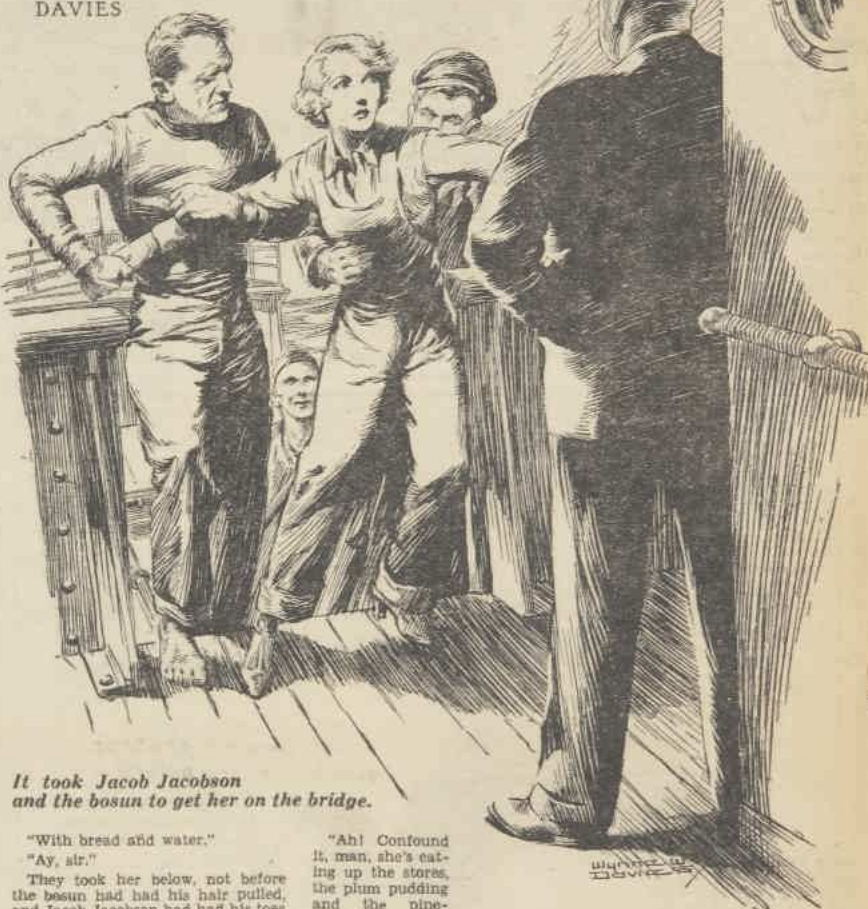
"Of course I do!" she cried eagerly.

"Then peel the potatoes."

"No."

"Shove her in the hospital cabin, bosun."

"Ay, sir."



It took Jacob Jacobson and the bosun to get her on the bridge.

"With bread and water."

"Ay, sir."

They took her below, not before the bosun had had his hair pulled, and Jacob Jacobson had had his toes trodden on. The one rubbing his head, the other feeling his foot, while four more sailors carried the girl off, they muttered in the beards they did not wear.

All was peaceful aboard the Southerner. The corned beef and greens boiled in the galley. It was not till the steward tried to raise the trap of the storeroom, in the floor of his pantry, that he found something amiss. The trap would not move. In haste the steward reported to the captain. He, smoking a pipe in his cabin, listened with growing wonder. He recollected that there was a small lavaret connecting the hospital cabin with the storeroom. It should have been locked, but—

He went down to investigate. The hospital cabin door was open. The

"Ah! Confound it, man, she's eating up the stores, the plum pudding and the pineapple!"

"Not—not the plum pudding, sir."

"Yes, you muttonhead. Now, it's up to you to get her out."

"Ay, sir. But how? We can't smoke her out of that. There isn't a crack in the place. She's safe there."

"The grub isn't, not with her around," Captain Bell worried.

"Wonder if we could come to some arrangement with her. Let her not work, if she doesn't want to, only leave the tucker alone."

"Wot, give in, sir?"

The bosun's blood was up. The pulling of his hair and the loss of the Sunday plum pudding was too much.

"I have a plan, sir."

"Yes? What is it?"

"Suppose the ship were sinking."

pose they aren't poisoned. Anyway, I've eaten one, and if I'm to die I'd like some company."

"Yes, sir."

The steward was not particularly surprised to find, later in the day, after an absence from the pantry, that a whole assortment of small cakes and jam pastry, such as hungry sailors love, was on several plates in the pantry.

"**T**RYING to win us over," the skipper told himself. "And all the time eating up our grub. Wait till I get her in Sydney tomorrow. I'll lay a charge—I'll teach her."

Thoughtfully he nibbled the rich jam tart which the steward had brought up with his afternoon tea.

"The little imp!"

Being alone, he relaxed with a grin. Then:

"Wonder what her guardian thinks of it all? Bet he got a surprise, with the radio message I sent him yesterday. Well, we'll be in Sydney to-morrow and that little imp down there in the storeroom will get her come-uppance."

The Southerner was met at Pyrmont by a tall, well-dressed man of thirty-five, who came aboard at once and inquired for the skipper.

"My name is Brent—Allen Brent. I'm the guardian of the miss you've got on board. I'll deal with her. Where is she?"

"In the storeroom, where she'll have eaten all the best rations by now."

"Indeed? Shall we go down?"

They did. Peggy opened the trap at her guardian's request, and came out, bashfully. Allen Brent took in the overalls, the hair ribbon that subdued her unruly brown curls, and his face softened. But—

"What have you to say for yourself?"

Please turn to Page 54

## For Your Delight—

Oh slender, lovely shining  
Night!

The moon was made for  
your delight.

The rounded moon who  
pales to see

The fervor of your ecstasy.

Be careful, Night, the moon  
is frail.

The moon is thin, the moon  
is pale.

The moon is poised to make  
her flight

And was not made for your  
delight!

—Yvonne Webb.

gency ration. Very hard to handle, sir."

"What! The emergency ration?"

"No, the girl, sir."

"H'm. What have you to say for yourself?" This to the stowaway.

"Nothing. You can't do anything to me."

"No? I can put you over my knee if you're impertinent, as you'll find. Fetch her here, bosun."

"No. I—I—"

"That's a more reasonable tone. Now, why did you do it?"

"I wanted to get to Sydney."

"Why?"

"My aunt is there."

"Your aunt? What the deuce has that to do with it?"

"You see, she likes me, and I could live with her. She has often asked me to."

"I see. And why did you stow away on my ship? Why didn't you ask your aunt for the fare?"

"My guardian wouldn't let me. We've been cross with each other, and he wouldn't give me any pocket money."

"But a stamp for a letter—surely you had that?"

"No. I've been looked up in a room. And, anyway, Auntie isn't so

## By IVO STORM

skipper observed that the bosun had unscrewed the lock so that the girl might not bar herself in the room. He crossed to the lavaret hatch. As he had suspected, it was shut fast.

"Are you in there?"

"Yes. The food is lovely. I'm eating tinned pineapple."

The skipper groaned. The Sunday rations!

"I'm going to have plum pudding next. There's a tin here."

"You—you—Let me in!"

"It's likely."

"Oh." The captain stormed out.

"Bosun!"

"Sir!" The bosun came hurrying up. "Why didn't you fasten the lavaret?"

"I forgot, sir." The bosun looked harassed. "I was so glad to get her in the cabin, after she had pulled my hair and all—"

Captain. She'd have to come out then."

"Not she. She wasn't born yesterday. I see what you mean, of course; pretend the ship was sinking; but she wouldn't fall for it."

In deep dejection Captain Bell returned to his cabin. He knew, and the bosun knew, the girl could not be got out of the strong storeroom.

It was next morning that the amazed steward came to the captain with the report: "I found these in the pantry this morning, sir."

He was holding out a huge plate of shortbread biscuits. The skipper took one, bit off a piece.

"Pretty good. But—You said you found the biscuits?"

"Yes, sir. Fresh made."

"The girl must have cooked them on the emergency oil-stove in the storeroom," mused the skipper. "Well, put them on the table. I sup-



# THERE'S a PRICE

Complete Short Story

By

MARY  
DERIEUX

HE didn't belong to the shabby farmhouse. He was as out of place in its depressing yard as a Rolls Royce car would have been. He was sleek and shining. Every point about his lean, graceful body bore witness to the blood of champions and generations of breeding. From the end of his long, square-muzzled, high-domed head to the tip of his plumed tail he was an aristocrat. And the farmhouse before which he stood so proudly spoke plainly of homely farming.

But it was home. The only home he could remember. Tim Abernathy had carried him across the fields in his arms, a tiny bundle of golden silk, and presented him gravely to the bride he had brought home only that morning.

"It's a wedding present for you, Jinny," he had said with his slow smile. "The head man over at the Kennels sent him to you. He's the weak one in a litter that was born last month. He's not very strong. But he's got good blood in him! I've got his pedigree here. Champions growing all over his family tree."

Jinny had cuddled the puppy in her arms, and let him kiss her face with his loving, pink tongue, and her smile had been half for him and half for big Tim Abernathy.

"What nonsense, Tim!" she had said. "As if we cared about champions! But there couldn't be a better wedding present. And he's not going to stay weak, like this. Not if Jinny—Jinny Abernathy can help it..."

Her face had been buried against Tim's shoulder then, to hide her pretty scarlet cheeks, and the dog had been almost crushed between them. It was Jinny who rescued him. She laughed, and pushed Tim away from her.

"SHAME on you, Tim!" she said. "And he's so very little!"

She had laughed again when Tim told her the puppy's name. "Gramercy Weatherbrook the Second."

"We'll call him Brook," she said. "It's rather a nice name for a dog!"

She had made Tim buy her a book on the proper way to train shooting-dogs. And she had kept her word. Nobody could call Brook a weakling now. He wasn't two years old yet, but he could work all day, in all kinds of weather. There wasn't a dog in the Oak Ridge Kennels who could touch him for looks. And birds? He'd been known to find two coveys in a field half a dozen other dogs had passed by as hopeless. Jinny's eyes shone with pride every time she looked at him.

She was sweeping the yard now. The warm winter sun brought out the gold in her light brown hair, and made her stop for a moment to rest in the shade of a huge oak tree. She could see from there the garden in front of the house, with its straight little path running primly between borders of sea shells stuck in the soil. She stood a long time at the edge of the shadow, and for a moment laughter chased out of her blue eyes the shadow of worry that was almost always there now.

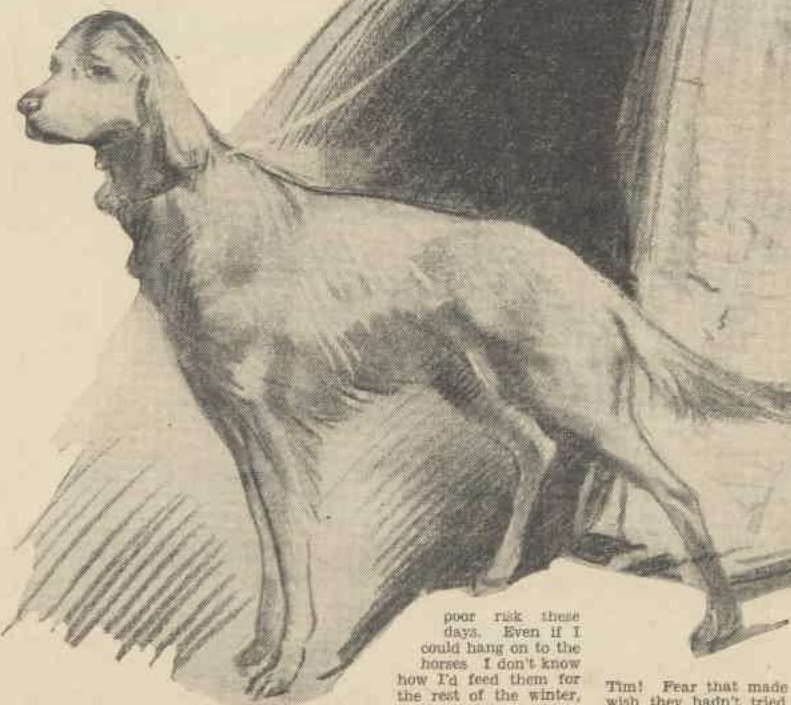
She had spread a pink-and-white quilt on the dry ground beside the path. In the middle of it a baby, with blue eyes, and hair that was gold as hers had once been, laughed and clapped his hands and gurgled at the golden dog who never stepped on the quilt but walked gravely round it, ready to nose the child gently back whenever he tried to crawl off.

Suddenly, behind Jinny's shoulder, Tim's voice spoke. He had come up so quietly she hadn't even heard his steps in the sand.

"His nursemaid days are over for a while, Jinny," Tim said. "He should be working to-morrow. The season opens to-day."

That shadow was in Jinny's eyes

again, deepening their soft blue to the color of the violets she had planted in the shade of the house. She put her hand on the coarse cloth of Tim's shirt sleeve, faded and patched, but clean. She pressed her slight body against the comforting strength of his, her eyes on the quilt and the baby. He was leading the big dog a merry chase now, scrambling from one side of the quilt to the other in a futile attempt to get there ahead of the gentle, admonishing nose. He



Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER

Donald turned to the girl who stood looking proudly down at the dog.

poor risk these days. Even if I could hang on to the horses I don't know how I'd feed them for the rest of the winter, or buy fertilizer. Morgan won't give credit, if it wasn't for your garden, and your chickens, Jinny..."

"I know. And that rain last week drowned half my baby chicks! Well—" she straightened her thin shoulders and smiled up at him, bravely. "Thank goodness there'll be some birds now, for a while. I can save all the chickens for market."

TIM nodded his head. "That will be a great help," he agreed. "I'll mean coffee and sugar and fresh fruit now and then. We'll manage somehow, Jinny. You mustn't worry about it."

"But the farm, Tim! You can't raise a crop if they take the horses. And if you don't..."

There were tears in her eyes now. And she couldn't keep the fear out of her voice any longer. The bitter fear that lay coiled day and night in her heart, like a serpent, waiting its moment to strike. Fear she had tried so desperately to hide from

Tim! Fear that made her almost wish they hadn't tried to buy the farm—had just gone on being tenants all their lives.

Tim looked down at her. His tanned, ruddy face was grey in the warm, bright sunlight. But he made himself smile, he made his voice cheerful, his words casual.

"Don't! We'll pull through, darling. Things are looking up. Everybody says so. We've got ten days more before Morgan can do anything."

Momentarily, at least, he had driven the fear back into its hiding-place in Jinny's heart. But he couldn't fool Brook. There was something very wrong with their day, and the dog knew it. He did his best to put back the old verve and spirit into this, their first glorious day of sport after weary months of loafing round the farmhouse, or trotting beside his master to the fields, or playing nursemaid to a baby on a quilt.

He worked as he had never worked before. He flashed from one spectacular point to another. And it was

all wasted on Tim Abernathy. He brought down the birds with mechanical precision. But it was not sport to him to-day. It was only a question of food for Jinny, and rich, nourishing soup for little Tim. It was business. And every keen dog knows the difference. He knows when a man's heart is not in the sport—when his mind is far away on some dull and trivial matter instead of centred on the one thing really worth while and thrilling in the world!

As the morning slipped away, Brook redoubled his efforts. Still his master tramped soberly after him through the fields, still he had no eyes for the dog's brilliant work, still no word of the praise usually lavished upon him. Neither one of them knew that other eyes had been keener, other lips more appreciative. So intent had Brook been in his work, so immersed had Tim been in his thoughts, they had not seen the two riders silhouetted time after time against some hilltop sky, watching the dog and the man in the valley below them.

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# Heart-Broken Melody

Second  
instalment of  
our romantic  
new serial...

**A**DELINE is vaguely alarmed, but not worried, by Honor's close association with Paul Cartwright, who is a married man with a family, for Honor is engaged to Hugh Braintree. Paul is rich, popular, and not on the best of terms with his wife.

Hugh comes to talk about his new appointment as superintendent at a mine in the mountains. This frees him and Honor from their former worry over lack of finance and position for marriage. Honor realises the value of this chance, and loves the mountains, but is unable to resist thinking regretfully of Paul. She promises Hugh to marry him in June. She is dismayed by her divided emotions.

At the office Honor is dignified, respected, and intelligent, and she loves her work, but Paul is the disturbing element. He comes in one day and asks her to join a luncheon party, as there is one woman short. The luxury and excitement of the function and the novel pleasure of seeing Chinatown drive Hugh from her mind. She realises she wants both kinds of life—Hugh's and Paul's. He talks to her later and is slightly disturbed to discover her engaged to Hugh. A trifle embarrassed, she goes on telling him of this, and Paul listens in a strange mood.

Characters outstanding in this story:

HONOR BROWNELL, fiancée of HUGH BRAINTREE.

ADELINE, Honor's sister.

TOM, brother to Honor and Adeline.

AUNT LUCIE, their guardian.

PAUL CARTWRIGHT, junior member of the firm, of which

JUDGE COOPER is Paul's senior, and Honor's employer.

**T**HERE was a brief silence. Honor was busy.

"How long have you been engaged?" Paul asked presently.

"Oh, not definitely really—but always! Ever since we were—well, ever since I was about sixteen it's been an understood thing. Hugh's always taken me everywhere and we've always talked about getting married. I think it was about two years ago that we settled it," Honor said cheerfully.

"Any wedding plans?"

"Yes. It's just been decided. The twenty-second."

"Oh?"

"Of next month. I was thinking Monday just how and when I'd tell them down here."

"I'm very glad," Paul Cartwright said, looking her in the eye with a smile. "You're much too sweet—but we'll let that go. I wish you all the joy in the world. What does he do, by the way, and where will you live?"

"He's a mining engineer; he's been with the Pacific International Power people since he graduated. A Mr. Frost is his boss, and some Mr. Torrey, of Los Angeles, is the head of it."

"Dean Torrey—yes, I know him, he belongs to the club. And David Arnheim— isn't he one of that outfit? So you'll live here, will you?"

"No; they've just made Hugh superintendent of the Walburga plant up at the mine. So we'll go up there."

Paul Cartwright had placed his elbows on the desk and was gripping his head in his hands.

"I'm sick over what this means to me," he said in a low tone. "I have no right to say that," the man presently added, looking up. "I have no right, my dear. I wish I had. I wish you were my own sister, so



Illustrated  
by  
VIRGIL

that I could be near you, keep an eye on you, all my life. I need you so much, Honor!"

He had never used her name before. She could find nothing to say; her throat thickened, her heart hammered—hammered.

"Well, you knew all this anyway," Paul said, with a smile, speaking in a more composed tone, and glancing at his papers as if he meant to be done briefly with the present topic.

"You've known—you must have—why I went away in November. I was sick, just for the sight of you, when I got home last Saturday. To come into office, and see you there—quiet and lovely and friendly, as

*The others were distracted for a moment and Paul said to Honor: "How do you manage to be more beautiful every minute?"*

you always are, giving me that look you give me . . ."

Honor continued to stare at him in silence.

"Does it hurt you in any way to know that I love you? I don't see why it should, my dear. All your life long you're going to know that there is a man somewhere who loves you as he never has loved anyone else in his life, and who had your friendship for a little while, and is

wishing you all the happiness he couldn't give you. Is there any harm in that? You are, you know, the most—the most uniquely lovely woman I've ever known. There's nobody quite like you—nobody I've ever met, at least."

"So what?" he concluded in a philosophical tone, with a smile and a shrug. "So I'm helpless. You love a younger man, and you're going to marry him. And will you for-

By

Kathleen  
NORRIS

give me all this? I assure you, I assure you, that I didn't mean to say any of it!"

"Oh, I know it!" she said quickly, hardly conscious of her words.

"So that's that," he said. And before she could speak again he rose, nodded and left the office. She sat motionless for a long time, staring into space. After a while she got to her feet, went for her hat and coat. But on the way home her thoughts were in a whirlwind.

Yet outwardly it was just like many of their other evenings, or rather it was an unusually felicitous one. For Hugh joined them in a mood of high spirits that outdistanced even his characteristic optimism and cheerfulness. His promotion had been confirmed by his superiors in the office, and old Arnheim had suggested that he and some friends drive up to the Walburga on Saturday and spend the night.

**Y**OU'LL want a big coat, too. They have snow up there."

"They don't!" Honor exclaimed incredulously. She had never seen snow at close range. "You mean to say that next winter—" She fell into a muse, her eyes shining. There would be snow fluttering past her kitchen window next winter. And Paul Cartwright loved her—Paul Cartwright, rich and popular and important.

Hugh was all for plans. On Saturday he would be at the door with the car at ten; they'd get the twenty-two boat. If Adeline and Honor would put up a lunch, that'd be the best way; they could eat it anywhere they happened to be. And a thermos bottle of coffee? The girls agreed enthusiastically.

Two days later, when Paul Cartwright stopped at her desk in mid-morning and said briefly, almost absently: "Can you lunch with me to-day? There's something I'd like to discuss with you," Honor found herself looking at him thoughtfully, answering with a barely audible, "Oh, thank you! That would be fun," and knew that she had been waiting for that, that the feeling of this moment went deeper than any other she had ever known.

And now her heart was singing with wild excitement and delight.

"Just the two of us, no Lady Nunnally this time?" she said, as they walked down the winter street together at one o'clock.

He did not answer; he merely gave her an oblique glance. But she found it completely eloquent.

They got into his car, and he drove to a humble little French restaurant whose patrons, as obscure as itself, paid no attention to the pretty young woman and the handsome man who sat in an inconspicuous corner alcove and talked so long and so earnestly.

"I didn't think that you were going to lunch with me," he said.

"I knew I wasn't going to!"

"But yet you did!"

"Why not?" she challenged him.

"Exactly, why not?" he echoed seriously. "I want you very much to be my friend; I want to do just this much now and then. Lunch together, talk, and then go our ways."

"I'm going mine very soon now," she reminded him. "We are to be married on the twenty-second."

"You're the sort of woman," Paul said, "who ought to be travelling everywhere, meeting people, wife to some big diplomat or scientist. I'd like—" He stopped. "You've been to Europe?" he asked quickly.

"Never."

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# MRS. FLEMING, JR.

*Love without respect is doomed, and chivalry is not always spectacular...*

by

Elizabeth Powell

**S**HE was such a nice little thing, people in the flats said, and it was a shame the way her husband neglected her.

They were very small flats in a red brick building facing a popular beach. Through the front windows the other flat residents often saw little Mrs. Fleming sitting on the sands alone, walking the paths alone, returning alone from shopping. She was young, slender, gentle, with soft brown curly hair

cut short, grey eyes and a sweetly-formed mouth.

When her young husband came home she was bright, eager, and almost shy with excitement. He was, she explained, compelled to go away a lot, because his work, selling shares for a big firm, took him to other cities and big country towns.

That was the knowledge and impression gained by other people. Helen alone knew of the losing struggle she had made through two

long years of humiliation, shame, and grief. She had the burning pride that will not give in, or admit strangers into her secret thoughts. She knew the desperation of endless conflict with conviction hammering at her mind and faith trying to oppose it. She knew the dreadful depths of despair as weeks of loneliness became months; and the turmoil of mind when writing long letters to Brian, only to tear them up, and to put down her head and

weep bitterly, knowing that her writings were wasted.

She faced the daily effort of getting up to live through another empty day, eating alone, going out alone, returning alone to face the rooms strike her in the face with their silence. Loneliness was a ghastly thing. Loneliness of spirit, with fear and conflict added, was utter desolation.

They had been happy enough for several months. Brian was good-looking, dark, temperamental, but selfish and carefree, she had soon realised. She had given up her job in a curio and art shop to marry him at a registry office after meeting at a dance. She knew few people, being more shy than many business girls, and suffered torments when

facing strangers, either at work, two years ago, or now with her despair so heavy on her.

Brian had been born on a farm in the wheat lands. She had

the address, and knew what his older brother, Sam, and their parents, two dear and quiet elderly people, happy in their shared life and interests, were like.

Then Brian had to go away on business, only for a week. She had not minded this at all, but caught up with her mending, did out all the cupboards in the flat, and made herself two simple morning frocks. It had been like another honeymoon when he returned, full of bright talk about his successful business trip. They had planned wonderful things for the future.

But soon he had gone away again, for a month—to another capital city—and after that she became merely a visited wife... and sensed the desperate truth that must be faced.

Brian came home unexpectedly one evening at dusk, frightening her out of a weary reverie by the window. She was furious a moment later to see that he was putting down his suitcase as casually as though he had been absent only a day or two. Seven weeks of loneliness in a tiny furnished flat had placed such thoughts in Helen that she almost fainted when he carelessly kissed her, then went whistling into the bathroom. She was still sitting white and silent by the window when he returned, shaved, in a dressing-gown, with his hair brushed back wet.

"Good Lord, this is a nice welcome. Away over a month and I find you about as interested to see me as... What's wrong?" he asked in amazement, as she put her face into her hands and wept. "Goodness gracious!" he cried, in exasperation as her tears turned to choking sobs she could not smother, "weeping women give me the jim-jams. Mop up, for heaven's sake, and let's eat something!"

She tried to explain that night how hideous the seven weeks had been, on top of other absences, but he was sleepy and said something in a mumble about other women knowing how to amuse themselves. "Yes," she cried sharply as the pain in her breast threatened to burst her ribs open. "Yes... other women... but women who like their husbands going away usually amuse themselves in a way husbands don't like..." It was useless; he was asleep.

For days she lived in a suspense, afraid to ask him how long he would be home this time, afraid not to... Then one night he came in whistling and dragged out his big leather suitcase.

"How long... this time?" she asked numbly.

"Oh, not long." He swung round with a handful of ties dangling. "As a matter of fact, I'm going to see my people at the farm. Got to. No getting out of it. Business matters."

"Why... can't I go with you?" she faltered.

"You... on a farm, with my stuffy people round you. Don't be silly, Helen. Besides, I've got to talk business... and don't write to me," he added, turning to go on packing.

"I'm your wife..."

He was violently angry all at once, and after the scene was over she went on weak legs into the little living-room, staring out over the dark sea... starting... thinking...

She was like ice when he casually kissed her on leaving. Until midnight she sat there, thinking... staring... Suddenly she crammed her hands over her mouth to stop the wild cry rising in her throat. The emotional struggle drained her of all feeling and life. Like a shadow she crawled to bed and lay there inert, not sleeping, scarcely awake... and in late evening of the following day Mrs. Harris, the caretaker of the flats, found her there, muttering in delirium.

Flu, the doctor said, and nervous exhaustion following strain and perhaps a shock. Devitalised completely by some form of mental conflict, and perhaps by dieting... Did she diet? he asked her a few days later when she was able to talk clearly. No, she said, she didn't diet, but had no appetite... couldn't enjoy food alone... couldn't be bothered cooking just for herself... Yes, her husband was away a lot on business.

The doctor threw a sharp glance at her, and grunted while writing a new prescription: "Well, where are his people?" On a farm, she told the doctor without animation. He was explosively matter-of-fact. "That's what you want, a break on a farm. Go and pay them a visit..." Yes, she said, she would, but thrust the idea from her with a little mirthless laugh later.

The weeks dragged on. Brian did not write or return. She saw the truth now. He was selfish, ruthlessly egotistical, spoiled and unscrupulous, and in simple language had grown tired of her. He evaded all issues. This was his way of deserting her, bit by bit, swinging her from hope to despair, from the depths of lonely suffering to the heights of emotional release. She

## LYRIC OF LIFE

### MESH

*I am tangled in the shroud-  
ing years—  
They are close about me like  
a net,  
Holding in bondage for to-  
morrow  
All of my laughter, all my  
sorrow,  
All the living that I can't  
forget.*

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

dangled at the end of a string which he jerked when he wished... the cruelty of it was an exquisite torture. Her mind would give way. And... a more practical realisation made her feel sick... her money had almost given out. She had saved for years while working, been proud to buy her own clothes and food while he was absent, and now the money was nearly gone and Brian...

The rent? The ghost-like little creature sat staring at her bank pass-book. Eight pounds eleven. Three guineas to be paid this afternoon for the week's rent in advance. Then...? She knew she could not find a job and hold it with every nerve shattered, her legs weak, her face



"She knew the dreadful depths of despair as weeks of loneliness became months."





drained of color, haggard with strain and fear. Three from eight? Five pounds, and much of that to go in oddments . . . baker . . . newsagent . . . food . . . About three pounds she could honestly call her own. The next week's rent would be three guineas. She could not owe money . . . could not bear the pity of the other people seeing her alone . . . That poor little Mrs. Fleming . . . always alone . . . it's a shame."

Something snapped in Helen's over-tired brain. An artificial energy and strength surged through her. One more week in this empty place and she would go mad . . . she could feel the awfulness beating in her like an imprisoned thing with flapping wings, making her breathless, charging her with panic . . . "Stop . . . be calm . . . stop . . ." her silent voice ordered, and somehow she manufactured the courage to go below and find the caretaker, and smile, and pretend a great excitement:

"I'll pay you a week in lieu of notice. It's simply lovely to be going for a holiday. Yes, a farm. My husband's people. They've sent for me. And you can have all the food and oddments I'm leaving for your kindness."

Head high, pride restored, a fixed smile on her mouth and the pink of false strength in her cheeks, Helen and two suitcases whirled off in a taxi next morning after a trembling visit to the bank. "My word, some people are lucky," the caretaker had said enviously. That look of envy was all Helen had by way of comfort as, scarcely knowing what she was doing, she bought a ticket for the country town near where the Fleming farm stood. She could find it somehow. Hire a car . . . More than a pound left in her purse. Brian perhaps would not mind when his anger subsided after her defiance

*"A breeze ran over the wheat, swaying the golden spears as if they were fine fur."*

of his wishes. She no longer loved him or wanted him. All that had been killed. But she wanted all that his people might perhaps give Brian's wife . . . a little affection . . . freedom from loneliness . . . kindness. The train roared onwards and Helen closed her eyes in sudden peace.

Sam Fleming, a big, broad-shouldered fellow with the bronzed look of the man who lives mostly in the open, was talking quietly to a neighboring farmer in the local hotel opposite the railway station when the city train chugged in. Nearly everybody in the quiet little township knew him.

The Flemings were a respected, solid, and likeable family living out towards the low range of hills five miles from the town, where Sam farmed his father's place which some day he would own. He was educated at a city college, then went to an agricultural school: a modern

hotel lounge was not unlike a club. Sam was fond of his fellow creatures and liked a glass of ale before driving homewards. His car stood outside by the kerb. The inevitable commercial traveller entered, the first passenger off the train, now grinding out of the station. A farmer followed him, in city clothes, to greet the several people in the lounge and then make for the hall where a desk stood. On it was the visitors' book.

Sam stared as through the doorway from the road a girl entered. She was carrying two suitcases, with a handbag clamped under one arm. He stared because he had never before seen a young woman so utterly ill-looking while standing on her feet. Impulsively he started to step out into the little hall, thinking dimly of taking the suitcases from her . . . The hotel manager was before him. She set down the suitcases and took up a pen, writing quietly in the visitors' book. The hotel owner swung the book round and stared

to find her hands being gripped by a sun-browned young giant with his honest eyes forcing some odd look on her. A swift kiss on her pale face made her gasp. She almost cried out as his arms went round her, but remained silent as she heard a fierce whisper: "Leave it to me . . . say nothing . . ."

"Well, I'm jiggered," Tom Crowther exclaimed as Mrs. Fleming, jun., and Sam Fleming had gone off in his car. "He's a pretty quiet sort of fellow, and often down in the city, but I never guessed he had a wife . . . Looked ill, didn't she? Gosh, ay!"

In the car, speeding through the sweet-scented evening with the tall wheat golden in the late rays of sunset, Helen sat helpless beside the big young man driving the car with his face thunderous. One lurch of his brain at the hotel had given him the ugly truth. Acting on impulse with some vague thought of protection in his mind, knowing the gossiping nature of the townspeople, and seeing the weariness of the girl who looked unfit to be about, he had saved her from an awkward situation. But how in the name of heaven could he tell her that Brian was a scoundrel, with a wife in Sydney . . . married to her eight years ago when he was twenty-one?

"Tell me about . . . things," he said suddenly, and stopped the car. The golden silence was all about them. Now the noise of the engine and wheels had ceased, the stillness was profound, almost theatrical. Helen heard pinging sounds which surely came from the wheat . . . or was it her ears? She had not been able to eat all day on the train . . . memories of the flat surged

through her with the whisper of the wheat. A little breeze ran over it, swaying the golden spears as if they were fine fur. She turned her drained face and looked searchingly, wearily, at her companion, whose mouth tightened in sympathy. If this was not tragedy he'd eat his hat. "Tell me," he said again, gruffly. "Try to explain . . ."

When she had stumbled out the pitiful story of her marriage and came to the illness, lack of money, and the blind, desperate escape from humiliation and loneliness, he smothered a gasp of fury. Here was a pretty mess. Thank Heaven he had been at the hotel, or by now the scandal would be creeping round the district. A scandal for his people as well as for this poor kid . . . Everyone knew Brian was married to a she-fiend he could not divorce. A kind of emotional bond drew them periodically together, until exhausted passions roused hate again. There were other women in Brian's life . . . and he was the sorrow of his parents, the bane of his brother's existence. Now he himself was saddled with a wife . . . in so far as the district knew. The news would spread like a bushfire.

Sam thanked heaven in sudden relief for his own reserved ways, his reputation for telling nobody his business . . . people would not suspect irregularity, but credit him merely with another quiet gesture kept to himself. And it was reasonable enough for a wife living in town to come to the farm after illness about which he had not been told. He could invent some reason for her being in town . . . and he himself was down there often enough, had friends there. She could be a business woman . . . that was it. He turned to look at her again; she had to be told.

Please turn to Page 10

## Civilisation makes loneliness

farmer. He looked, but for his bronzed skin and strongly-proportioned body, no different from any other young man with health, dignity and the unmistakable stamp of good upbringing. He had friends in the city, where he often went, and sometimes liked to end a busy day in the township by drinking with a friend in the hotel lounge and perhaps giving a lift homeward to someone on the city train.

The place boasted of only one good hotel. At train-time, with arrivals and local people in and out before returning to their farms and homesteads scattered over the wheat, the

"Gosh, ay!" he exclaimed. "Mrs. Fleming junior . . . that's a surprise. Didn't even know he was married. On your way out to the farm, eh . . .?"

"To-morrow," the girl said in the dazed, quiet voice of false control.

"We've been married two years. I've been ill. He didn't know. Could I hire a car or something in the morning, or telephone, perhaps . . . if the phone is on at the farm . . .?"

Tom Crowther raised his brows in sudden pleasure. "Lord, Mrs. Fleming . . . Just remembered. He's in there now . . ."

He called: "Hi . . . Sam . . . And Helen turned in swift confusion



## Mrs. Fleming, Junior

Continued from Page 9

SHE took it dashed well, he thought, merely staring out over the wheat in the fading light, lips quivering, then tightening, and then she nodded once. "I might have known . . . I might have guessed . . . hiding me . . . not letting me meet you all." With a half-sob, broken off at once, she buried her face in her hands and sat still, so still that the young man was alarmed.

"I'm ashamed . . ." she whispered. "So ashamed I could die . . . not his wife at all." She looked up with her face agonised. "Then what am I?" she cried, the sound piercing him.

He hesitated, then made up his mind. "You're my wife," he told her quietly, and seized the gear lever. "We'll think it all out later. I feel the responsibility of this damned affair. We've been cleaning up Brian's infernal muddles since he started school. It will be round the town in no time . . . your arrival. Heavens! I'm sorry . . . so sorry that it makes me feel like murdering him, the dirty, low-down swine. You're my wife, do you understand? Keep that in your head . . . and we'll plan something later. Now listen . . . you're a business girl . . . you've been ill and were too proud to tell me business got you down . . . we'd quarrelled a bit because I wanted you here and you wanted town life . . . See? My mother and father are two trusting, simple, adorable grown-up infants and they'll welcome you with open arms. They've been at me for years to get married, and I've just laughed . . . It'll all fit in. Keep quiet, remember all that, and leave the rest to me. Understand?"

It was dark—a kindly, quiet, gentle darkness falling like a soft blue-black cloak on the world. Tears

gushed to her eyes, slowly dripping from her face. The car moved on. "I . . . don't know what to say . . . There's nothing I can say . . . only thank you from the bottom of my heart."

It had all fitted in. But Helen had fainted after arriving at the farm to go through the ordeal of introductions. The simplest thing in the world had been to submit—just submit to the kindness, fussing, and anxiety about her, with a dear old man alarmed and a dear old lady bustling round with pillows and trays, and Sam carrying her like a feather to the porch outside his big bare-looking bedroom which smelled as sweet as the wheat fields beyond the windows in the comforting dark. His brief explanations were accepted with little cries and gasps of pleased surprise, while they fussed and got her into the soft bed out on the porch, packed pillows at her back, brought soup and little squares of bread . . . welcomed her, as Sam Fleming's wife.

He came in later to his room and walked out to where she lay at peace physically, mentally in confusion. It was like a small room in the partitioned verandah where Sam usually slept in hot weather. "I'm sorry you're so near me . . ." He nodded to the inner room. "But they're old-fashioned, and the idea of a wife in a room down the hall would horrify them both. I shan't annoy you," he added curtly, frowning. "Getting some color into your face and some flesh on your bones is the main idea of the moment. Will you be frightened out here . . . with the garden over the railings?"

"Frightened!" she choked, her eyes filling again in her exhaustion

and shame. "Would I be frightened in heaven . . . ?"

Moved deeply he stood looking down at her. Never in all his life had he seen such wistful sadness in any woman's eyes, nor such a blaze of tired gratitude . . . Smothering an exclamation he had turned away, his heart battered by her plight.

Next morning the clamor of birds wakened her to a great spreading world of golden wheat, reaching in waves to a ridge of blue hills. A river wound through the paddocks, its course marked by great gum trees. Peace flooded her; drowned her senses, and after the long sweet sleep of utter weariness and giving-in she felt rested . . . but so tired in every limb and nerve that just to lie still was exquisite. Sam was watching her through the glass door while he dressed. She smiled suddenly and he frowned out over the paddocks to see what amused her. A gigantic Clydesdale making antics while pretending to be young and skittish. Sam also smiled. Then went on dressing in haste.

THEY were round her again, piercing her with their homely kindness. A woolly jacket for her shoulders. Bread and milk and a fried egg sitting on a curly slice of bacon, tea, jam, cream . . . And the dear old man leaning on the rails while standing in the garden to say worriedly: "Did those roosters wake you too early?" and then talk of cows, horses, fowls . . . until he

remembered what his wife had told him, and wandered away. Mustn't bother her with farm matters; city girl, used to city ways.

Then Mrs. Fleming again, sitting on the bed to say: "Well, I never, and to think that great lump of a boy found a lovely little thing like you—but he always did keep things to himself. Fancy . . . not telling us about his own wife. Now, if it had been Brian . . ." and sighing, brushing vaguely at the quilt, the old lady drifted away.

"Comfortable?" Sam asked that night as she leaned against the pillows with a magazine on her knees.

She looked up. "Lovely," she smiled, and it was utter peace he saw in her eyes.

The old man discovered his daughter-in-law enjoyed farm chatter. The old lady found that Helen liked to hear about the simple things of the farm house and district, and wasn't pretending—to be polite. Helen relaxed, thrust the future from her, and lay watching the changing light and the colors from morning until night, while good food, rest, peace, and kindness restored her slowly back to health. Thrust the future from her as she had, it could no longer be done, with the problem to face and a deception to end . . .

"We'll have to tell them," she said one night with the promise of getting up and dressing next day—when her real life must begin again. "We'll have to, Sam . . . and it will hurt them abominably."

He was smoking, sitting on the edge of her bed. "No need to hurry," he said slowly, watching her intently with a frown on his brows. "Don't you like it here?"

"Like it!" A flush of pink whirled into her cheeks, and her eyes, clear now and unshadowed, filled with reproach. "I love every blade of grass, every tree, horse, and bird . . . I love your mother and father. I never knew such goodness existed. But Sam . . . don't you see, it's a deception . . . I'm an impostor. I'm . . . a young woman who for two years lived with . . . your brother, without knowing . . . I'm ashamed and sick and humiliated beyond all words. I . . . even wonder why you don't scorn me for being such a blind, trustful fool."

"GOODNESS!" He laughed unmirthfully. "Yes, that describes my parents. Goodness describes you also," he added unexpectedly. "It's only decent girls and women who do trust scoundrels. You did no wrong. You were his wife. But he wasn't your husband . . . you only thought he was. And bigamy is a crime," he said flatly. "A crime more criminal than any evil . . . to wreck your life as it has. I could kill him for it."

She reached out, sitting up quickly and took his arm. "Sam . . . don't. It's over. Being here has done something to me. I can't explain it. But there's no hate in me, any more than there is any love. It's all over. And I'm glad I came, for now I know the truth. The thing is . . . how to tell your parents. I'm terribly worried. Besides . . ." She hesitated, glanced at his strong browned face, and looked quickly away.

"Besides, what . . . ?" he asked. Heat travelled all over her body, warming her face to the roots of her hair. "Nothing . . . nothing at all." "Listen . . ." he said jerkily, as if he were nervous, which was ridiculous. "There are two ways of ending this deception . . ."

"Two ways?" she stared. "Yes, a brutal way, and a kind way. Listen . . . I know I'm a big simpleton in many directions, but . . . well, the fact is, I've been thinking, and with that profound remark he groaned in despair to explain what he had been thinking. He waved his pipe vaguely, looked out over the paddocks and grunted: "I've been thinking. Damn it all! He burst out with, "you're my wife, aren't you? All we need to do is make a trip to town together and fix it up legally. Helen . . . don't go away. I need you like nothing on earth. In fact," he said, putting down his pipe. "I love you more than I thought I could ever love any woman . . ."

A magpie chortled somewhere as if at a huge and mirthful jest. Helen disengaged herself from his arms and looked with wet eyes into his face. "Sam . . . I've loved you from the moment you kissed a sick and battered stranger in a hotel hall . . ."

"The stranger I kissed," said Sam. "was Mrs. Fleming Junior, and look out, for I'm going to do it again. I like it."

The magpie chuckled, unheard. (Copyright.)

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## YARDLEY LAVENDER

## Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 7

"WELL, you're a strangely finished article for a pure San Francisco product," Paul said musingly, as though he spoke to himself. "And I never will have a chance to look for London apartments or Riviera houses with you, will I?"

"Never," she said cheerfully. And suddenly it seemed to her very silly to be lunching here and talking in this semi-joking, semi-sentimental way with Mr. Cartwright, who was her office boss, after all, securely married, and moving in a none quite removed from her own. She wished that she had not come; the occasion seemed to go flat. A girl belittled herself doing this sort of thing.

"What are you thinking about, with that funny look in your eyes?" he asked, watching her.

"Wondering why we are doing this," she answered frankly.

"It's because we have found each other, discovered that we like to be together, isn't it?" he said.

"I suppose so," Honor answered doubtfully, warily.

"You like me very much," he said, "and I like you more. And I am married to another woman and you are about to be married to another man, so there is nothing we can do about it. Meanwhile—I am very happy, right here and now. Isn't that something?"

"I do like you very much," she admitted, surprised into soberness.

"I know you do, Honor." There was sudden thrill, sudden danger in the air again.

No harm done. But the frenzy of restlessness that seized Honor the moment he left her at the office, and that deepened and increased as the hours went on, and left her feeling utterly exhausted when the time came to go home, help with dinner, set the table, certainly did her no good. She did not know what was the matter with her; she

felt tired and bored and yet wildly ready for adventure, wildly expectant of an interruption—any interruption: the doorbell, the telephone, a letter, a telegram, anything that might come from him, bring her one more proof that he was thinking of her.

And the next day and the next he did not come into the office; there was no word from him and no sign.

Then came Saturday, a full holiday this week, as it happened, for Mr. Cartwright was working on a case at home, with Joe Ferguson's help, and the old Judge never came downtown on Saturday. This was the day they were to go to the Walburga, with the packed lunch and the packed suitcases.

Adeline, Tom, Hugh, were all in high spirits.

The Walburga mine and the power plant were in a great canyon lined with enormous redwoods; the company hotel, a raw block of a pine building, was surrounded by smaller cabins, one of which would be Honor's. Tired, stiff, excited, the party was welcomed there by Mrs. Buell, the stout, kindly manager of the company hotel, at four o'clock, and Hugh was inspected shrewdly by more than one loitering bystander as he registered in his big bold hand for them all.

"And there's a message for you, Mr. Brantree," Mrs. Buell said. "Mr. and Mrs. Torrey flew up to San Francisco from Los Angeles last night, and they're going to be here to-morrow at noon for dinner. They're bringing their little boy, and a Mr. Cartwright, who is a friend, so I thought maybe you'd—"

She talked on and on, leading them to their rooms.

Please turn to Page 12



# Miss ffolyott

Complete Short Story by..

H. T. W. BOUSFIELD

Romance  
and a great  
adventure

**M**ISS FFOLYOTT signed the visitors' book with the meticulous care she always used to emphasise the fact that her name began with two small f's.

Why it did so she had not the remotest idea, but such a thing was extremely distinguished—everybody knew that—and the thrill it gave Miss ffolyott would never die.

On this occasion she got more than a thrill out of it—it gave her confidence, dignity, even a soupçon of hauteur. And she could do with all these props and more, because Miss ffolyott, for the first time in her life, was to stay in a really fashionable hotel.

Nor was it situated in Bournemouth, or even in Bognor Regis. Monte Carlo itself was the world of which the Hotel Mediterranean was the undoubted hub.

Miss ffolyott was conducted to her suite.

They brought her a cocktail, not because she wanted it, but because it was cocktail time. And she drank it, not because she liked it, but because she abhorred waste.

It was a good cocktail and potent, but the "k" was softened as if by liquid velvet. It mellowed Miss ffolyott so gently that she believed herself rested.

So for the hundredth time she relaxed in a comfortable chair and took stock of her situation.

Our Miss ffolyott, in truth, was no aristocrat of the fashionable world. She was merely an ex-mannequin, and now actual assistant secretary and sales manageress of Ferdinand et Cie (Dover Street), dressmakers, milliners and corsetiers.

For fifteen years she had worked there, and for ten she had not had any sort of holiday. But for ten years she had dreamed of a holiday such as this.

For ten years it so happened that upon her had devolved the duty of supporting and looking after her mother.

**A**S it is against the public interest to say anything unfavorable concerning any mother, let us only mention that the strain of bringing Edith ffolyott into the world, and smacking her along Life's highway until she was able to fend for herself, had so exhausted old Mrs. ffolyott that she perpetually required a tonic.

This tonic was a clear, water-like liquid of which she daily consumed a considerable quantity.

If she did not get enough of it, there was Trouble, which might develop into a punitive expedition to Dover Street or all-in wrestling with the landlady.

Edith took care to keep the home well stocked with gin, even if it meant that she herself must munch on biscuits and a glass of milk. And, since she was conscientious, she took pains that the spirit she supplied was very good.

So Mrs. ffolyott did not die for a long time—ten years, in fact. And her daughter, in ten years of horror and hard work and loneliness, had become a mousy, middle-aged spinster, such as the lower ranks of humorists use for their jokes.

At middle age people do surprising things. Edith ffolyott was only thirty-five, but spinsterhood, reinforced by so much loneliness, had speeded things up.

She realised, as she adjusted the cheap little black hat she had bought for her mother's funeral, that she might well have been forty-five. And as she trailed home alone to her painfully clean and respectable lodgings any casual observer who troubled to do so would have guessed her to be fifty at least.

So, when she made the dramatic discovery that the parent who had always appeared and claimed to be destitute had actually kept two hundred pounds on deposit at Barclay's Bank, all that remained of humanity



in Miss ffolyott rose up and boiled within her.

Indeed, she made a trembling but final decision there and then.

Old Madame Ferdinand, whose regard for Edith ffolyott was very genuine (and who was growing more and more anxious about the business), gladly gave her a month's leave of absence, and put it to her that the holiday should be without pay—since Miss ffolyott would have to be replaced by a highly expensive temporary.

Before starting on this trip—Miss ffolyott was no fool—she made several visitations to a beauty parlor, the manageress of which she knew.

Her face, therefore, still pale through lack of fresh air, now merely looked romantically so. Her hair, once mousy, was now delicately and ethereally fair. Her eyelashes, too, had been in good hands for some days.

In short, Miss ffolyott, as she took her ticket, did not look brilliant, but she appeared prosperous and a well-preserved specimen of female humanity no more than her actual age.

Many people have successfully visited Monte Carlo with less stock-in-trade.

The cocktail with the velvety kick showed no signs of wearing off. The electric clock over the mantelpiece testified to eight. Edith ffolyott realised that she must dress and dine.

She descended at eight-thirty to the restaurant, looking extremely expensive. She wore no jewels (because she hadn't any.) But her gown and cloak made up for the lack of them.

**T**HE head waiter himself bowed Miss ffolyott to a far better table than had been intended for a lonely Englishwoman.

The dinner was so admirable that even the sight of the bill involved no more than a purely temporary nausea. She signed it without a qualm.

Yes, she would have her coffee in the loggia.

Miss ffolyott strolled out of the restaurant and into the so-called loggia, where she sat at a little table under an orange tree.

Next to her were a rather starchy-looking English couple who were conversing in low tones. She could

not—of course she did not wish to—hear what they were saying.

Her waiter had just brought coffee. "Yes, black, please." He had also brought a glass of Veille Cure—a pale, greenish-white fluid in a little glass. Miss ffolyott had never heard of it. She did not want it.

Indeed, she was explaining, or trying to (the wretched man seemed to have forgotten all his English), that she had not ordered a liqueur, when a pretty young woman appeared, wearing a frock that perhaps only Miss ffolyott realised was a masterpiece.

She was dragging with her a pleasant, healthy and presentable young man, who seemed a trifle embarrassed.

"Here he is, Father," cried the young woman. "Aunt Hilda, this is John. I don't know why he's so late."

## A LOST ART

In bygone days, when dining was an art,

We set a leisurely period apart

To pay due homage to a grand

repast,

Where each course seemed

more lavish than the last,

And there was ample time to

talk and dine,

When witty repartee flowed

with the wine.

All this to-day is sacrificed for

speed:

We follow blindly where its

dictates lead,

To counter-lunches and to

milk-bar snacks

(This age the subtle art of

dining lacks),

We keep one eye upon the

clock the while,

And leave at times without a

thanks or smile.

—DOROTHEA DOWLING.

He says he was waiting for us in the Winter Garden. But I don't believe that, of course! Has the coffee come? Sit, John!

They collided with Miss ffolyott's table. They upset her coffee. They interrupted her dispute with the waiter.

That worthy was involuntarily constrained to pour the liqueur of contention on to his client's neck. And Veille Cure is exceedingly sticky.

"Here he is, father!" cried the young woman.

At once, of course, there was hubbub. There were volleys of apologies and much dabbling.

The young woman in the masterpiece of a frock, so great was her remorse, rubbed Miss ffolyott's neck with the waiter's napkin as thoroughly as if she were drying a dog.

Miss ffolyott, still mellowed by Chateau Yquem, yet still shy, didn't even lose her temper. She permitted Colonel Harrison (of course there were rapid introductions) to order her some more coffee and some more Veille Cure (she thought perhaps she might as well try it, after such a shock).

**A**ND then she learned that Miss Harrison, the Colonel's sister, was travelling with her brother and his motherless girl to recuperate after an operation that had astounded all Harley Street. She learned that Barbara Harrison's young man, to whom she was "practically engaged," was John Cameron.

And they learned that she was Miss ffolyott, with two small f's.

"I always have to tell people how I spell my name, because otherwise, of course, they'd never think of it!" She giggled a little.

"Don't laugh," said Barbara most disconcertingly. "You spoil it. I like these old names. What is Harrison? What, indeed? But ffolyotts and Cholmondeleys and Marjoribanks and Bhuns! I wish I were! . . ."

The standard of their conversation did not rise much above that. But Miss ffolyott enjoyed herself, if no one else did.

She drank her coffee with her Veille Cure (which was rather nice after all) and smoked a cigarette without mishap, and went to bed too tired to sleep, but too happy not to.

Yet her new friends were not conscious of having been so specially kind.

"Good-tempered woman, anyway." "Certainly she might have been furious—her gown was rather splendid, I thought."

"I liked her. I believe she's a millionairess with a romantic soul."

"Send Barbara to bed. What's she been drinking?"

"Why, aren't we all going to the Sporting Club? It's nearly eleven already."

Next day, when Miss ffolyott had appreciated to its utmost the luxury of breakfast in bed—of coffee (so fragrant), croissants, cold, yellow butter and a little jar of honey—when she at last arose and bathed and dressed, the Harrisons were nowhere to be seen.

She was a tiny bit dismayed to find that Monte Carlo was evidently not the throne of fashion and wealth that it had no doubt been once upon a time. She thought people looked haggard and anxious.

Still, she won fifty francs at roulette in the public rooms, and although she felt as if she'd been exploring very peculiar territories indeed, she strolled back to lunch fairly pleased with herself.

She continued to linger over the meal until every possible luncher had at last appeared, there was no sign of the Harrisons.

Miss ffolyott thereupon dodged any immediate decision as to a programme for that afternoon by retiring to her room.

And there she slept for two hours and, awaking, ate a slice of such very rich cake and drank so large a cup of chocolate that it became necessary to go for a walk.

There are not many places to walk to in Monte Carlo, and when one gets there one generally finds one has ended up at the Casino after all. So Miss ffolyott's walk duly landed her at the Casino.

She did not particularly want to gamble again, but she purchased admission to the Salle Privee and watched the crowd there for a while.

Miss ffolyott then wandered on to the terrace and sat watching the sea until it was time to dress for dinner.

The garment she chose was modelled of gold lame, and technically was far more splendid than its predecessor of the evening before. But it was definitely more antiquated.

Please turn to Page 34



# Takes up Tennis at 55—his LIFE has begun anew

If ever a man can say "I've put the clock back twenty years," it is this man. Only a short time ago all the things he liked best in life were denied him. Yet to-day, aged 55, he is so fit and full of energy he has taken up tennis. He tells how this amazing change happened:

"Being in the hairdressing profession," he writes, "I meet a large number of people who have suffered with various complaints. And one day a customer was telling me how Kruschen had built up his health again, after he had been off work for nine months.

"So I thought to myself, well, I must give Kruschen a trial. It has done simply wonders for me. There were several things I had to give up before I found Kruschen, but now I can do them all again. I am 55 years of age and I can swim again. I have also taken up tennis, and play not too badly. I would rather go without my breakfast than without my morning Kruschen."—W. F. B.

## You, too, can get more out of LIFE!

Don't think—just because you'll never see forty again—that the best of life has slipped through your fingers. You don't have to feel worn out—you don't have to wrap yourself in cotton-wool for fear of stabbing rheumatism and all those other nagging pains that come with middle age.

The truth is that a new joy in life is waiting for you just round the corner. Millions of people (yes—literally millions) have found it, and you can, too. Start by taking a pinch of Kruschen first thing every morning in hot water or tea. In a week or two you'll find a new driving power within you makes you tackle your work and your play with such keenness and vigour that all



your friends are amazed. Rheumatism, fatigue, "nerves" and all those symptoms of middle age have no more terrors for you. You are glowing with new zest and fitness. This is because the various mineral salts in Kruschen penetrate to every cell, every organ in your body, feed and nourish the blood, awaken the liver, kidneys and intestines to new activity. Poisons go. Sluggishness goes. In fact, you have that Kruschen Feeling. Ask your chemist to-day for a 2/6 bottle—it will last you three months. (Smaller size 1/6.)

### "It's the Little Daily Dose that does it"

After taking Kruschen for a week, you are cheery, energetic, self-reliant. Take just a pinch of Kruschen—as much as will be on a slice—every morning, in hot water or tea. Remember, it's the little daily dose that does it.



"Pinches in Tea."

Learn the secret of KRUSCHEN

## 10 Policemen were asked



What shoe polish do you prefer?



## 8 Policemen replied -



"Nugget"—it gives the brightest shine and keeps out the wet



## the 9th added -



And the shine lasts all day



## and the 10th added -



—a smart man—a Sergeant, added—  
There's nothing to beat that "twist-open" tin.



QUALITY OF WAX is the secret of shine—and of preservation against the wet, too. The finest shining waxes in the world are blended in "Nugget." No other polish is so good in all weathers.

**"NUGGET"**  
SHOE POLISH



# Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 10

HONOR knew before she was fairly awake the next morning that she was happy about something.

Adeline was standing at the window brushing her hair. Honor got up and wrapped a shawl about her, joining her sister with a yawn and a laugh and a little shudder as the cold air reached her.

"I'm loving it," Honor said. As a matter of fact everything was delightful. But even if everything had been disappointing and dull, if the rain had fallen in sheets and breakfast had been uneatable, these flaws would all have been completely unimportant. Nothing mattered except that Paul Cartwright was to be here to-day.

She fairly danced through the hours, and her happiness reflected itself in Hugh's deep content and the pleasure of Tom and Adeline. They breakfasted together after a brief preliminary walk down to the river and back, a matter of perhaps a hundred yards, but long enough to whip up the girls' color and appetites. And the meal was everything that a country breakfast should be, with sunshine pouring into the bare long dining-room, and eggs and bacon and popovers and coffee all perfection.

Afterwards, with the new rough coat which was part of her troussau buttoned and belted snugly about her, and the new tweed hat pulled down to hold her hair in place Honor went with the two men on a round of inspection.

Everyone made much of Hugh. "Mr. Braintree" was to be the new superintendent, after all, and some of the men strolled over from the Sunday leisure of their cabins to walk down to the plant with him and explain this detail and that. And Honor saw that Hugh was going to carry his distinction nicely. She slipped her arm in his. And for a moment forgot everything except that she was one of the fortunate girls in the world that such a man could love her!

But her heart was beating fast with a very different emotion when they reached the house, and after changing her frock she heard the big bell ringing for what up here in the mountains was the one o'clock dinner. The distinguished visitors had arrived.

She and Adeline and the men were immediately drawn into the circle and there were fresh introductions. Honor watched Paul's face as he and Hugh shook hands; saw Paul's keen, quick, comprehending look. She felt a hot slow color rising in her face.

"You're going to be the new man here?" Paul asked, in his interested way. Hugh nodded, spoke slowly. "Hope so."

"And when did you all get up here?" "Yesterday." The others were distracted for a moment and Paul said to Honor: "How do you manage to be more beautiful every minute?"

Before she could answer except with a fluttered laugh there was a general move.

The newcomers were dirty and cold and red-faced after their long drive; they disappeared to make themselves presentable, and Honor went in with the others to a stupendous meal. They were placed at a table set for a dozen and waited for the Torrey party, and Honor was presently seated between the great man himself and the small boy, and exerted herself in being charming to both.

"And you're going to come up here and take care of our new superintendent, is that it, Miss Brownell?" Dean Torrey said, studying with approval the glowing cheeks and shining blue eyes of the girl beside him.

"That's the plot."

"And you won't be lonely?" "No. I'm going to love it. It's one of the most beautiful places I've ever seen."

"My wife and I started out in a mining camp," the man said approvingly.

"And you like Hugh, don't you?" Honor asked, with a sort of laughing bravado. The man looked at her seriously.

"I like him very much. I think the plant is exactly where he belongs," he answered. Honor's smiling eyes, leaving his, met those of Paul Cartwright. For a moment their gaze hung, and she felt the blood stop in her heart.

They had no moment alone. After lunch Hugh had a few minutes' talk with the president; then he joined

Honor and the others in the big sitting-room, and they went off together to decide between the two houses which were vacant and were at the disposal of the new superintendent.

They were plain houses, but roomy and comfortable; two bedrooms connected by a bathroom on the right of the hallway, a big sitting-room with a fire-place on the right, and behind the sitting-room a kitchen with a dining nook lined with shelves and windows, and spacious closets and sheds and storage space generally terminated with a plain plank garage. There were plain beds and rugs and white china in both houses; Tom and Adeline took spirited part in debate with Honor and Hugh over their compared merits.

And so out to the plank sidewalk and the steep muddy paths again in chilling afternoon air. When they got back to the company house it was time for them to go; the Torrey party had already gone. There were affectionate good-byes between the girls and Mrs. Buell; the hotel manager had adopted them into friendship instantly and told Honor that she looked forward with pleasure to "havin' you folks join the family."

"Anything that you want to send up here, Mr. Braintree—your books or boxes, or the wedding presents you'll be getting—just ship 'em along, and I'll have Fred or one of the boys lock 'em up for you. I'll sure be thinkin' of you on the twenty-second." Her urgent last messages started them on their way and were lingering in the air as the car started up the steep slippery road under the redwoods for the long drive home.

## PAUL CART-

WRIGHT stopped at her desk the next afternoon, looking fresh and groomed and amiably interested in her impressions of the mine.

"That was interesting, wasn't it? Were you and your sister pretty well tired?"

"We were, really. We had dinner on the boat at about nine, staggered home, and everyone was asleep by ten."

"We didn't come all the way, you know. Mrs. Torrey couldn't stand it. We stayed with the Van Lobensels in Chico."

"Ah? That's why you weren't on the boat?"

Their eyes met in a quiet glance. The man spoke quietly.

"Did you look for me on the boat?"

"I thought of it. You'd only started about half an hour before we did."

"No; we came down this morning. By the way, I liked both your men."

Her bright color flashed up. Her eyes were stars.

"I'm so glad you did! You'd met them both before?"

"Your brother, yes. The day you and he came down to our house for the ball game last year. But not Braintree. He's quite a—quite a man, isn't he?"

"Well." She looked down, demurely, a smile tugging at her lips. "I think so," she admitted with a little significance.

"Twenty years from now you'll be a big engineer's wife with plenty of money, and a few tall children, and conventions at Atlantic City." Paul said musingly. The girl laughed.

"With some pretty good years in between," she reminded him.

"Oh yes; some pretty good years in between," he conceded, rousing himself. "Well," he said, "what I wanted to speak to you about was to-night. Are you doing anything special to-night?"

"I am going to bed with a new murder mystery at eight o'clock," Honor said cheerfully. "What is happening to-night?" she asked.

"Well, it's the Hessels' case again. The Judge is going to go into court with it on Thursday, and he's all fuddled up on the first trial. He asked me if I'd work with him to-morrow and Wednesday. But I can't to-morrow; I'm in Berkeley all day. So I thought that if we got Ferguson and went at it with all the records, right in my library—I've got my brother's apartment here—we could draw up a brief for him in about an hour's time and have it on his desk in the morning. However, I'm not going to ask you to miss any sleep. I'll tell you what I can do I'll get Joe . . ."

Please turn to Page 14

## USE

## HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S 3 Step Beauty Treatment



For busy people who feel they should be doing something about their complexions, Helena Rubinstein assembles THREE STEPS TO BEAUTY—a clever home treatment set that offers a balanced beauty diet for every type. Pasteurised Cream, Valoze Beautifying Skinfood and Town and Country Foundation. Usually priced at 10/6, this unique set is now available at 9/6. Call, or write, for YOUR set, and for our newest booklet "Beauty for You."

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"Has he got into the band?"

"No; but I've been able to buy the neighboring houses cheaply."

"GIVE me a couple of books for the week-end."

"Yes, sir. Something light, I suppose?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I've got the car outside."

THE nervous passenger approached the captain timidly.

"What would happen if we struck an iceberg?" she asked.

"The iceberg would go on as if nothing had happened," replied the captain.

"WHAT! Cutlets, chops, and fish all off? What a restaurant! Here, give me my hat!"

"I'm afraid that's gone, too, sir."

WIFE: There was something about you I used to like.

Husband: I know, but I've spent it all.

WILLIE: People say I look like you, Dad; but that doesn't matter so long as I'm healthy, does it?

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"YOU'll do nothing of the kind!" Honor interrupted. "I'll not lose any sleep; of course I'll do it. I'd be home at nine o'clock, wouldn't I?"

"I'd promise that. Honor, you'd be a tremendous sport to do it, and the old Judge and I would be grateful to you for ever! Wait until I speak to Joe; we've got to have him, because he was in court all through the first trial."

Honor touched a bell. When she joined him an hour and a half later she had freshened up indeed. She had changed her gown to a comfortable thin silk; she was hatless, and bundled into an evening wrap.

"The trousseau will have an evening coat in it, I suppose?" "Mr. Cartwright, what earthly use would I have for an evening coat up there at Walburga?"

"Why, you'll be coming down for family weddings and opera and things, I should think. I wish you'd let me give you an opera coat. I know of a beauty at Liebes here."

"You'd much better give me an egg-beater and a pair of goloshes!"

"Perish the thought! I'll give you silver," Paul said. "Here we are. Good evening, Mitch. You got my message about opening Mr. Philip's apartment?"

"They swept upward in the elevator. The apartment was on the eleventh floor; the beautiful rooms had a matchless view of the city's myriad lights. Honor turned back after a first rush to the window, flung aside the old coat, smiled at herself in the mirror. This was fun!"

"It's beautiful enough at night," Paul said, standing beside her at the window, looking down at the city's scarves and wheels of glittering gems. "but sometimes about twilight this bay is the most glorious sight I ever saw. Not as colorful as Naples, perhaps, but it takes your breath away just the same."

"It would be as colorful if we San Franciscans never had changed from the old adobe houses, and if we hung red-and-blue rugs from all the balconies," Honor reminded him.

"You've seen Naples?" "Naples! I've told you I've never been farther east than Yosemite."

"Honor!" "It's true; you're slumming to-night," Honor said, not moving her eyes from the panorama below the windows. "We've always—eaten," she said; "we've always been able to play for a winter suit, or a new pair of shoes. Shoes this month, hat next month, coat with Aunt Mag's cheque, that sort of thing. But I was thinking yesterday," she went on, as the man standing close to her did not speak but also continued to look down at the night, "I was thinking how strange it would be to be rich. Talking of Palm Beach and the other car, and if we go abroad next month! The way the Torreyes talked, and the Nunnallys. Beautiful furs and jewels—jewels like Dolly Nunnally's, Ambassadors, and Maharajahs."

"THERE'S none of it I wouldn't like to give you," Paul said suddenly, under his breath. Honor made no answer; she went to sit in a formal tasseled Spanish chair by the fire and stretched her feet towards the blaze.

"Isn't a fire glorious? This is your brother's place? It's lovely. He's not married, is he?"

"He was."

"What's the matter with marriage these days?" the girl asked musingly, her eyes on the fire.

"Oh, people change. Our lives change us. In the old days things went on the same, generation after generation."

"I don't think I change. I love Tom and Adeline just as I always have," Honor reasoned.

"And the admirable Hugh, how about him?" Paul asked, in the first faintly disturbing tone she ever had heard from him. Before she could answer, even with a surprised and reproachful glance, he was on his feet and had crossed the floor to the telephone.

"Room service?" he was immediately saying. "Send Oscar up, if he's there, will you, with a dinner-card?"

"Where's Joe Ferguson?" Honor asked.

"Joe isn't coming, and you knew he wasn't coming. I called him off just before I left the office," Paul said, almost impatiently. Honor's eyes went swiftly to him; she straightened up, electrified, in her chair. Then she laughed, relaxing, and moving her eyes to the fire again.

"I didn't think of that!" she confessed in an untruffled voice.

## Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 12

"And if you had, would you have come?"

"I don't know," she said honestly. "I think I might. I had nothing else to do to-night, and I'm not afraid—" she glanced at him—"not afraid of having dinner with you," she finished.

Instantly the crisis was precipitated. Paul got up and came over to her chair, kneeling on one knee as he put a quick arm about her. Honor withdrew a little, twisting herself about to face him, one hand laid lightly on his shoulder.

"I love you, my dear," he said. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. I didn't mean to do this to-night; it was honest enough when I first thought of it! But then the idea, the dream of having you here alone by myself, up above the city, with the cold night far down below, and a fire and supper—just for us two... What am I going to do?"

After a long moment she spoke in a half whisper.

"We could have supper, I think, and talk. And then you could take me home. We could have that?"

On the last childish note of interrogation he laughed in joy and love of her, and rising to his feet put a quick light kiss on the crown of her head. The waiter was at the door.

OVER the meal they talked, very simply and naturally on his part, with something of warmth and flutter on hers. But when it was over, and the waiters had gone away, Paul said quite suddenly:

"I'm not quite sure what I hoped this—this chance with you would mean, Honor. I think I thought of it as ending our friendship, as shutting the door. But when I come to that point, actually talking it over with you, seeing you sit there with your beautiful eyes fixed on me, it seems silly and weak to say that we shouldn't see each other."

"After I'm married we won't see each other for some time," she said sedately, for the comfortable conversation over the dinner table and the complete absence of anything like alarm or uneasiness in her heart had made her feel, too, that it was rather ridiculous to be dramatic over this friendship of theirs.

"Yes; but I'm afraid you won't marry him," Paul said, pouring hot coffee into small cups. He brought one to her, and she lifted a startled gaze from the fire and fixed her blue eyes on him.

"Why do you say that?" she asked in a frightened whisper.

"Because you feel as I do, my

dear. You know that. We're—we're definitely in for it, you know."

He had set the cup down. Now he half knelt and put his arm about her again, and their eyes were close together.

"You know that, don't you?" he repeated. And suddenly all her fortress crumbled; the pretence was gone, and she was left standing with the great wind of this discovery blowing hard upon her. Honor drooped her cheek against his temple with a great sense of relief that had in it the beginnings of fear, too, and of a wild joy.

"How could I help it?" she said. And then they were in each other's arms, their lips together, his hands tightly locked about her shoulders, her own hands crushed against his heart.

"Honor," he said, "you do love me?"

"I don't know." She leaned back from him, drawing breath. "I don't know!" she whispered. "I'm horribly frightened. We have no right to this! I'm dizzy. I've been saying all along that it wasn't that—that it wasn't love, that it was only playing! And now suddenly it's the only thing in my life."

"It's the only thing in mine," he said.

"But—but there's no pleasure to this, Paul. It's all fever and worry and—and feeling ashamed. I shouldn't be here; I know that. You've a wife, you've children, and I'm promised to another man! And yet, whatever I say now, Honor finished, on a childish note of bewilderment, "and whatever I resolve to do now, the minute I'm away from you it's all puzzle and wretchedness to see you again, or hear your voice!"

"I've been wretched—I've been upset all day," she said. "Now I'm in heaven. You're here, and I'm here, and for just a little while we can talk together! Why, you look so worried, dear," he broke off to say in an amused tone. "There's nothing to be ashamed of; there's nothing to be worried about, my darling! I don't want the beginning of our love for each other to be clouded by anything."

"The beginning of our love for each other!" she echoed, with a forlorn shadow of a laugh. "Paul, we can't love each other! This is the end!"

"But you love me? You've not said it."

"I say it every minute of my life. There's nobody else."

Please turn to Page 15

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## Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 14

"Not Hugh?" He laughed joyously. "Not anyone. And it feels so wrong," Honor murmured, "and I can't help it. What—what makes it wrong?"

"It doesn't feel wrong to me," His arm held her tightly; their faces were together again and she felt his lips against her hair. "My darling, of all things that ever were in the world this is right!" he said.

She was still bewildered and troubled.

"I suppose it has been leading straight to this all the way along," she said slowly. "But I'm as much surprised as if I were another person. You still seem to belong to the office, and to your wife, and to Burlingame. And I still seem entirely apart."

"But in a very little time you won't feel that way. You'll feel only that you're to be my wife, and that we're to have the most wonderful life in the world together."

"But you have a wife—what about Mrs. Cartwright?"

"Mrs. Cartwright has been very busy with an affair of her own for several years," Paul said, with a sort of whimsical gravity. "She is a very strange woman. Realities mean nothing to Marion—love and home and children. They don't exist, for her, Johnson—Dana Johnson meets her somewhere every day, and they console with each other."

He had spoken as if half humorously, but there was nothing humorous about the lines of his mouth.

"But the boys?" Honor asked. "Bruce and Stewart. She loves them?"

"She buys them toys, and every day the nurse reports on them, and sometimes they walk across the room for tea, and she thinks they look smart. She hardly knows them."

"As a matter of fact," he continued, as Honor seemed to find nothing to say, "it was Marion herself who wanted a divorce a few years ago, when she was up to her ears in another affair—with a man named Tony la Scarpa, an Argentinian. But the boys were babies then, and I didn't want to throw them down. Now it's Dana Johnson."

"They'd resent it," she said half aloud.

"They won't care at all. At that age kids live for themselves alone."

"That clock is going to say nine. I have to go home."

To her relief, although she had not until that instant been conscious of any strain, he agreed instantly.

"Yes, I'll take you home. But there was something—first."

They were both standing now, and with one hand lightly placed on her shoulder to detain her he groped with the fingers of his other hand in a vest pocket.

"I want you to have this," he said.

Whatever it was, it was wrapped in a tiny scrap of tissue paper; Honor watched curiously as he opened it, looked in a daze upon a great sapphire set in a ring, a bar of dazzling diamond on either side like a frame.

"DARLING," she said not quite comfortably, on a certain sultry, soft spring night, "I would hold speech with you!"

Dinner was over, and she had jumped to her feet to give Tom a cigarette. Now she stood facing them all.

"I want you all to know," she said, "that just as soon as Paul—Paul Cartwright can get a divorce, why, I'm—I'm going to get a brand-new gold ring!"

It was said playfully, with an assurance that was not all assumed. For Honor knew in advance just exactly what they would feel, and that their disapproval would not kill her.

Aunt Lucie's reception was disappointing, to say the least. She gave a faint sigh that indicated distressed disgust, shut her lips firmly, looked patiently, enduringly, into space. Adeline's eyes watered; she glanced swiftly, apprehensively, about from face to face; Tom instantly pushed his chair back, jerked his square young shoulders as if he were about to depart. Honor caught at his cuff with a quick hand.

"Ah, no, no, now, Tom! Please!" she stammered. He answered her gruffly.

"I don't want to hear about it!"

"No, but listen, Tom! What is there so wrong in it? Everyone's divorced nowadays—nobody thinks anything about it!"

"I think something about it!" He put an angry accent on the first

word. "I'm not trying to run you or your affairs!" he said stubbornly, "but when a fellow like Hugh—a fellow like Hugh—by God you ought to be glad a man like Hugh even looks at you—wants to marry you, shoulder the whole responsibility for the rest of his life, it's no time for you to act like a fool! Everyone knows he's going to go a long way! But no, you've got to run off with another woman's husband!"

"You look here, Tom Brownell," Honor interrupted sternly, arresting him by the sheer force of her tone. "You sit down again! You might just as well understand this, all of you, for I'm not going around apologizing and feeling guilty. I don't feel guilty. I love Hugh as we all do, and I was proud—I've been proud all these years to think that he wanted me. But when something happens—happens—like my greeting and knowing Paul, my knowing that he cares for me—well, that moment there's a change—everything changes! And everything is changed, for ever. I could no more look at any other man now—no, not ever! Not if Paul were to be killed to-day. I want you to understand it, because I know it'll all seem quite natural and right in a year or two. We're not going to live here."

She had told them—she had told them! And after all, they hadn't killed her. There had been nothing for them to do except moralise a little and sulk a little. Phrases in which she would begin to retail this conversation to Paul began to form in her mind. "They all love me, that's the real trouble," she would say, and Paul would add, "I don't blame them!"

THEY stretched themselves on the warm dunes, braced their backs against the scented stiff dry furze which clothed the little sand-hills in patches and stripes, and nibbled their sandwiches, and were completely happy and at peace.

Honor was in a tweed suit with a white blouse; she had thrown aside her plain, round-brimmed hat, and the light shone on her gold-tipped hair. Her small, sturdy shoes were braced against a tangle of long-dead seaweed which had been washed up

to this height at some high tide and had dried into a mat of pale yellow tubes and strings. Paul, lying near her, with a picnic coffee-cup precariously planted in the sand at his elbow and an open box of food at hand, was so placed that he could watch her while she watched the sea and drank in with every fibre of her being the glory of the March noon-time.

"You are corrupting my morals," she said.

"What now?"

"I was thinking how I adored this suit."

"And I was thinking how I adore you in the suit. What did you tell the family?"

"An elaborate yet casual-seeming lie."

"And did Aunt Mag accept it?"

"She's never seen the suit and she probably never will. But I wore it down to Bob Chamberlain's place last Sunday—that's my uncle, you know—and when anyone admired it—and they all admired it—I said that poor Miss Reichart's father had died, which is true, and that she had offered it to me for twenty dollars, which is not true. And they all congratulated me, with subdued sympathy for poor Alice Reichart, of course."

"Sixty-five dollars, was it? Well, they'll be just that much smarter when it's a hundred and sixty-five."

"Never, I couldn't spend that much money for one dress!"

"Pritzi will design you a couple of dresses. I see you in a sort of trailing medieval effect with gold on it somewhere, and a street thing with a lot of fox hither and yon."

"I didn't know that you were the sort of man who designs his wife's dresses!"

"I never have been. But I'm in a new world now, Honor, and it's a world of you."

"I know they're all seething at home," Honor presently said in a dreamy tone. "My aunts are simply disgusted with me, and Adeline dragged around for a week, after I told them of our change of plans, as if there was a dead body in the parlor. Tom's always had a secret contempt for most women, I think, and he just adds me to the rest."

Please turn to Page 16

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# Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 15

"I've been on a pedestal with Tom all my life. My sister Honor could do anything! Well, I'm off it, and it's quite comfortable down on the level. Aunt Mag asks me if I think a man can respect me if I consent to make marriage plans with him while he is still married to another woman, and I don't even attempt to explain that yours isn't really a marriage. You and Marion should have been divorced years and years ago."

"I know it!" Paul conceded promptly. "Marion hasn't paid any more attention to me than she does to the—well, the stair carpet, for years," he added unrepentantly. "Since Stewart was born, in fact. She doesn't consult me about my plans or refer to me about hers; she does what she likes with the boys. The only reason we've not been unhappy is because we've been as free as two guests in the same hotel."

"Did you talk to her, Paul?" "Yesterday. Yes, I did. Frankly," Paul said, somewhat hesitantly, "it wasn't very satisfactory, because for some obscure reason she doesn't want to come out flatly and talk divorce. She hedges around it. She pretends to be tremendously amused. 'Oh, Paul, you've got a new girl!' But she won't talk. She said yesterday that her mother wouldn't like it; she kept quoting her mother. 'Why, you know, Paul, that mother'd be wild! She adores the boys and she'd never forgive me doing anything that put them at a disadvantage.'"

Honor spoke slowly, over deep hurt.

"What possible disadvantage would there be?"

"I suppose Mrs. Kelsey, their grandmother, thinks she'd see less of them."

"She lives in Pasadena; she's not so very near them now."

"No; but she'd feel less free to see them. But in any case," Paul said, "that's only Marion's excuse. For some reason, and I think I know what it is, she is taking the position that she doesn't want a divorce."

Honor's shadowed eyes moved quickly to his.

"And what do you think it is?"

"She wouldn't admit it," he said. "It just came to me as a sort of inspiration. I think she's afraid she'd have to marry Dana Johnson. I mean out of common—well, what?—decency, maybe. For years now they've been seen everywhere together, and if Marion were out to be freed to-morrow she'd simply have no way out, and she knows it."

"But, Paul—but, Paul, surely she'd not hold on to you to keep from having to marry the man she's in love with!"

"He's got nothing, my dear, and Marion needs quite a good deal of money. He paints, you know, does little sketches of all the girls, sells some of them, and gets along very picturesquely. But I don't believe he'd ever do another stroke of work if he married Marion. And it's just possible that the fine edge has worn off their affair. Anyway, I felt there was something behind her determination to refuse a divorce to-day."

"Was it determination?" Honor asked. Her heart sank.

"Well, no, it wasn't. She seemed very vague, and she kept trying to drag her mother in. 'You know it would break mother's heart,' and so on. And she said, 'Remember that when I wanted a divorce five years ago you were all for sticking together for the sake of the boys.'"

"So that's a deadlock," Honor said dully, and the bright day turned dark.

"Not at all. She won't stick to that. She'll begin to think of the advantages of being free, going where she pleases. This was just the first gun."

"It makes me feel perfectly horrid," Honor said thoughtfully, as if she spoke to herself.

"It'll all straighten out."

She said nothing.

"HAVE you seen Brainfree lately?" he asked, on a sudden change of thought.

"Hugh? No. Not since the night we had our second talk. I told you about that; that was more than a month ago. He'll be going up to the Walburga any time now, and I believe the new work and the change will be the best thing in the world for him. My cousin Diana Borrow is being married very quietly at Grandma Borrow's to-night over in Oakland," she said, "and we're all going over on the five o'clock boat. I suppose Hugh will be there. But

I'd just as soon meet him. I mean I think the sooner the whole family accepts the situation the easier for us all."

"He feels terribly, of course."

"It was a shock to him, Adeline says. She says that he'd never thought of it at all, my liking anyone else. Liking!" Honor interrupted herself with a brief laugh. "I wish what I feel for you was only liking! But Adeline seems to think it was mostly shock."

"Too bad!" Paul said, secure enough to pity the loser.

"It is too bad. Hugh's so fine. But it was never, for Hugh, one hundredth part of what I feel for you," Honor said. "It wasn't the same sort of thing at all. I'll always like Hugh; I always have. But this other thing—yes, it may be love, too. But it's fever and excitement and unhappiness and—and being always afraid, too. It's a feeling all by itself."

"Being afraid of what, Honor?"

"Of the agony of belonging to you, of being happy," she said, her head motionless against his shoulder, her eyes far away.

"I'm afraid the same way, my darling."

"Not in the same way, Paul." Her voice was quiet.

For a long time they were silent while the warm March sun shone down on them, and the gulls circled and cried, and the fog crept slowly in from the far reaches of the quiet Pacific.

"You're lucky if you can live your life without loving like this, aren't you?" Honor said after a while.

"I don't know, sweetheart. Perhaps you are. But oh, Honor, moments like this are sweet!"

"Too sweet!" she decided with a sudden change of mood. And in another moment they were on their feet, shaking sand from clothes and basket and fringed red napkins, gathering themselves regretfully for the half-hour run back into the city and the offices of Cooper and Cartwright.

THEY had forgiven her at home. Forgiven her, she told herself with a little secret irony, for doing nothing. But the atmosphere had not returned to its old happy calm; there was a barrier now between Honor and her sister and brother, and between all the other members of the big clan.

All their simple plans for her wedding were wrecked now. It was impossible for even loving little Adeline to take an interest in the details of a trousseau which had to do with the future wife of an extremely rich man; she lost all zest for picking up a lovely handkerchief at this sale,

a sporting hat at that. Honor would not want these things now. She would not go over to Aunt Caroline's or Grandma Borrow's any more to play silly writing games, and dance with Hugh and Bob and Perry and Link to the strains of the radio. Honor had moved mysteriously out of their zone.

She was deluged by Paul with gifts large and small in these days; Adeline's first doubtful, "But you'll not take it, Honor?" and her aunt's bitten lip and stern eye being alike ignored by her. If Tom knew anything of the offerings with which Paul was continually remembering her, he gave no sign of it. His manner with both sisters and with his aunt was necessarily brief and cold; he could not impress Honor with his disappointment and displeasure and be gracious to the others at the same time.

She had shown no one the Hahner sapphire, but Adeline and some of the girl cousins saw the beautiful bags—a street bag, a bag to match a new sport suit, an evening bag. They saw the handkerchiefs and the perfumes, and the odd, thoughtful gifts, extravagant soaps and bath-salts, writing paper and delicate silk stockings, jade clips to wear on a black gown with a jade-green hat, oriental robes for house-wear in lavender and prune and cherry-colored brocades from Chinatown.

"It's not as if someone was dead, Grandma!" Honor said to her mother's mother one evening.

"Death isn't the worst that can happen in this world, Honor," the old woman said with dignity. And although Honor laughed affectionately, as did some of the other cousins who happened to be within hearing, and indeed especially noted this speech, to be quoted presently as "Grandma's latest," she always emerged from these little family encounters feeling upset and belittled somehow. As if it were not more honest for a man and a woman to part when all affection was dead between them than to go on pretending to love each other in a horrible travesty of true marriage!

"Grandma, not to put too fine a point upon it, makes me tired!" Honor observed disrespectfully to her sister. "If Paul wasn't so disgustingly rich Grandma would have nothing to say! If he was a young doctor struggling to work up a practice Grandma would be full of sympathy with him. But it's because it's Paul Cartwright that Grandma is raising the roof!"

Adeline evidently pondered this, for a few days later she said shyly in a gentler tone than she had used in this connection before:

"I think his being rich makes a difference to me, too, Hon."

(To be Continued)

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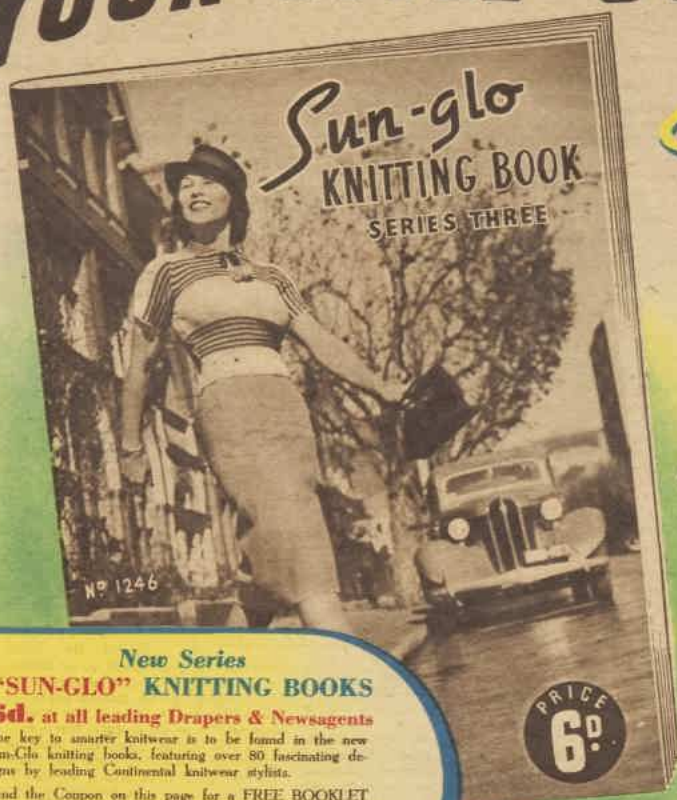
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# OH, MR. NICHOLS, your book IS a strange coincidence!

When he wrote "Evensong," the story of the declining years of a prima donna, Beverley Nichols brought a storm about his head. Many people believed that the prima donna was meant to be a portrait of Dame Nellie Melba, whom he had accompanied to Australia as private secretary.

Now he has written "Revue," in which he confesses, in a foreword, that the principal character, Fay Pearl, will probably be recognised as a well-known English stage and screen star, Frances Day.

**T**HERE is nothing unkind, however, in his portrait of Fay. She is charming.

The theme of the novel is the old, old story of the chorus girl who becomes a star overnight.

We have read the same thing before in innumerable novels, and seen it in innumerable "back-stage" films.

But Beverley Nichols knows his theatre. Whatever one may think of his other adventures in literature, and its bypaths, it cannot be denied that, when he writes about the stage and stage people, he can be very entertaining.

Studio parties, flats in Park Lane, lunch at the Savoy Grill—That is the atmosphere in which he is really at home.

He frankly admits that his heroine, Fay Pearl, closely resembles Frances Day, the English actress. In his foreword, which he addresses to Miss Day, he says:

"Fay has your hair, and your voice. And like you she has an instinctive genius, on the stage, for drawing every man, woman and child so close to her that she has only to whisper to them to bring their hearts."

"Fay has courage and grace. So have you. . . . You know that you

are not Fay, and so do I, but how can we persuade the public that this is the case? All I can say is that I had Fay in mind long before I ever met you. If you have unwittingly given her an added charm, that is her luck, and mine, and nobody's misfortune."

So, with a gracious denial beforehand, he anticipates public recognition of his leading character—and forestalls criticism of an accidental tendency to create a character closely resembling someone known to the public.

There was no such gracious denial beforehand in the case of "Evensong," with its harsh portrayal of a singer whom many believed to be Melba. The denial came later, in response to indignant inquiries, "Was it Melba?"

Perhaps Mr. Nichols lamented his oversight then and has corrected his technique.

Hero of "Revue" is a young Australian composer and writer, Robin Frost.

"... There's a new young man, Robin Frost, Australian," says Humbert, an unemployed young producer, who is host at the diverting party which introduces most of the main characters.

"Darling! Not a life-saver?" says

one of the women guests who collects photos of Australian heroes of the surf.

"Not a what?"

"Not one of those gods that rush in and rescue one from sharks?"

Thelma Ganges, red-headed, green-eyed stage and screen star, and her "dearest friend," Lou Lancaster, wage a relentless battle of subtle cruelty and straight-out cat-tishness to each other throughout the book, with hilarious results.

Lou is otherwise a good-natured, fat and vulgar comedienne. Thelma, however, is diabolically witty to everyone likely to lower her prestige as London's glamor star No. 1, and devastatingly charming to anyone likely to be of any use to her.

Her whole life is a stage production. She times her arrival at the theatre or at a party, and heaven help anyone who unwittingly stands between her and a Press camera.

At the party where Robin contracts to write the revue Thelma arrives just when Lou, giving impersonations of well-known people, is impersonating Thelma.

Thelma makes her entrance in time to steal Lou's applause.

"She danced over to Lou with extended arms. And in a voice that was very soft, but so clear that you could have heard it in the street outside, she said, 'Darling! Your imitation. Divine! Who was it?'"

## Humor and Pathos

**NON-STOP** humor and quite a lot of pathos are provided by ballet auditions and the search for a male star to support Thelma.

Thelma reports progress by telegram. Leslie Henson, Harry Richman, Fred Astaire "all seem to be gardening." Noel Coward, Paul Draper, Ivor Novello "all seem to be ill."

The final choice is Dushan Starr, a huge Yugoslav who eats charcoal biscuits and who speaks only a few words of English. He promises, however, that in three weeks, when the show opens, he will "speak him like the Oxford."

"What will Thelma say when she sees him?" asks Robin.

"She will speak him like the Billingsgate, I imagine," replies Humbert.

When Thelma meets Dushan she complains: "I've played with negroes in cabaret. I've played with Chinks in a pantomime. I once did an act with six performing seals. And they all spoke better English than that."

In the midst of all the turmoil, inevitable in producing a show, Robin's admiration for the blonde chorus girl, Fay, blossoms into a Wordsworthian idyll.

The budding romance tempts Beverley to make a few excursions down the garden path. He has written books about gardens.

When Robin and Fay wag it from a rehearsal and go to Kew Gardens they come upon a "host of daffodils."

"Robin caught Fay's arm. They both stood very still. A secret wind sighed in the branches. Birds piped and scurried in the undergrowth. But they hardly heard these sounds, for it seemed that the daffodils were singing to them."

Robin is inspired by the daffodils to write a song (the words and music of which are reproduced in



BEVERLEY NICHOLS and Frances Day at a London first night.



ONE of the amusing drawings by Hans Aufseeser which decorate the book.

## "Simple" Life In Australia

**I**F the words of one of his characters can be taken as an indication, Beverley Nichols is not enthusiastic to say the least—about the Australian idea of evening entertainment.

The hero of "Revue," Robin, who is himself an Australian, reflects:

"In Melbourne, the idea of setting out to a party shortly before midnight would have seemed preposterous. One dined at seven, if one dined at all. At eleven, one was in bed. If one was not in bed at eleven, it was a sure proof that it was New Year's Eve. Yes, life was as simple as that in Australia, for the vast majority of the population."

or addicted to "back-stage" films will sympathise with the revue company's rehearsal troubles.

A ballet, for which the dresses and scenery were all ready had to be scrapped because Thelma said it was "meaningless" . . . by which she implied that there was nearly a whole minute in which she was off the stage. And that meant that the whole running order had to be changed."

The book is decorated with amusing surrealist drawings by Hans Aufseeser.

"Revue," by Beverley Nichols (Jonathan Cape). Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

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## Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Pen-names are not permitted. Readers make this rule for themselves by ballot.

### PARENTAL NEGLECT

DO parents of to-day care more about the development of the bodies and minds of their children than about the development of their characters?

Sunday schools to-day are attended by only one-tenth of the child population; yet the fundamental influences of childhood help to make or mar our lives.

The education received from the Sunday school helps to instill within a child's nature the lessons of kindness, courage, honesty, and charitableness of thought, and the ability to give as well as to take.

Are not these the best assets in daily life? If so, why do parents pay so much attention to the child's material welfare and neglect the spiritual side?

£1 for this letter to Miss Betty Hilton, Derryquinn, Chatsworth Road, Coorparoo, Qld.

### WIDER OUTLOOK

HOUSEWIVES are always being urged to take time from their daily tasks to cultivate hobbies and outside interests which will allow them true self-expression and widen their outlook.

But is woman's work in the home necessarily narrowing? Do not the running of her home and the training of her children allow her a true scope for self-expression?

Why this disparagement of home life and home duties?

Mrs. Duncan, Giblin Street, New Town, Tas.

### MEN'S CLUBS

MEN'S clubs are becoming a menace to home life.

It is the custom of men when among their kind to linger for a smoke, discussion, and extra drink. As they go to the clubs after work, they often arrive home to spoiled dinners, and discouraged, anxious wives.

Worse still, men are so foolish with their money when they "get together," that, in an attempt to "live up to the other fellow," many of them spend freely—often the money required for household expenses.

K. Morrison, Lindsay Street, Perth.

### BROADCAST LESSONS

THE use of radio for giving lessons and lectures to school-children is a modern necessity, but there seems to me to be no reason why the time of the national stations should be taken up with educational broadcasts to schools.

Listeners pay a guinea a year to listen to broadcast programmes that will please all, and they do not expect to have to listen to school broadcasts.

It is time the various State education departments established school broadcasting stations of their own.

A. Thornton, 4 John St., Woolahra, N.S.W.

### CAREERS FOR GIRLS

WHY do parents pay so much more attention to the education of their sons than their daughters?

Many girls are pushed into offices with the idea that they will marry, but many of them never marry, and so spend their lives at jobs which are uncoincidental. And even those who marry often work for as long as ten years first.

There are so many interesting and profitable careers for girls nowadays that, if they have ambition to be anything other than typists or clerks, it is certainly only fair for parents to encourage them.

L. Abson, 442 Toorak Rd., Toorak, Melbourne.

## Business Girls Who Act As "Mothers' Helps"

I DISAGREE with Mrs. A. A. Knox (4/2/39) who says that business girls should help with the housework during week days, before they leave for work.

My sister and I both work in an office, and find we have very little spare time to do chores at home. By helping in the house before she leaves the business girl may find herself arriving late to work, or if she is on time she has probably hurried over her toilet and left shoes unpainted, finger-nails untidy.

Let girls help in the week-end, but not on week days. It is essential that our mornings be left absolutely free.

Miss P. E. Hughes, Boyd Park, Mt. Morgan, Qld.

### Let Boys Help, Too!

MOST girls, Mrs. Knox, are very reasonable about helping in the home before and after work.

There are very few girls who fail to do their own washing and ironing, and this in itself constitutes a saving to the busy housewife.

The amount of work girls do depends a great deal on the hours and nature of their employment. But how about the boys also lending a hand occasionally?

Miss Muriel Meller, 8 Reid St., Lindfield, N.S.W.

### Ideal Home Life

TOO many of the younger generation treat their homes as if they were boarding-houses just because they contribute to their upkeep.

The happiest atmosphere prevails where each does his or her little bit, instead of leaving it all to mother.

Mrs. Frank Meadows, Yarram House, Yarram, Vic.

### Upsets Nerves

HAVING to do household tasks before she leaves is upsetting to the girl who is concentrating on getting ready to leave for work.

When they are growing up, girls should be taught to be neat, orderly and helpful. When going to business they will then, naturally, and without being asked, do small things about the home. This is a matter for adjustment between mother and child. Why should not boys help too?

Mrs. Grace Ferguson, Yorktown, S.A.

### Matter of Choice

THE working girl should not be expected to help at home.

She is deserving of praise if she does, but there should not be any of that sense of obligation which takes



Should not be obliged to help

away from the pleasure of doing any job about the home.

Any self-respecting girl will be tidy, do her laundry, and go on, but doing any other work should be purely a matter of choice.

Mrs. W. O'Neill, Huntingdon, Holbrook Ave., Kirribilli, N.S.W.

### The Happy Medium

CERTAINLY girls should help in the home, even if they are paying board, but there is a happy medium. Girls need time to attend to their clothes, see their friends, and go out.

After all, a girl only has her evenings and week-ends free, and all young people need enjoyment and relaxation.

Mrs. G. Frazer, 38 Robinson St., Croydon, N.S.W.

## Feminine Touch Should A Woman Tell Truth About Her Age?

I DON'T agree with Miss B. Woolley (4/3/39) that more women in Parliament would help us to solve our problems.

Women may have a great love for peace, but in general she lacks man's executive ability.

She has not the impartiality of the statesman, and the ability to temper justice with mercy, no essential in dealing with national problems.

Cassie Mitchell, 82 Westbury St., E. St. Kilda, Vic.

### Already Have Power

AUSTRALIAN women already wield power in Parliament. Miss B. Woolley. The fact that they nominate or support men to represent them in Parliament proves this.

There are no international and social problems which can be matters of indifference to either sex. Therefore the sex of a spokesman does not matter.

F. G. K. Brennan, 104 Warrane Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W.

### Disloyal!

"WHY are there not more women in our Australian Parliaments?" asks Miss B. Woolley. Unfortunately, Miss Woolley, women themselves are to blame. In the matter of politics, women are not

### Advertise Your Country

AUSTRALIANS have done much in recent years to "put Australia on the map."

Therefore, it comes as a shock to hear, as so often we do, overseas visitors expressing surprise at the progress of our cities, our well-dressed and beautiful girls.

Apparently Australia is not sufficiently advertised.

It behoves travelling Australians to do their best to advertise their country. At least they should never be little by disparaging remarks or comparisons, as I have heard them do.

Mrs. G. Leask, 88 Beach St., Coogee, N.S.W.

### Should Unite

WOMEN cannot progress far in the political and commercial world because there is no unity in their ranks. While one-half is clamoring for sex equality—equal rights, equal pay—the other half is bemoaning the fact that they have to stand in the trains while some of the menfolk sit. They cannot expect to have equal privileges without shouldering equal responsibilities.

The only way to get anywhere in this world is to determine your goal and set out straight towards it. Unity is strength, and if we women want to progress we must all band together and fight for our objective.

Miss A. Willis, 125 Unwin's Bridge Rd., Tempe, N.S.W.

I AGREE with Miss Lindsay (4/3/39) that women are foolish to pretend that they are younger than they are.

There are always some people who



A courtesy not always appreciated

know one's correct age, and there is nothing to gain by deception. We are admired for our personality and character.

Mrs. D. McGrath, Timmsvale P.O., via Coramba, N.S.W.

### Affects Behaviour

WHY should a woman tell her age? I know a woman who carries her 70 years very lightly. When I found out her age, I began "looking after" her, assisting her up into trams, and so on. She resented it very much. Had she kept her age from me I would not have acted in that fashion.

Mrs. K. Green, 164 Grosvenor Rd., North Perth.

### Old As You Feel

"YOU are as old as you feel" is a very wise saying.

Women to-day are smart and attractive. If they don't look their age, why should they admit it?

Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

### Unimportant Matter

ONE'S age is really a most unimportant part of one's personality. It matters little whether a woman is 40 or 45, except to her doctor, or her employer. True friends do not care about age.

Miss Parker, Patrick St., Hobart.

### CARELESS ATTIRE

HOW careless women are about small items in their attire that make or mar an attractive ensemble!

They neglect to polish their shoes or to have their heels repaired. The finger-tips of gloves are frayed, coat collars need brushing, stockings do not have the seams straight.

I heard of a girl who lost a position because her prospective employer saw the inside of her untidy hand-bag.

Miss R. Humphreys, Federal Brick Co., Mitchell Rd., Alexandria, Sydney.

### CORRECT DIET

WHILE the importance of eating the correct foods is emphasised to-day, nothing is being done about teaching dietetics to the housewives of the nation.

Women should be taught before they marry how to cook foods correctly to retain their nutritive properties.

The Government should organise short-term classes which those about to take up the great responsibility of preparing meals could attend.

E. Rohde, Llewellyn St., Kangaroo Pt., Brisbane.

### FRIENDLY CUSTOM

WHAT a pity that the friendly handshake is no longer the universal custom upon meeting! A ready handshake adds warmth to an introduction and is a fitting symbol of a meeting between friends. Not so the nod and bow which now prevail.

Miss R. Adrian, Box 33, P.O., Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

### MAN'S PREFERENCE

I WITNESSED two incidents which seem to prove that men do not admire girls in masculine dress.

A girl wearing a sports attire with shorts entered a crowded tram. Not one of the several men travellers offered her a seat.

A few evenings later a girl in an evening dress stepped into a tram, and every man rose to make room for her.

Mrs. P. Conrick, 27 Fawcett St., Mayfield, N.S.W.

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## An Editorial

MARCH 25, 1939.

### THE STUPIDITY OF SLUMS



A PART from the human side of the matter, there is a crass stupidity in the fact that Australia has a slum problem, after only 150 years of existence.

We haven't even the excuse of the countries of the old world for our slums. These slums have grown up over the centuries, ours for some fantastic reason have grown with Australia itself.

Since the gold rush days there has been no terrific influx of people, yet with all the opportunities to build slowly and sensibly for our growing industrial population we have failed miserably.

There are slums in every Australian city, in our larger country towns, and even in the dream city of Canberra itself.

*Here is an issue we must face, and women, both in their organisations and as individuals, should throw their whole weight behind demands for housing reform.*

Slums do not grow in a night. Sleepy governments, wide awake jerry builders, and an apathetic public contribute their part.

Slums breed sub-humans, and sub-humans breed machine guns. That story has been told on the other side of the world for us to profit by.

The modern slum-in-the-making is a more insidious thing than its crazy counterpart before the days of town-planning.

It begins as flats built without proper consideration of air, light, and elbow room, and without adjacent playgrounds for children.

Inevitable deterioration turns them slowly but surely into ugly squalid tenements. They can't be so easily swept away as the shanties of the 'nineties, and they stand as a challenge to our sense of decency and our lack of plan in housing the people.

—THE EDITOR.

## What women do when things "GET ON THEIR NERVES"

ESCAPING MENTAL UPSETS CAUSED BY TENSION OF WORLD AFFAIRS

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Representative in England.

ARE you scared by the trend of world affairs to-day? Do you try to escape the jitters by seeking gay distractions—movies, theatres, sports, reading novels?

If so, your "escape mentality" is working overtime, according to Dr. Gerhard Adler, famous Viennese psychologist, now practising in London.

Women particularly are subject to this, he points out. The anxieties and worries arising out of national, international and domestic crises just "get on their nerves."

Normally calm women become easily hysterical. On the other hand, under the stress of emotional crisis, women who are usually "frightened little mice" suddenly take charge of emergency situations in the home or office.

The trend in women's fashions is often a reflection of this "escape mentality." Preoccupation with an international crisis will be translated into fashions inspired by the countries in question.

Spanish hats and boleros emerged from the Spanish war, and hats and jewellery of a few years ago were inspired by the national dress of Abyssinia.

### Maternal Instinct

THE natural reaction is to seek a diversion, and to escape from the burden of realities.

This "escape mentality" has nothing to do with a fear complex.

"A crisis in world affairs such as we have just passed through creates agitation in women quite different from that produced in men," said Dr. Adler. "Women may not be entirely conscious of it, but it is that maternal instinct which all normal women possess, whether they are mothers or not."

"They become concerned, not for themselves, but for their children, real or imaginary."

"This instinct intensifies a love for the race—that is for their offspring—and thus develops a craving for security."

"Pictures, theatres, music halls, all offer escape, and in 'taking her mind off things' a woman thinks she is putting the bravest face on a grave situation."

WOMEN'S "escape mentality" works overtime when world affairs give them the "jitters." Doubts, fears, hysteria and horror create agitation in women quite different from that produced in men.

"This is where she makes a serious mistake. Escape and relaxation give only a slight temporary relief. No amount of entertainment will dissolve the unconscious worry underneath."

Dr. Adler believes, however, that British women have great resistance to this "subconscious race worry."

"I was amazed," he said, "at the calmness of British women throughout the recent crisis. They have stood up to the stress and strain of the past few months in a way Continental women could never do."

"The reason for the British woman's sane attitude is that English calm is a tradition; English supremacy is a mighty bulwark which has the psychological effect of being a positive framework on which the women of this country can depend."

"This calmness in a crisis is not evident in the women on the Continent, who, unfortunately, have a slight inferiority complex based on insecurity."

"This allows their morale to be much more easily undermined."

"Take, for instance, the case of Germany. After the war there was internal upheaval. Woman, denied through economic and social pressure the right to lead her fundamental life—that of wife and mother—became a repressed being. Uncertainty and unrest brought a craving for someone on whom to lean, someone to subdue fears."

"So a dictator rose to power."

"But British women have a more self-reliant attitude. They are not as individual as the European women, but in a collective sense they have more balance."

"Thus British women, in times of crisis, do not demand the same compensation for the unrest into which they are flung."

"From their very calm and fortitude they do more to keep their country from dictatorship than they are given credit for."

The "escape complex" aroused by international crises, suggests Dr. Adler, can best be countered by aiding defence measures. From them the individual can derive a sense of security.

Thus the psychologist adapts a national situation to cure mental reactions that might otherwise find some other unrestrained outlet.

"Recurrent crises will have their effect, all the more so, if British women fall into the error of continuing to seek escape in the unreal world of amusement," he said.

"What they should do is engage actively in some form of defence work which will have the unconscious effect of stabilising the character."

"A long period of disturbances disorganising the harmony of life and denying woman her fundamental right will give rise to an urge for protection through leadership, which offers mental security."

### End Mental Chaos

"BUT if women have the feeling that they are doing something towards the protection and help of their children, then the maternal and protective instinct will be appeased."

"Collectively they will not suffer the bewilderment and mental chaos which arise from frustration."

"Thus this disturbance, conscious or unconscious, can be either developed or repressed. Developed by seeking a means of escape from reality leading to a state of mental disorder, or repressed by collective security in organising and taking part in the work of the community."

"Defence work has a tremendous psychological value. It keeps the mind balanced and prevents women being easily swayed into the mass hysteria which leads to dictatorship and extremes."

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . By WEP







A hand-painted lawn (no grass) and flowers painted on the fence constitute L. W. Lower's ideal of a suburban front garden.

## Why be a FLAT and live in a cottage?

L. W. Lower strong for home life for other people

Housing Committees have decided that people would be better off in small cottages than in flats.

This is a matter open to discussion. Flats have no lawns to mow for a start.

HAVING lived in both cottages and flats, I know what I'm talking about.

If ever I live in a cottage again it will have a nice green concrete lawn and sweet-peas will be permanently painted on the fence.

In order to have a peaceful

week-end in a cottage with a lawn and a garden it is necessary to send the lawnmower to be repaired on Friday and tell the repairers that there's no need for any hurry whatever. Any time within the next six or eight months will be quite suitable.

By  
**L. W. LOWER**

Australia's Foremost  
Humorist

Illustrated By WEP

A drawback to flat life is that you're always having arguments with the caretaker and the outcome of it is that your wife says, "There you are! I told you those people upstairs would complain. Doing the Lambeth Walk at this time of night!"

Cottages are much better. Sometimes the people next door come and say they've got a patient in bed who is dangerously ill—the lars—and would you please step on the soft pedal. But mostly they leave it until next morning over the back fence.

"I believe you had a party last night?"

"Yes, we had a few friends in."

"Many Red Indians among them? Oh, and do tell me who was the person who was jumping up and down on the piano. Is there much of the piano left?"

Catty stuff!

### Quiet (?) Children

THE general thing, however, is just to wait until they throw a party of their own with bagpipes and tom-toms and cracked tenors. Next morning you look over the fence.

"Good morning, Mrs. Simpson, I was shocked to hear about the murders in your place last night."

"Murders! There were no murders in my place last night!"

"What a pity! Oh, well, better luck next time, I suppose. It sounded like murder to me."

Another thing about cottages is that the kids can hold mysterious meetings in the woodshed at the bottom of the yard.

"They're very quiet," says the wife. "They must be up to something. Go and see what they're doing."

"They're probably chopping each other's feet off with the axe and pelling lumps of coal at the fowls. Leave 'em alone and let's have a bit of peace."

Even such perfection is liable to be marred.

When the wife is elsewhere a deputation from the woodshed approaches for a ration of bread and jam. I ask them what they've been doing down there.

### Ban on Soap

IT seems that nothing that passes in the Temple of the Brotherhood of Blood can be divulged to a non-member on pain of instant death.

They depart with a tin of jam and a loaf of bread. They don't need a knife because every member already carries one to defend himself from the killer, Wang Ho, the Chinese Bend, and his hordes.

The cry of "Dinner!" is shortly afterwards heard and the members of the Brotherhood of Blood swarm up to the house.

"Holy Mike!" exclaims the wife. "Look at them!"

They're worth looking at, too. Each

is smothered with jam and coal-dust and has a mysterious sign marked on his forehead with the wife's lipstick.

"You go straight into the bathroom and wash yourselves!"

In the bathroom the peaceful harmony of the Brotherhood is suddenly shattered by an argument about towels. No mention is made of soap. Soap, it seems, is banned by the Brotherhood.

At the table mysterious signs are made with conversation such as "Pass the butter, Number Seven."

"The password, Number Three!"

"By the Sacred Block!"

"Tis well!"

After the meal — back to the Temple.

Now, you couldn't do that in a flat. The only thing a child can do is get sticky with toffee and then pull all the books out of the bookcase to see if he can find one with pictures in it. Or perhaps kick the cat.

Therefore, I am heartily in favor of cottages for most people. But not for me.

I'm getting a bit too old to stand the strain.

How does she keep Happy Healthy and Slim

YOU can be healthy, happy and attractively slim; you can keep gloriously fit and get full enjoyment out of life if you follow the golden rule of taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood and daily remove all food residue, thus improving your health, clearing your complexion and keeping you slim and youthful.

So, if you want to look and feel your best at all times, remember to take your Bile Beans regularly every night.

# BILE BEANS

ENSURE REAL HOLIDAY HEALTH



"Since taking Bile Beans friends tell me that I look more like a woman in the early twenties—I feel it too. The nightly Bile Beans not only keep my figure slim and youthful, but make me feel wonderfully healthy and full of activity all day long."—Mrs. L. Heibeth.

\*\*\*

"In my stage work it is very necessary for me to keep an attractive, youthful figure. I find that Bile Beans are just the thing for keeping me slim and maintaining my health and fitness."—Miss P. Franks.

## DO YOU KNOW ?

**TOOTHACHE CURED BY WITCHCRAFT!**

IN THE MIDDLE AGES WITCHES WERE BELIEVED TO HAVE THE POWER TO CURE TOOTHACHE BY MUMBLED THE FOLLOWING:—

"I GREET THEE, NEW MOON, FOR THE PAIN AND FOR THE GOUT, AND FOR THE THREE LITTLE WORMS WHICH ARE IN MY TEETH. ONE GREY, ONE BLUE & ONE IS RED, I WISH THAT ALL THREE NOW WERE DEAD. AMEN!"

**Teeth cleaned with sticks!**

JOHN BULWER

RECORDED IN 1650, THAT GUINEA WOMEN PRESERVED THEIR TEETH "by rubbing them NOW and THEN with certain woods, by which friction they gain a lustre like unto the most Beautiful Polished Ivory!" POLISHING IS ONLY PART OF THE ACTION OF A GOOD DENTIFRICE. **KOLYNOS CLEANS AND POLISHES** IN ONE ACTION! YOUR TEETH SPARKLE WITH NEW LOVELINESS!

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM**  
1/3 AND 2/4

**Half inch of KOLYNOS enough**

THAT 1/2 INCH of KOLYNOS BURSTS INTO A SURGING ANTISEPTIC FOAM INSIDE YOUR MOUTH. THOUSANDS OF TINY, ACTIVE BUBBLES FLOAT AWAY ALL DANGEROUS FOOD DEPOSITS, AND LEAVE YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN—SHINING WITH NEW BRILLIANCE! And ONE tube of KOLYNOS lasts as long as TWO tubes of ordinary DENTAL CREAM — because you need ONLY 1/2 INCH ON YOUR BRUSH.







lurely the cheapest  
Extract from a mother's letter.

**Neave's Food**  
On sale everywhere.

"We tried all the different kinds of food on the market and went to no end of expense, but nothing seemed to do any good until I decided to give Neave's Food a trial, which I am pleased to state was a complete success. It is the best and absolute food obtainable."

## Betty's "racey" narratives

My numerology tips left me with  
0.0.0. in my purse at Rosehill

By BETTY GEE

I'm troubled about these unseen influences. I had a dream tip, and it escaped me on a horse who paid £114 to £1 on the Tote, and afterwards I had the stars read, and I was given numbers 9 and 5 as my lucky picks.

Neither of them won at Rosehill on Saturday, but, on going through "the form" at home that night, I found a No. 14 who won, Austral, backed from 12's down to 3 to 1, and I realised it was my mistake, after all.

I forgot to add the 9 and 5 together to make the No. 14 winner.

I HAD a really troublous time on Saturday, what with eight races at Rosehill and five or six more I wanted to bet on at Caulfield.

I thought I knew approximately 10 good things at both meetings, in round figures. But that's what the bookies left me with—round figures—0.0.0.

I had Adonis for a certainty in the first division of the Maiden at Rosehill, and took £2/10 to £1, but he wasn't as good as his sleek, black appearance or his name suggested, and was beaten into second place by Austral.

But don't be disheartened, Austral is good, and will win lots of races.

And Adonis will get me my money back, though it may not be this week. But soon.

I ran into Dr. A. L. Casleberg's wife. The Caslebergs are from Wollongong, where Mrs. Casleberg is the crack lady golfer of the local club. And she said you'd better be on our horse, Baveon, he's a certainty.

It wasn't much of a tip at that, because Baveon was at 6 to 4 on, and only millionaires can afford to punt on suchlike information.

### Better Odds

But an unsuspecting bookie who didn't know that I knew something obligingly whispered that he would condescendingly take 5 to 4, and I straightway laid £2/10 to £2 on. Baveon won, but he had to be thrashed home under a punishing whip, and you can take it from me he's not as good as people think.

Anyhow, I didn't want the race run over again. One thrill like that when one breaks one's rule not to lay odds is sufficient to the day.

I was told to let my head go on Shot Gun for the first Juvenile division, and I had £7 to £1, and if the horse had been as eager as his connections he would have won.

But he kept running into pockets like a billiard ball, and when he got out the race was over.

Mark you, I think he'll be worth following, and won't be long winning again, but don't overlook that already it has cost me one pound to be in the position to give this advice.

Shot Gun finished a close fourth to Brazen Career, a 33 to 1 winner. I can visualise the books having champagne and chicken.

My favorite, Darby Munro, was given out as the strong tip for the second Juvenile on Reading, so I had £4 to £1, and I beat the books there, because he started at 7 to 2. Darby beat the barrier, and won easily. I could have kissed him.

But what a pity he couldn't have been riding in Melbourne at the same time, because I feel sure he could have won on Lord Walla. I had £5 to £1 about him in the first Caulfield Two-Year-Old division, and he ran second to Anne, and what a chump I was not backing her instead.

### Anne Is Good

She's owned in Sydney by Mrs. M. J. Doyle, sister of Joe Matthews, the Sydney bookie, and I was on her last week when she lost. I almost forgot I also had 10/ on Harina, and it ran nowhere.

But let's get back to Rosehill to back Red Eagle. I had 4's to 1 for my £1, but when he made his run the race was as good as over, and Red Eagle finished second to Rebel Chief.

Red Eagle is one of those creatures who's always doing something too late.

Snooping round I've betting ring I saw one of those Shrovetides of the Turf taking £500 to £50 about St. Constant for the Westmead Handicap.

Now I know that people don't throw sixties about unless they know something, so I gathered £10 to £2 for myself, and hoped for the best.



Black Fern is the waiter's tip for Rosebery, says Betty Gee.

Wasn't Darby on the horse? And didn't I win a sweet £20 on St. Constant when he won the Cantala Stakes in Melbourne last spring?

Unfortunately St. Constant is not fitted with the more modern self-starter apparatus for a six-furlong race. The result was he fell back nearly last until the last two furlongs.

Then you should have seen his white face speeding down the straight, passing horse after horse.

But it was too late. He arrived just a neck behind Caesar, the winner. I'm going to follow St. Constant. Am I downhearted? By no means. I'll have a little savor on him for the Doncaster, I think. Barring Ajax, I think he's the best mile horse in Australia.

I had 10/- on Silenus at 20/1 for the Club Handicap, but everybody seemed to think that Sal Volatile couldn't lose, and when I ran into Miss Phillipa Stephen, part-owner, and she confirmed this opinion, I saved £3 to £1.

But Silenus seemed unable to race a hobbled cow, and Sal Volatile stopped back in the rear so long her little apprentice jockey must have thought it was a six-day bike race, and, making up acres of ground when she did begin her run, Sal Volatile failed by only half a length.

How aggravating to know your horse COULD have won, but didn't.

### Gilltown Lost

Eerewigging round the stalls I heard Mr. Oscar Trigge tell a friend that his horse, Gilltown, could fall down and get up and still win the Hydamere, the last race.

No gathering my skirts I made all haste for £2 to £3, and had the satisfaction of beating the books for two points over the odds because he started at 11 to 1. But that's all I did.

They got my money, for Jockey Knox rode desperately for barrier-race, and I heard a man say even Ajax couldn't stand that, and, of course, Gilltown was so tired he could have called a taxi with advantage down near the home turn, and he didn't get a place.

Our luck seems out, but let's see if it will turn for this week. I've had Kooza for whichever race he starts at Rosebery, Wednesday, from a stable source.

Black Fern is the Head Waiter's tip for the Rosebery Handicap.

We travel to Rosehill races again on Saturday, and I'm going to start the day by backing Mosaic in the Three-Year-Old, because I have a very special tip about him from the Head Waiter. If there are divisions, and Adonis is in another division, I'm hidden to have a little on him because he's going to be a good horse this Easter, too.

I expect to get back my Melbourne losses on him if Bourbon starts in the Rosehill Autumn Handicap, because the Baher's Man said it was just put on for him at a mile and a half.

I am given Lord Bine for the Railway Handicap, by somebody who says she has stable information.

Monday  
Betty—the "one man" is here—I've met him! Think he likes me, too.  
More later.  
Sue



Miss Betty  
38 Son  
Lars



Ah-so it's romance!

Saturday  
It's no go, Betty. Phil has faded away. Gosh, I'm sunk. What's the matter with me? He acts as if I had measles.  
Sue



Miss Betty  
38 Son  
Lars



What's wrong? Betty guesses

Thurs.  
Betty, you're an angel for slipping me that gentle hint. Was I dumb—never thinking that the Lux ads might mean me! Phil's more attentive than ever. Be my bridesmaid?  
Sue



Miss Betty  
38 Son  
Lars



Well! Sue's a smart Girl!

Undies absorb perspiration odour—don't offend

Nothing kills romance more surely than perspiration odour from underthings... so all wise girls are Lux Change Daily girls. Lux removes odour completely... and stockings and undies last far longer with gentle Lux care!



Only LUX is safe for stockings and undies... Because it's so Quick-dissolving... so easily rinsed out

Prolong the life of Woolen Silks

### LOSE UGLY FAT LIKE SHE DID



"I feel so pleased with YOUTH-O-FORM that I must write and thank you," says Miss B.K.E. in her letter. "My legs and bust were terribly fat and ugly. I was carrying this round figure of a friend of mine, and she laughed and told me how fat she used to be until she took YOUTH-O-FORM. She praised it so much that I determined to try it myself, and it is all she claimed for it—and lots more. The ugly fat has disappeared from my thighs and chest, and people are telling me how much better I look. I am delighted with the change YOUTH-O-FORM has made in me. Don't suffer the discomfort of obesity. Reduce by this simple, pleasant, natural way. A capsule of famous

YOUTH-O-FORM at bedtime banishes ugly fat. No nasty salts, no starvation diet. DOCTORS AND ALL GOOD CHEMISTS RECOMMEND

Full 6 weeks' Treatment 20/- 10-day Carton 5/6  
**YOUTH-O-FORM**



# The Movie World

March 25, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1 **THE DAWN PATROL** takes off from Squadron headquarters. It is 1916 on the Western front.



2 **CAPTAIN COURTNEY**, Errol Flynn, indicates the fliers who didn't return.



3 **A RIOTOUS CELEBRATION** of a narrow escape by Scott, David Niven, Flynn's friend.



4 **MAJOR BRAND**, Basil Rathbone, reveals a dangerous solo mission.



5 **FLYNN** makes Niven drunk to do the volunteer flight himself.



6 **CLOSE-UP** of David Niven as veteran.



7 **FLYNN'S GOGGLES** are dropped in tribute by the German ace who shoots him down.

## When Life Was CHEAP

"THE DAWN PATROL" retells the story of those death-defying pilots who scoured the war skies of 1916 in the gimcrack planes of the time. The jesting heroism of men who might die at dawn, the crazy courage of the veterans, and the tragic confidence of the recruits are all part of the pattern of this Warner's release, which has an all-male cast headed by Basil Rathbone, Errol Flynn and David Niven. The setting is the 59th Squadron Headquarters of the Royal Flying Corps and the action centres on the dawn patrols that heart-breakingly reduce the group.

## Moviedom Gossip

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood.

### Greta Emerges

GRETA GARBO'S complete isolation and retirement in Santa Barbara brought gossip about her and her boy-friend, Leopold Stokowski, to a dead standstill. But the other day she and Stokie suddenly appeared in public, quite casually, on a shopping tour. They laughed and chatted as they went and seemed altogether happy. Greta has never admitted either an engagement or marriage.

### Of Possible Interest

CAROLE LOMBARD has the longest, sharpest nalla in Hollywood.

Gloria Blondell, Joan's sister, has turned radio-actress.

In "Idiot's Delight" Norma Shearer does a burlesque of Greta Garbo.

Jeanette MacDonald is encouraging her husband, Gene Raymond, to give up his movie career and concentrate on writing music.

### They're Restless

DICK POWELL and Joan Blondell must be Hollywood's champion movers. They seem to buy, rent and sell more houses than any other movie couple. At last report they had just disposed of the home they bought three months ago, and bought the house in which John Monk Saunders and Fay Wray lived up to the time of their separation. If acting ever fails them the Powell family will probably be able to go to work as packers for some moving company!

### To Be Alone

RONALD COLMAN is building a house for himself and his bride, Benita Hume, far from the madding crowd. He chose a place half-way between Hollywood and Santa Barbara. They want a retreat from movie-making and movie people, although Ronald has accepted more social invitations since his marriage than ever before.

**They all Use Max Factor's Normalizing Cleansing Cream**

It's new, sensational! The Cleansing Cream that "agrees" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal... created by Max Factor, the make-up genius of Hollywood, after years of research in which every type of human skin known to science was analysed! Max Factor's Normalizing Cleansing Cream is new in body, new in consistency, new in function... and you use it just as you would an ordinary cleansing cream. On sale now at all leading stores and chemists, and the Max Factor Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

**Max Factor**  
Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia: Fred C. James and Geo. H. Anderson Pty. Ltd., Box 3962V, G.P.O., Sydney.





• Charles Boyer with Irene Dunne in his next film, "Love Affair," for RKO.

**C**HARLES BOYER believes in the Latin line in love-making. Nothing has ever shaken his conviction that in the art of love Latins reign supreme. Which, from a Frenchman, is praise indeed!

Epitomising all that is romantic in the Latin countries, this Gallic gallant cannot appreciate or understand the type of love-making that passes for romance on the screen to-day.

It seems to him an inadequate mark of adoration when a Clark Gable or Robert Young might remark, "You're swell, kid," or "That's a funny nose you've got, but I like it."

He believes that every woman, no matter how simple or how sophisticated, prefers her admirer to tell her that her eyes shine like the brightest star in the heavens; that he would strew in her path sweet-scented rose petals; that his heart yearns toward her radiance as a flower turns toward the warmth of the sun. My, my!!

Anyway, that's his idea—and he's sticking to it.



**G**ALLANTRY is the very essence of Charles Boyer's nature. When he was still a kid in short pants, attending school in the town of Figeac, France, he was already imbued with the spirit of chivalry, and sought constantly for objects of adoration.

The pretty girls in his class were in turn bombarded with flowery love notes, and then his romantic soul aspired higher. He fell in love with his teacher.

Because he was always seeking to attract her attention, he made himself something of a nuisance. One day she kept him after school, in

punishment. The session in the quiet room, alone with her, was too much for the youngster.

He suddenly rushed up to her desk, assumed an attitude, and poured forth in poetic language the love he cherished for her.

Only in France perhaps could a schoolmistress be found with the necessary tolerance in such a situation.

• Charles Boyer, who seems inclined to follow the "great lover" tradition in screen heroes.

She listened to him politely, and, smiling not too broadly, told him:

"Some day perhaps you will be a great lover. But for the present

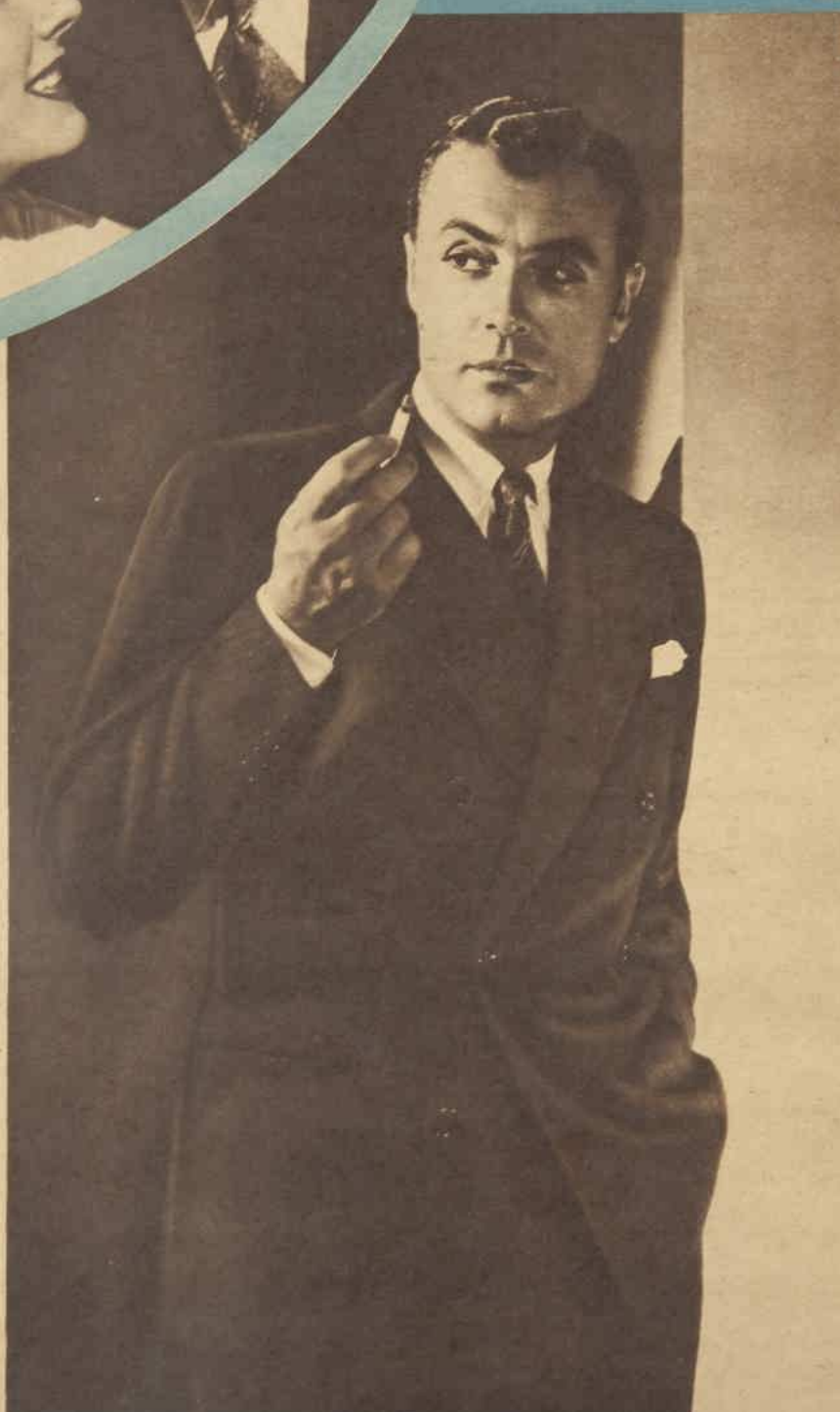
## A FRENCHMAN

recommends . . .

## Lush Latin love

CHARLES BOYER BEGAN BEING GALLANT IN SCHOOLDAYS AND HE JUST CAN'T LOSE THE HABIT

By JOHN B. DAVIES, New York



Hollywood about incompatibility in the Boyer ménage.

It was a case of love at first sight with them. Charles met the English girl at a party, and from the moment they set eyes on each other they were blind to anyone else. After three weeks of a whirlwind courtship they ran off to a quiet wedding.

As much as any Frenchman can call another country his home, Boyer feels he has settled down in Hollywood. He and Pat have built themselves an impressive mansion on top of a hill—ultra-modern in architecture, and lavish in spaciousness. From their windows they look down on green valleys and tawny hills, and beyond, the Pacific Ocean.

When he is not working, Boyer rarely leaves his magnificent retreat. He built so pretentious a home so that he could use it for vacations as well as for daily living.

He has the mountains and the sea to feast his eyes on, and tennis courts and swimming pool for exercise. The popular pastime of movie stars, betting on the horse races, does not appeal to him, nor does the night club life. So he finds himself fairly content in his peaceful hideaway.



**H**E doesn't hide himself away just because he is fond of seclusion. He believes mystery is profitable, and for the public to have an intimate knowledge of a star is bad for the star's career.

He says that audiences should be kept guessing. His mystery is part of a ruse to help audiences forget what he is like in person.

He takes his acting seriously. His training dates back to post-war days at the Paris Conservatoire, and he works hard.

Once when he was cast as a Japanese he locked himself in his apartment and read Japanese philosophy for three weeks without a break—he wanted to be sure he would think along the right lines.

He avoids other actors in case he might be infected by their mannerisms or ideas. He might mirror them instead of life.

Of course, he is lonesome for Paris, where he is a popular idol. He misses the Parisian stage, which he still feels is his true metier, and plans to go back at regular intervals to keep in practice.

The library of his mountain-top home is an exact replica of his Paris apartment's. The arrangement of the circular shelves has been duplicated so that he will not feel he has left too much behind him. His books are an important part of his life.

M. Boyer's hobby is music, and he has a real talent for violin playing. He has played ever since he was seven years old, and gets a great deal of pleasure out of it to-day.

In spite of the fact that he is a true romanticist, he is most anxious to get a chance to play what he calls "real" parts. Some time he would like to play a role where the man fails to win his girl. He wants to do the simple, average man, with all the cares of earning a livelihood, and finding a place for himself in the troubled scheme of things.

His next picture, "Love Affair," with Irene Dunne, displays his romantic talents to the full.

you had better stick to your studies and forget about love."

Professionally, Charles Boyer to-day is undoubtedly a "great lover," and eminently successful at it.

In private life he has been Pat Paterson's sweetheart for the past five years. They married three weeks after meeting. Thus far, not even a murmur has been heard in



# Gracie

## ...fair forty famous

SHE BELONGS  
TO ENGLAND  
BUT HOLIDAYS  
IN HOLLYWOOD

By JUDY BAILEY from London

"HOLLYWOOD stars are missing most of the fun in life," said Gracie Fields, after her recent vacation there. "They don't even drive their own cars. Who'd want to be riding behind a chauffeur instead of driving? Not me."

(Gracie drives an unpretentious car — when she doesn't ride in a bus.)

"And there are too many parties there. I could never stand up under so many. I must get my nine hours' sleep a night or I am groggy."

"And evening gowns feel queer on me, too, and I don't like to be wearing them except when I must."

"It's me for the simple life," added Gracie. "I'm a plain woman and as common as an old shoe, and I want to keep that way. I like it and so do the folks."

Gracie shocked the clothes-conscious film city by turning up at the season's most swanky preview party at the Trocadero wearing a Jersey sweater.

Every star in Hollywood was there dripping diamonds and ermine, but Gracie guessed the sweater would do.

The gathering could hardly believe the sweater when they saw it, then they forgot it when the wearer put on a turn that brought the house down.

Such was her reception that not an artist has the courage to follow her.

Another thing that shocked Hollywood was Gracie's habit of walking from her hotel to the Fox studio, where she was having conferences about her next picture. She said that walking was good for the health.

"Call me Gracie. It's a pretty name," she told all and sundry, "and I won't feel so far from England."



GRACIE has purchased a holiday home in Hollywood and plans to have a vacation there each winter. But, judging by this last trip and her whole-hearted views, she'll never lead the Hollywood dance or follow it.

Why should she?

She hasn't changed up to now, though she earns more in a year than lots of big stars get in a lifetime. Her phonograph records outsell any other singer's; she sometimes plays in as many as four London theatres simultaneously to take care of the crowds.

When, before leaving for Hollywood, she entertained Queen Mary at the Royal Albert a mob of 25,000 gathered outside to hear her voice through loud speakers. The B.B.C. calculated she had the greatest audience in its history.

If all that didn't change the mill girl who was fired by a grumpy foreman because she made everyone laugh, how could Hollywood?

America had an idea Gracie spoke with an accent as thick as a London fog. Gracie tells the story.



• Gracie Fields, a Hollywood color study of the ex-Lancashire mill girl, whose next film will be "Shipyard Sally" with Will Fyffe playing opposite.

"When I arrived in New York, the newspaper reporters said in amazement, 'You speak English?' I says, 'And what would I be speaking, Chinese?'"

"Just because I was born in Lancashire doesn't mean that I speak Lancashire. When I'm in Ireland, I speak Irish, in Wales, Welsh, and now I'm in America, I'll rattle off American."

And were the reporters amazed when Gracie gave them first a bat-

tery of comprehensive American slang in a clipped Yankee accent, and then a nice piece of Southern drawl?

She's a born imitator, actually,

and can switch from dialect to dialect without any trouble.

But Gracie does belong to England. For twenty years she has been accorded there something of the homely sort of reverence and loving respect that Will Rogers had in America.

She creates real-life characters that jerk a tear with the laughs, and she is as human as mother-love — and tired feet.

Her home in Hollywood can there-

## Birthday Book

• At 6 years old Gracie Fields was singing on street corners for pennies. She was born on January 9, 1898, which makes her forty-one last birthday. She tells her age.

At 7 she was delivering laundry for her mother.

At 8 the manager of the local theatre in Rochdale, Lancashire, said she was cute, and put her in a juvenile troupe at 1/- a week and keep.

At 9, she was the hit of the show.

At 10, she had played in almost every village in England and Scotland.

At 13, she had outgrown child parts and was being turned down as "not the type" for chorus work.

At 15, she took a job in a textile mill.

At 16, she was fired for clowning during working hours.

At 17, she got into pantomime and touring shows.

Since then there has been no stopping Gracie.

fore never be more than a holiday home.

"England has been too good to me," she says. "The English gave me my chance and as long as I am able to sing, and the Britons want me to, I'll be warbling somewhere in this island."

Her Fox contract provides that all her films will be photographed in her own country.

Gracie's first big show success — "Mr. Tower of London" — ran just the bare six and a half years. Each of the two shows in which she has starred since then ran for four years.

That's why she won't accept a part in a legitimate show. It might turn out another hit, and she doesn't like the idea of devoting so much time to one play.



"I COULDN'T walk out in the middle of a play when I wanted a holiday and leave a hundred people stranded."

So she confines herself to solo skits or to concerts where she is actually the whole show. Then she can have a holiday when she likes without throwing a cast out of work.

She did not enter films until 1931 because British cinema producers feared her extraordinary personal appeal might not be screenable.

Then she was signed to a percentage contract and her first film, "Sally in Our Alley," showed their mistake. It is because of that percentage clause that she became the highest-paid actress in the world. It's still in all her contracts.

Gracie hasn't the use for money that most film stars have. She doesn't burn it up putting on a show to convince all and sundry that she really is sitting on top of the world.

She burns it up instead — on orphans. Peacehaven, her orphanage at Brighton, was founded and is financed by her without any aid from others. She makes it a personal charge on her good fortune. And it is only one of many charitable interests for which she writes staggering cheques.

"What else could I do with all that money?" is her way of putting it.

She astounded Hollywood during her visit there when she accepted an invitation to entertain at a benefit in the neighboring town of Santa Monica.

Surely anyone who had entertained Royalty a few weeks before could not be expected to condescend to a small town charity!

They didn't know Gracie — and it came out later that she gave up a £2000 offer for a radio broadcast that would have conflicted with the engagement.





**GINGER ROGERS**, with needles and white angora, waiting for a call to the set.



**JOAN CRAWFORD**, Hollywood's most enthusiastic knitter.



A GROUP of the youngsters in MGM's "Dramatic School" prepare for winter.



**PAULETTE GODDARD**, knitting in her dressing-room.



**MAY ROBSON** and her stand-in and old friend, **MAY WARREN**, discussing a new stitch "Yes, My Darling Daughter."

## Why Hollywood **KNITS**

### *I learned this at a dance —*



I simply fled! Escape—that was all I could think of! Just to get away from the gaiety and music—that marvellous music—After all, when you're chafed . . . dancing isn't fun!



"Simpleton!" said Marge, who was in the dressing room making minor face repairs. "You'd think you were born in the dark ages! This dance came at the wrong time for me, too—but you don't hear me complaining! Haven't you heard about Modess?"



"Did you ask for Modess, Miss?" said the maid, handing Marge a Blue and Grey box. "Good," beamed Marge. "Now, my dear, I'll show you good reasons why you should get in the habit of saying Modess . . ."

Marge had shown me why Modess is so comfortable . . . it's fluffy, and soft as the down on a duck's back . . . Modess Sanitary Napkins are filmed on ALL SIDES with soft, downy cotton.

"Well, pet," said Marge, as we were getting our wraps, several hours later, "Isn't it wonderful what a difference being comfortable can make in a girl's life! By the way"—she added—"here's something I forgot to tell you. You'll find Modess costs LESS . . . it's actually economical."



And Modess is safer, too . . . Modess alone has a moisture-proof backing. The only CERTAIN protection, at all times . . . softer, safer, yet Modess Sanitary Napkins actually cost less . . . they're economical.

### PLEASANT WAY OF FILLING IN TIME BETWEEN SCENES.

**HOLLYWOOD** is a great place for knitting.

One of the most coveted of informal invitations you can receive in Hollywood is a request to "bring your knitting" to Joan Crawford's on Sunday afternoon.

Joan has been giving Sunday afternoon knitting parties for more than three years. As every woman knows, knitting and gossip are the easiest things in the world to combine, and at Joan's knitting parties all the news of the screen city is canvassed joyously.

Not that these are hen parties. The men are keen applicants for invitations, and they roll up to add sparkle to the gossip and virile charm to the scene.

There's just one thing they must not do—interrupt the knitting. "These are knitting parties," Joan tells them firmly. "You ladies are only incidental!"

Oddly enough, Joan's knitting provides a key to her character. Driving ambition has overruled all her other impulses; nothing, not even love, has been allowed to interfere with her career. She's gone all out for the best she is capable of—even in knitting.

Her guests say that Joan will unpull dozens of rows of knitting if she notices one uneven stitch. She says just knowing it was there would spoil the sweater for her.

### Experts and Amateurs

**JOAN** may be the most exacting knitter in Hollywood, but she is only one of hundreds of tireless needle wielders. The film players are always knitting—and not because they can't afford hand-knit woolies.

It's because they spend so much time standing and waiting.

In dressing-rooms, between takes on the sets, and on location you see them industriously knitting—and some of them are pretty bad knitters. But it's a good way of passing the time that must be wasted between scenes and in preparatory stages.

Very often the stars are at those times wearing expensive wardrobe creations and can risk no damage to these by pursuing any more energetic time-filling occupation.

So—mostly—they knit.

Helen Broderick is expert, and her knitting hints are much in demand from the players who really try to make wearable garments.

She recently took Florence Rice's unskilful fingers to task and put her on the right road. Florence had optimistically started a most elaborate multicolored shawl for her first knitting opus!

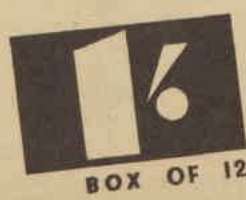
May Robson knits, too, but don't run away with the idea that it is a very suitable occupation for one of her grey hairs and years.

It is purely a between-scenes pastime for her, and when she is really free she is more likely to be risking her 74-year-old bones in one of those snappy sports rounders she likes so well.

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SANITARY NAPKINS



BOX OF 12

Ask also for

**VEMO**

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A soothing, absorbent, and mild, astringent powder for personal hygiene. Sprinkle freely on sanitary napkins.

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# PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer.

## ★ ★ OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS

(Week's Best Release)  
Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone.  
(MGM.)

THE Hardy family has done it again—provided the homely human sort of entertainment that is more surely satisfying than any other. There's a sweetness to the series that is rarely sticky.

The substance this time is the long overdue humbling of Andy's impenetrable conceit, and the placing of an invisible halo round Mrs. Hardy's motherly head.

Andy as the star of the Carvel School baseball team is riding so high you almost hate him. Even his pretty sweetheart Ann Rutherford throws him over.

Then comes the letter that takes the Hardy Family out West—claps the Judge, Andy, and Marion into 10-gallon hats and fancy shirts, and gives Virginia Weldier the opportunity to show Andy that an eight-year-old daughter of the cactus can outride, outshoot and outwit him at every turn. Virginia, the kid with the plaits, is a real actress.

The Judge is asked to bring his wisdom and legal knowledge to bear on a water-rights problem

threatening to ruin a former sweetheart and an old college friend, now married and ranch-owners. The aid of his wife and the picture painted—between chuckles—of her quiet strength and generous co-operation are a tribute to mothers the world over.

The Judge is as wisely kind, Andy as robustly diverting, Marion as dreamily sentimental, as ever. You'll enjoy this as much as, if not more than, the other Hardy films—St. James; showing.

## ★ SON OF FRANKENSTEIN

Basil Rathbone, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi. (Universal.)

THE Frankenstein monster has been reborn—fame.

Not once in the course of this film did I throw a hasty glance over one shoulder to make sure that the man behind had a proper human face. Not once did I feel the urge to shout, "Look out." Not once did I get an illusion of terrifying other worlds or impossible scientific fantasies come to be, which is what I wanted.

Mostly, I felt toward the monster a mild sort of kindly pity and a vague irritation that someone didn't tidy him away and let Basil Rathbone get back into a role worthy of his subtlety.

Rathbone plays the son of the monster's creator, returning to claim his father's estate. The name of Frankenstein is viewed with terror and loathing by the villagers, who believe that the monster was never killed but is responsible for the series of brutal murders. It is a have alarmed the district.

Rathbone, first laughing at the theory, finds the monster is indeed alive, but at the moment is in a state of coma. Fired by scientific curiosity, he restores the creature to an active state, only to bring further terror to the village and danger to his own family.

And there's the rub. It's only the old story over again, and the lack of anything unexpected is the new film's great drawback.

The face at the window, the moving panel, thunder and lightning at critical moments are tricks that

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

- No stars—below average.  
★ One star—average entertainment  
★★ Two stars—above average  
★★★ Three stars—excellent

have long ceased to have the fear-provoking quality of magic.

Either I am getting old and biased or this film hasn't got what it takes. Better decide for yourself.—State, showing.

## ★ TAIL SPIN

Alice Faye, Constance Bennett, Nancy Kelly. (20th Century-Fox.)

FAIR entertainment of an emotional kind is this interwoven story of three women fliers who enter for the Cleveland National Air Races.

The script writer kills off the sincerest, youngest and nicest of the three—Nancy Kelly, who handles an intense role with fine conviction.

The same gentleman gives aerial honors at long last to Alice Faye, the poorest and most stubborn flier of the trio.

Millionaire Constance Bennett, gives the race to Alice—but gets her herself a husband and a more humble heart.

It is difficult to believe in the flying prowess of any of the girls, and still more difficult not to guess correctly at what type of melodramatic situation is popping up next.—Mayfair; showing.

## ★ THE SHINING HOUR

Joan Crawford, Margaret Sullivan, Melynn Douglas, Robert Young. (MGM.)

THIS film was intended to provide the shining hour of Joan Crawford's comeback after several films which added nothing to her fame.

The first-class cast assembled as a fine setting for the Crawford jewel merely shows up the shoddy-

## Shows Still Running

★★★ Pygmalion, Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller in brilliant G. B. Shaw comedy. Victory, 14th week.

★★ The Great Waltz. Musical biography. Liberty, 14th week.

★★ The Young in Heart. Brilliant cast in witty and original comedy drama. Century, 6th week.

ness of her talents, for Joan is not a great actress and her role here of a dancer married into a family of quality needs subtler powers than she displays.

The film, instead, provides Margaret Sullivan with an hour to shine, and she makes the fullest use of it.

Joan Crawford exhibits a superb pair of legs and an enviable figure,

## SCREEN ODDITIES ☆ By CHARLES BRUNO

APPROPRIATE WEATHER VANE ON THE ROOF OF DEANNA DURBIN'S BUNGALOW...THE NOTES ARE D-D.



BOB BAKER, POPULAR WESTERN STAR, GOT HIS START IN FILMS ON THE STRENGTH OF A 10¢ SNAPSHOT OF HIMSELF WHICH HE SENT TO THE STUDIO!

MARJORIE BELL, BAKER'S LEADING LADY IN "HONOR OF THE WEST", WAS THE MODEL WHO POSED FOR DISNEY'S ARTISTS WHEN THEY CREATED SNOW WHITE.

but her much-publicized dancing act is—to put it kindly—undistinguished.

The story works up to a melodramatic climax followed by an all-round change of heart. The first-night audience found this tidy ending so stupid as to be laughter-provoking.—St. James; showing.

## NANCY DREW REPORTER

Bonita Granville. (Warners.)

BONITA GRANVILLE brought this precocious brat of a character to the screen in "Nancy Drew, Detective."

It is a relief to state that, while Nancy Drew herself is as inquisitive as ever, the mystery she handles this time has plenty of confident farce, and thrills which will delight the unexacting.

"Nancy Drew" attends an inquest; becomes convinced that a woman held for murder did not commit the

crime; and spends the rest of the film in proving this to be true.

Luck helps her enormously—but where would any screen detective be without luck?—Mayfair; showing.

## PIRATES OF THE AIR

Kent Taylor, Rochelle Hudson. (Universal.)

WHEN a film concerns the trapping of a gang of criminals you expect just variations on a basic formula.

In this case the differences may be neatly tabulated.

(a) The pursuers are the State Air Force, otherwise, "air cops," instead of the D.A.

(b) Head of the gang is a pigeon-fancying doctor with a phoney rest-home as headquarters.

(c) A less lethal film than usual—only one killing.

(d) A lack of real excitement till almost the end—and not much then.—State; showing.

## INDIGESTION SUFFERERS GET QUICK RELIEF WITH PANAZE



Here's good news for indigestion sufferers! Panaze, the amazing new digestive agent, is now available in NYAL PANAZE... a new complete treatment for indigestion, colitis, hyper-acidity and other gastro-intestinal disorders.

Panaze is one of the strongest starch-digesting agents known to medical science. Under proper conditions, one part of Panaze will, in 10 minutes, digest 200 times its own weight in starchy foods. Medical men agree that excess starch is the most common cause of indigestion.

## A COMPLETE TREATMENT

Nyal Panaze is a complete treatment, and not one which deals with only one aspect of your ailment. Every ingredient contained in Panaze is one regularly prescribed by stomach and intestinal specialists.

## MEASURED DOSES

Panaze is supplied in accurately-measured individually-wrapped doses... a precaution which protects you against the danger of excess alkalinity, which frequently follows careless dosing. Nyal Panaze brings quick relief from the pain and discomfort of indigestion. It eliminates excess starch... neutralises acids... increases vital secretions and enables you to derive the maximum nourishment from the food you eat.

A complete Panaze treatment of 24 powdered (each a complete dose) costs only 2/6. Panaze is obtainable from all chemists.

Nyal Company, Sydney. I have been a chronic dyspeptic for about 15 years. I could not eat or drink without vomiting. Mr. Rogers, Chemist, of Wyong, recommended and gave me three Panaze powders. They gave me instant relief so I bought a box to give them a fair chance. I gained 12 lbs the first month, and now I am a different man, feeling in the best of health. (Sgd E. C. Wyong, N.S.W.)

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The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. Radox supercharges the water with life-giving oxygen which cleans out the clogged pores, lets the crippling acid get away. On the relief! Muscles are washed, swelling goes down. Tired, burning, aching feet are eased and comforted. Radox is obtainable of all Chemists. Price 2/6 and 3/6 per packet.

**RADOX**

## Boy genius of violin

Fame came to him when he was only six

A boy violinist, who began to play when he was five, and who made a sensational public appearance in America when he was only six, is about to begin a tour of Australia.

He is Grisha Goluboff, who has been giving recitals in America, England and Europe for years, although he is now only fifteen. The priceless Stradivarius violin which he will use in Australia was given to him by Henry Ford.

**A**CCLAIMED by many critics as the most talented boy violinist in the world to-day, he will spend several months here, giving concerts in all the leading cities, before going on to South Africa and South America and then back to the United States.

Born in San Francisco, Grisha began his violin studies at the age of five. A year later he made a sensational appearance with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Triumph after triumph followed

in the United States, England and Europe.

Grisha's New York debut was made when he was only eight years old. The audience in the famous Carnegie Hall greeted his performance with twenty minutes of cheering, and critics confessed they were "astounded."

At the Metropolitan Opera House he appeared in the same programme with Tibbett and Martinelli.

At the age of nine, the remarkable youngster went to Europe and, after studying with the famous Jacques Thibaud in Paris and Huberman in Vienna, he gave concerts in Paris, Budapest, Berlin, Vienna, Amsterdam, and other cities.

In London he made nine appearances in one season, playing with the London Philharmonic Orchestra at the Royal Opera House, with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, and also with the London Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall, under the direction of Sir Henry Wood.

He was received and entertained by members of the Royal Family, and was given a priceless Stradivarius violin as a token of appreciation by the Duke of Connaught. Previously, he had been given another Strad by Henry Ford, one of his most ardent American admirers.

Quite different from the usual caricature of a child prodigy, Grisha is completely unspoiled, and has a happy disposition.

His intellect, however, is that of an exceptionally well-educated man at least twice his age.

### Interest in Australia

**A**FTER a few moments' conversation with him, one comes to regard him as a boy of fifteen. This may be due partly to the fact that he has always studied with private tutors, in order to have sufficient time for his musical work, and thus has been able to advance more rapidly than the average child.

No doubt his extensive travels have been another important factor in the development of his intelligence. He is remarkably observant, and seems to absorb information like a sponge.

He wants to learn all he can about Australia. Before he left America he made innumerable inquiries about the Commonwealth, and carefully studied Australian maps and pictures.

Physically, Grisha is a very healthy young specimen, and hard as a rock. Every morning and evening he does a special set of exercises to toughen his muscles.

For the last eight years he has been a vegetarian. Evidently the diet suits him, for he has a clear, rosy skin, bright eyes, thick, wavy brown hair, and a set of muscles that any athlete might envy.

He enjoys sports, and goes in for them with gusto—especially swimming, ping pong, and skating, both on rollers and on the ice.

Next to playing his Stradivarius,



GRISHA GOLUBOFF, fifteen-year-old violinist, made his first public appearance at the age of six.

his greatest enthusiasm at the moment is photography.

Sailing is another of his interests, and he is also keen on stamp collecting.

Grisha hopes some day to build a home in California, preferably in the country, so that he will be able to keep horses. Unfortunately, his love for horses doesn't fit in very well with his programme of concert tours.

With Grisha on his present tour is John Crown, talented young English pianist, who, as well as accompanying the violin, will give a number of recitals of his own.

Their first concert will be given in Melbourne on March 25.

## Hot News from All Studios!

From John B. Davies and Barbara Bourchier, New York and Hollywood.

**"G**ONE With the Wind" is still a headache to David Selznick. Director George Cukor withdrew from the production, supposedly because he and Clark Gable failed to agree. Victor Fleming will take over the megaphone as soon as he completes "The Wizard of Oz" and has a chance to study the script.

**R**UMORS were afloat that Vivien Leigh would be taken out of the cast and an American girl substituted, but they had no basis in fact, and Vivien continues to emoté with her Southern drawl.

**T**HE brothers Warner are now preparing to spend two million dollars on a vast technicolor production which will star Jimmy Cagney as John Paul Jones, famous American naval officer of the eighteenth century. Cagney has been urging them to let him play the part for the past five years.

**T**HE bitter legal fight between Jackie Coogan and his mother over his childhood earnings has been settled by an agreement to share his estate of \$475,000. His marital difficulties, however, are not yet solved, and he is still said to be parting irrevocably from Betty Grable.

**H**ELEN VINSON has withdrawn the divorce petition lodged in December against her husband, Fred Perry, the British tennis player, whom she married in 1936. She says she will resume married life.

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Here's the quickest and surest way to end indigestion and the pain and danger caused by acid stomach. Start with De Witt's Antacid Powder at once. The first dose gives instant relief and before long you have ended indigestion misery for good.

The two letters given here afford proof positive that with De Witt's Antacid Powder there is no long waiting to see results. This fine remedy for indigestion gives quick, lasting benefit, as letters such as the following prove.

### ONE DOSE LED TO PERMANENT BENEFIT

Mr. L. A. Carlson, of 3 De Lisle Street, North Fremantle, writes: "I have been a sufferer from excessive acid in the stomach with bad burning pains. I received a small supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder, and after taking one dose I had instant relief. I have used two tins of the remedy and have not been troubled with stomach complaint since, in fact, I have never enjoyed such good health."

### ONE DOSE ENDED THREE YEARS' SUFFERING

Mr. F. O. Smith, of 23 Dorking Street, Cabarita, Victoria, writes: "Having suffered from indigestion, heartburn and distress for the past three years, tried everything, with no results, I thought I was just about done. I gave De Witt's Antacid Powder a trial and the first dose gave me immediate relief. I am now able to do work which I could not do before, and get a wonderful night's rest—all thanks to De Witt's Antacid Powder."

De Witt's Antacid Powder is the finest remedy for acid stomach and all digestive troubles because it—(1) Protects the stomach wall. (2) Neutralises acidity. (3) Actually helps to digest food. (4) Heals and strengthens the weakened or disordered digestive organs.

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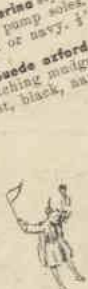
## Colour a'foot in suedes for the Younger Set

Heigh-ho! There's colour a'foot—colour as young and gay as the folk who'll wear these jaunty new suedes. Rich spice-rust, grapewine and laurel green, darlings of an intoxicating Autumn... and navy and black, too. Colour caught, moreover, in the advance fashion interest of "Camisole tops", the quaint new "mudguards"... and high-riding versions of summer's ballerinas. All at prices as young as the styles!

A. Ballerina style, high front, Louis heels, pump soles. In spice-rust, black or navy. 1½, 2-7. At **21/-**.  
B. Suede oxford with lower heel, matching mudguard trim. Spice-rust, black, navy. 1½, 2-7½, **23/9**

C. "Camisole Court". Luster side gore. Navy, spice-rust, grape-wine or black. 1½, 2 to 7. **29/6**  
D. "Camisole Oxford". Suede, kid, gen. pump soles. Navy, spice-rust, grape-wine, black. 1½, 2-7. **29/6**

THIRD FLOOR. MAIL OR PHONE ORDERS.



## Tinted gloves to bring your hands out of hiding

New importance for the hands which hold these Autumn gaieties in gloves... with a suede-fabric slip-on trimmed in punched leather, in shades of grapewine, green, navy or brown. Or the gaiety of a Nu-Velour slip-on; mustard, birthday pink, grape-wine, purple, fuchsia, alpine blue. **7/11**

Glove Department, Ground Floor.



## Protection for all your table linen

Ingenious new arrival to make hostessing easier. Table cover of transparent "Plionim" to slip over your finest table cloths, centres and d'oyles—enhancing them, but affording complete protection from marks and stains. Waterproof. Crinkleproof. Hygienic. 47 x 72 ins. **6/11**

Hubbardachery Department, Ground Floor.

## Fashions for collegiates to help you grow up.

The difficult 'teen age loses half its terrors when there's youthful sophistication such as this to help a young lady grow up... no one could be shy or awkward in these delightful woollens. Light and warm for now and cut to give freedom. And in a host of the new Autumnal colours that are already making style news.

[Right] Wool jersey frock with bolero. Navy, bottle green. Lengths, 42, 44. **35/-**.  
[Extreme Right] Pinafore skirt with contrasting blouse. Navy/rose, blue/white, brown/yellow. Lengths, 39, 42, 44. **45/-**.

Collegiate Section, Second Floor.



## Vera Hamilton

Talented Gossard expert is at Farmer's this week

Have your new corsets professionally fitted for that high young figure which is Autumn fashion... Miss Vera Hamilton, Gossard's expert corsetiere, is at Farmer's until Friday, 24th March, for personal consultations. Ring M 2405 for a free appointment. And see what wonders she can accomplish for your appearance.

Model illustrated, Gossard step-in corset of figured satin. Tailored skirt. Sizes 26 to 30, at **39/6**.  
BRASSIERE is specially designed for unique bust uplift. 25 38, **12/6**

Corset Salon, Third Floor.



## Up or Down

—here's a hat for hair worn either way



Whether you wear your curls clustered on your neck or swept high, you'll find that this new little felt for Autumn will crown you with insouciant gaiety... to ride triumphantly into the new season on the crest of the 'up or down' controversy. Hosts of **12/11** the new colours.

SALON ON THIRD FLOOR.



## Recipe To Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter ounce box of Orlin Compound, and one ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."\*\*\*

## The Morning After...

Give him Bromural Tablets—sedative and calm—producing tangled nerves and jittery give way to peace and normality—quickly, pleasantly.

**BROMURAL (RNDL)**

ASK YOUR CHEMIST 15 X 39

**BUT SURELY  
CONSTIPATION CAN'T BE  
RELIEVED BY A FOOD!**



IT CAN WITH THIS  
FOOD! AND IT'S  
THE SAFE WAY, TOO.

**How a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal  
relieves constipation—without drugs  
or harsh purgatives**

ARE you a martyr to common constipation? Are you constantly having to take harsh aperients to keep yourself regular?

If so, it's only because your daily diet isn't providing enough "bulk" to make your bowels act normally. You see, our modern food—meat, fish, eggs, white bread, potatoes, milk—has so little bulk that it gets almost completely absorbed into the system. The residue such foods form is too slight to make the bowels move.

This is the real cause of common constipation—and it's something you can't set right just by purging yourself. Indeed, as any doctor will tell you, the habitual use of strong purgatives and harsh aperients is harmful.

**What you need is "bulk"**

The one way to get permanent relief is to eat the kind of food that provides bulk. You should eat regularly the kind of food that forms a soft, bulky mass of residue and gives the bowel muscles something they can "take hold of." Fruit and vegetables provide bulk—but seldom enough of it for your needs.

But there is a natural bulk food you can eat—Kellogg's All-Bran—a crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal which acts on your bowels in the same way as fruit and vegetables, but more surely, more thoroughly!

It forms a soft, bulky mass that the bowel muscles find easy to "take hold of" and which gives them the gentle exercise they need. And it does more: as it passes through the

## New Zealand girl's ordeal in China

### Trapped amid fierce fighting and nearly shot as spy

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.

Caught between the advancing Japanese Army and the retreating Chinese, Iris Wilkinson, New Zealand author and poet, had such grim and terrifying experiences that today, her nerves shattered, her health undermined through starvation and suffering, she lies ill in a London hospital.

Better known by her pen-name, Robin Hyde, Miss Wilkinson is one of the few European women to have braved alone the terrors and privations of war.

COMPLETELY unarmed, and with no knowledge of Chinese, no friends in the country, and very little money, she travelled right into the interior of China where the fighting was at its fiercest.

Despite her ordeal, however, she is now making plans, as she lies in the hospital, to go back and help the Chinese people who, she says

simply, were "very good to me while I was there."

Finding that she had only £1 to see her right across Siberia to Moscow, where £12 would have been needed for the ten days' stay a traveller must make in Russia, Miss Wilkinson accepted an assignment from a Chinese newspaper to go to Canton for a month as its correspondent.

"I needed the money to help me get to London," she said.

"I went by boat to Shanghai, where I was quickly thrown into all the horrors of war. Everywhere there were refugees. Ill and starving, they were dying by thousands along the roadside.

"Japanese soldiers were beating up the peasants, buildings were being bombed.

"Despite all this, the Chinese were stiffening their resistance and trying to lead normal and industrious lives."

In Canton she was given a visa for the interior of China by Chiang Kai-Shek himself. It was the only one he had ever issued to a foreign woman.

From Canton to Hankow and thence to Hsuechow, Miss Wilkinson travelled by troop train and lorry. The line was bombed continually, and as she rode in the truck carrying soldiers to Pihshien she had twice to take to the fields to shelter from attacking planes.

"One bombardment lasted three hours," she said, "and I ran to and fro among the wheat till the planes had gone."

At Pihshien she was given the uniform of a Chinese soldier to wear.

"This was really the greatest privilege they could extend to me," Miss Wilkinson said. "Everyone was extremely kind and helpful."

Eating soldiers' rations and living in their dugouts, she spent a week on the eastern front.

### Town Captured

BACK in Hsuechow, where she stayed at the American Mission Hospital, Miss Wilkinson began to see even more of what war meant to the unfortunate people caught up in it.

Shortly after warning leaflets had been dropped by Japanese bombers, the 70-year-old American woman, Dr. Nettie Grier, who was in charge of the mission, was deserted by most of her assistants, as the Chinese lines were broken.

Refugees flocked into the mission. Although she had had no medical experience, Miss Wilkinson assisted at two major operations. Dozens of babies were born in the hospital in a few days, and Chinese died in hundreds from dysentery and small-pox.

Then the Japanese entered the town. The Chinese were in retreat, the railway lines had been cut, and every other means of transport was gone.

Europeans and Chinese who could leave by foot were hurrying away in every direction. But the New Zealand girl was lame. Walking seemed



"SOME JAPANESE soldiers stopped me in the belief that I was a spy."

out of the question. So she remained in the captured town, where those left alive were slowly starving to death, and bodies lay in the streets.

After a few days there, however, there seemed nothing for it but to walk the 300 miles to Hankow.

Leaving the wilderness of Hsuechow behind, Miss Wilkinson, crippled and half starved, set out along the railway lines on the long trek to safety.

"But I was unfortunate from the very start," she said, "for a panicky coolie rushed past me pushing me into a bush of thorns. One went in my eye, so that for three days I staggered on nearly blinded."

"I had no food and only occasional sips of water from streams."

"I had only covered 30 miles in three days when some Japanese soldiers, billeted in a disused railway station, stopped me in the belief that I was a spy."

Finally, however, she was taken to the British Consul. Her clothes were literally in shreds. The soles of her shoes were flapping at every step.

The Consul's wife took her home and after a rest she was sent to the hospital at Hongkong, where she received from Madame Sun Yat Sen, widow of the founder of the Chinese Republic, a daily basket of flowers. When well enough, she visited Madame Sen in her apartment, banqueting on pink ice-cream and ananaspurilla.

From Hongkong a Dutch liner brought the New Zealand girl to London.

## All Australia is Celebrating—

### FRIDAY NIGHT IS "FREDDO" NIGHT

MacRobertson's Chocolate FREDDO has become Australia's public hero—and in his honor every Friday night is celebrated as FREDDO NIGHT! Everyone takes home two bags of MacRobertson's FREDDO Frogs.

**One Bag for the Kiddies!**  
How they love all of the dozen delicious FREDDO flavours.

**One Bag for Cooking!**  
The best way to buy Chocolate. More weight for your money, and Fredo Frogs are MacRobertson's famous quality chocolate—so deliciously "smooth".

12  
DELICIOUS  
FLAVOURS



MacRobertson's  
**"FREDDO"**  
CHOCOLATE FROGS

ONE OF MacRobertson's FAMOUS PRODUCTS



SOLD AT ALL  
GROCERS  
Eat it every day and  
"never miss a day"



3-IN-ONE OIL  
Lubricates—Cleans—Prevents Rust  
For sewing machines, typewriters, guns, tools and all home and office appliances where good lubrication and protection against rust is important.





# Mandrake the Magician



## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, joins up with the Granite Film Studios in Hollywood, and becomes friendly with

**SONNY:** Famous boy star, thoroughly spoilt and ill-mannered, except with Mandrake, who, in showing him magical tricks, commands his respect. Meanwhile two gangsters in Hollywood,

**PETE AND BUD:** Greedy for ransom, coerce **GEORGE:** Sonny's chauffeur, into helping them kidnap

Sonny. They take him to a shack in the country. Immediately the police organise a nationwide search for the kidnapers.

At the shack Sonny learns for the first time to look after himself. The kidnapers decide that Mandrake shall act as "go-between" in obtaining the ransom from Sonny's family. Seeing him passing in his car, with this purpose in view, they pursue him in a high-powered motor car. NOW READ ON.

AS THE KIDNAPPERS ATTEMPT TO FORCE MANDRAKE'S SPEEDING CAR INTO A DITCH...



MANDRAKE GESTURES---



PULL UP--OR WE'LL SMASH YOU!

--AND HIS CAR SEEMS TO JUMP RIGHT OVER THE KIDNAPPERS' CAR....



MY--

--GOSH!



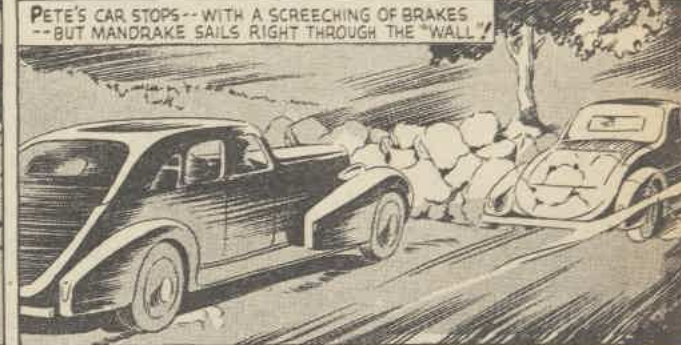
HIS CAR--JUMPED RIGHT OVER US! IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!

'COURSE IT AIN'T! ANOTHER OF HIS TRICKS! WE'LL CATCH UP TO HIM!



WE'LL GET HIM NOW! OUR CAR'S HEAVIER! I'M GOING TO CRASH INTO HIM! SAY--!

PETE! A STONE WALL-- IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD! PUT ON YOUR BRAKES!



PETE'S CAR STOPS--WITH A SCREECHING OF BRAKES--BUT MANDRAKE SAILS RIGHT THROUGH THE "WALL!"

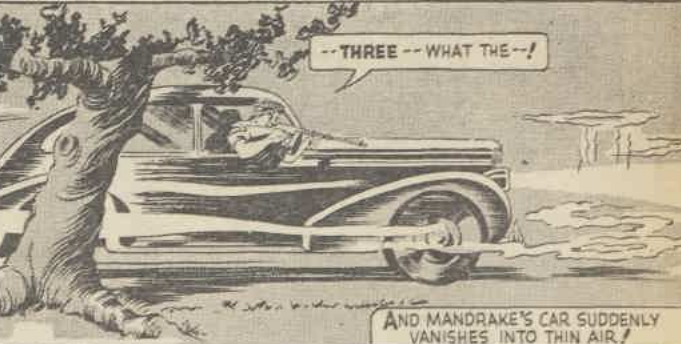


--WASN'T REALLY ANY WALL THERE AT ALL! JUST ANOTHER OF MANDRAKE'S TRICKS!

HIS LAST TRICK! I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME!



IF YOU DON'T STOP--I'LL BLOW YOUR TYRES TO PIECES. I'LL GIVE YOU THREE! ONE, TWO--



--THREE--WHAT THE--!

AND MANDRAKE'S CAR SUDDENLY VANISHES INTO THIN AIR!

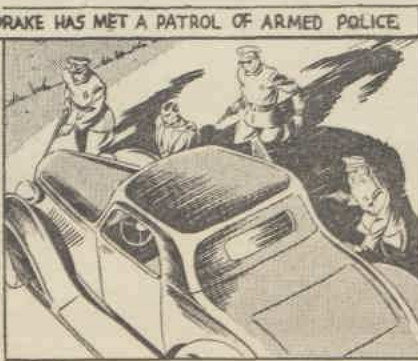


HIS CAR--JUST DISAPPEARED--!

IT'S RIGHT AHEAD OF US. ANOTHER ONE OF MANDRAKE'S TRICKS!



LOOK, THERE IT IS! REAPPEARED! HE STOPPED! I'M GOING TO GET HIM!



MANDRAKE HAS MET A PATROL OF ARMED POLICE.



LOOK--BUD--THOSE COPS--BLOCKING THE ROAD!

COPS NOTHING! JUST ANOTHER ONE OF THEM TRICKS! THEY'LL GO INTO THIN AIR TOO, THE MINUTE WE GET THERE! I'M GOING TO GIVE MANDRAKE A LOAD FROM THIS TOMMY-GUN!



YOU CAN'T KID ME AGAIN, MANDRAKE! THOSE AIN'T NO REAL COPS! JUST ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR TRICKS! NOW--I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A LOAD OF THIS TOMMY-GUN!



GOSH--THEY LOOK REAL!

NAW--JUST ANOTHER TRICK--UH--!

DROP THAT GUN!



HANDCUFFS--

YES--AND NO TRICK ABOUT THEM! THEY'RE REAL!

TO BE CONTINUED





### *New portrait of Duchess of Windsor*

**A** NEW Cecil Beaton portrait of the Duchess of Windsor. Her black taffeta crinoline is embroidered with garlands of jewel flowers. The Duke and Duchess are shortly moving into their new house in the Avenue Saüchet in the fashionable residential quarter near the Bois de Boulogne in Paris.

There have been persistent rumors that the Duke and Duchess may return to England. A recent newspaper survey of public opinion in England revealed that sixty-one people out of every hundred would

welcome them, twenty-three people out of every hundred would have no particular feeling on the matter, and only sixteen out of every hundred oppose their return.

On the other hand, it is believed that the Duke will not return to England until his wife is accorded Royal status as "Her Royal Highness."

The Duke also fears that their return might revive his old popularity, which, added to the curiosity of

people who had not seen them before, could easily prove embarrassing.

Meanwhile both the Duke and Duchess are restless in their romantic "exile." They both want "a job to do," and both hanker for the freedom to travel.

Latest rumor about their plans is a prediction that they will visit Hollywood, where, owing to the unsettled state of Europe, many international celebrities are flocking.



# Now you can see ALL the Dionnes together

THE entire Dionne family is here seen all together for the first time. They will all be presented to the King and Queen when their Majesties visit Canada in May. At right we see Papa, Mamma, and the rest of the children from whom the "Quins" (below) steal the limelight.

Papa, Mamma, and the other boys and girls are admiring the latest acquisition to the family, baby Victor, who weighed 7½ pounds at his birth on April 4, 1938.

From right: Daniel (six), Therese (eight), Oliva, jun. (22 months), Rose (ten), Ernest (eleven), and Pauline (five).

At 29, Elzire Dionne, the mother, has borne 13 children in 12 years. One, Leo, died in infancy.

These members of the Dionne family live in a modest home near the "Quins'" hospital home at Collander, Canada.

Below, Annette, Yvonne, Cecile, Emilie and Marie are seen playing.

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly







## LIPSTICK THAT CAN

*"Take it and Like it"*

CONQUEST lives in your lips. They are your strongest weapon in the fight for your man. Affairs of the heart are sealed by the soft persuasiveness of an alluringly rouged mouth. Little wonder then that women skilled in love have learned to trust Michel Lipstick. They find, as you will too, that Michel is well balanced and spreads evenly. Its creamy base has been created specially to keep lips smooth and young, in all weathers. And it has been given a fragrance that is subtle, beckoning, unforgettable. You'll love the six Michel shades — Blonde, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Scarlet, Raspberry.



**2¢ Michel**

MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE

## Don't let unpleasant laxatives cause tears and tantrums.



### Use this Child's Laxative—PLEASANT, MILD IN ACTION

When your youngster is out-of-sorts—obviously in need of a thorough intestinal cleansing—and still "fights" taking a laxative, don't set it down as stubbornness. Maybe you are guilty—of thoughtlessness. For when a child objects to such medicine, there's often good cause. The taste may be offensive, or the action harsh and unpleasant.

So is it ever fair, or even kind, to force such remedies on your youngster, thus taxing an upset condition still further?

Fortunately, there's no need to resort to such measures. You can get a real child's laxative—"California Syrup of Figs"—"Califig"—thoroughly pleasant both in taste and

action. Youngsters really like it.

In flavour, "California Syrup of Figs" is as delicious as pure fruit syrup. And, because of its gentle vegetable ingredients, is mild and agreeable in effect. Doctors recommend it. And in thousands of homes where it is used, "California Syrup of Figs" has proved an equally suitable laxative for others in the family—young or old, especially for women—with whom it is important to avoid the shock of stronger, harsher drugs.

"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/4 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say "California" and look for "Califig" on the package.

**CALIFIG**  
'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'

NATURE'S OWN  
LAXATIVE

THE Harrisons did not appear at dinner.

After dinner—a meal at which this time vin rose was firmly substituted for Chateau Yquem—Miss ffolyott was saved from despair by discovering that one of Puccini's lesser works was to be performed at the Opera House.

When the show was over, she went straight back to her hotel, and was vaguely chilled to find it was one of those between hours when even the smartest place rests for a while. The gay folk had gone out. The dull folk had gone to bed.

There were no Harrisons.

On her way to the lift, Miss ffolyott asked the magnificent young man in the bureau if Colonel Harrison and Miss Harrison had left.

She learned that they had motored to Valescure to see some friends, but were expected back tomorrow or the next day.

To-morrow started well. A perfect day with a gentle breeze that had time to linger in the mimosa. And the coffee and the rolls and the honey were just as good.

Not until, with poised parasol, she was setting out for some indefinite destination did it suddenly strike her that she no more wanted to go anywhere particularly than she desired to stay indoors.

However, she set out, and because she didn't want to bathe, or watch the tennis or the pigeon-shooting, she arrived almost immediately at the Casino and bought some chips.

It was in the private rooms, mark you, not the "kitchen," that the regrettable incident occurred.

Miss ffolyott had secured a seat at a far from crowded table, and every now and then she ventured ten francs on an even chance.

Sometimes she lost, sometimes she won. Actually she was several pieces to the good when a large and bearded man appeared who was in vein as well as in drink.

This magnificent individual began to gamble in a truly magnificent manner. The table woke up. The croupiers woke up. The whole room woke up.

In maximum this grand newcomer threatened the table's reserve. There was a pile of counters in every color in front of him almost high enough to impede his cigar.

Miss ffolyott, suddenly remembering that her room number was seventeen, and observing that the magnificent one had placed a maximum on seventeen, timidly pushed her own ten-franc piece on to the same square.

"Rien ne va plus . . ."

"Dix-sept, noir, impair et manque!"

So thrilled was Miss ffolyott—to win like this was beyond her wildest dreams—and so interested was she to observe the mighty shovelling of counters that greeted a successful maximum, that she did not at once observe what the croupier was doing.

Having satisfied the magnificent man with a beard, he was shoving her winnings and her stake towards a withered little man who was standing at the other side of the table.

This opportunist had gathered up the pile and strolled away before Miss ffolyott gained command of her voice.

Then she was only in time to be shouted down by an infuriated matron with a physique of quite three hundred pounds avoirdupois, every ounce of which was clearly needed to support the jewels she was wearing.

This lady's French was so vivid, fluent and compelling that, after only a brief conference, the chef de table authorised a second pay-out.

Miss ffolyott, daunted at first when she saw the other woman calmly stuffing those unjust plaques into her bag, could not keep silence.

She arose. She complained. She protested.

But the sneers of the victorious rival overcame her. The growing crowds frightened her. She caught sight of her out-moded garments—new though they were—in a mirror opposite.

She was beaten.

She went home.

And, although devilment entered into her, so that she paused on the way and defiantly drank a cocktail under an orange umbrella, she had no appetite for lunch.

After lunch she was not sleepy; she was still angry.

She did nothing but stroll and

## Miss ffolyott

Continued from Page 11

sit and almost go to this place and wonder if she would like that.

She had tea in a terribly smart shop where the table allotted to her was rather exposed.

And here, suddenly, that little cloud that had been hovering at the back of her mind ever since yesterday swam up and blotted out the sun.

Someone at a neighboring table said:

"Say, that's a period costume, if ever I've seen one. Guess someone's shooting a film of the old coaching days somewhere around here." And then someone else laughed. Poor Miss ffolyott.

IT was true that the gown she was wearing had been designed by a famous dictator of modes as long ago as 1921.

She had had the skirt lengthened, however, and she had been sensible enough not to risk the hat that originally went with it before altering it very considerably.

She was so dismayed that at first she could hardly swallow her tea and cake.

With the conceit of which only those who have developed shyness to the status of a disease are capable, Miss ffolyott now imagined that everybody was regarding her with cruel, contemptuous amusement.

She paid her bill and, in a crimson haze, tottered out into the street.

Her self-consciousness became so acute that by the time she reached the hotel she was actually weeping.

However, some strong tea, served promptly in her room, performed its traditional service. As she sipped it, Miss ffolyott once more regarded and took comfort from the calm magnificence with which she was surrounded.

By the time she had finished, she was sufficiently composed to write an enthusiastic letter to Madame Ferdinand, and one or two more letters to one or two other acquaintances. The vision of their jealousy

was even more stimulating than the tea.

Her clock softly struck eight. Miss ffolyott trembled for a minute. Then she put on a tea-gown of silver tissue that had done valuable pioneer work in bygone days, and firmly rang for the waiter.

She dined upstairs. The dinner was so good that it gave Miss ffolyott too much courage for her peace of mind.

She upbraided herself for a coward. She reviled herself for booking such an expensive suite just to hide in.

She dragged out from their secret depository all her four thousand francs, which, in addition to the usual travellers' cheques, she had brought in cash to fortify the sensation of splendor (and which she had sworn should last a very long time indeed).

What is the good of being a wealthy woman for three weeks and hiding so that nobody sees one, and one sees nobody?

Full of courage now, and reassured because the night was now no longer young, and even her fiercer self would not expect her to go out, Miss ffolyott undressed and went to bed.

Next morning she was up and dressed and breakfasted earlier than usual, and even her unkindest critic would never have mistaken the frock she was wearing for a costume designed for "Cavalcade."

Really, Miss ffolyott looked very nice. And Colonel Harrison, sitting in the lounge and reading the "Continental Daily Mail," not only thought so, but said so.

"Good morning, Miss ffolyott. How well you're looking! Are you breaking the bank every night in the Casino? We've been over to Valescure for a couple of days. Only got back last night."

Miss ffolyott almost bridled and certainly blushed.

Please turn to Page 36

## Demand "Captain" Rich Red Sockeye Salmon

The choicest rich red steak from the famous Sockeye salmon fills every CAPTAIN tin

BECAUSE of the four main grades of salmon, Sockeye, Cohoe, Pink, Chum—Sockeye stands supreme for choiceness, tasteness and food value.

Buy the best—Buy Captain—It's Sockeye!

Obtainable in 1 lb., 4 lb. and 11 lb. tins at all Grocers and Stores.

**Captain**  
Rich Red Sockeye SALMON STEAK  
MAKE FRIENDS WITH CAPTAIN CRAK TOO!



# Intimate Jottings by Caroline.

## I LIKE—

Andrey Wilkinson's charming little cocktail doll's hat, which she wears tilted well over one eye. Made entirely of roses and smaller flowers, it has a black velvet bow as the centrepiece.

## In Serious Mood

THIS year's batch of debutantes apparently possess unbounded energy and certainly most of them seem to have acquired the knack of combining work and play. There's attractive young Rosamund, Dr. and Mrs. Edgar Stephen's only child. One of last week's "freshers" at the University, Rosamund is doing a course in Rhondda.

Allison Adams, one of last year's social buds, has embarked on an Arts course. Her sister Val, who left quite a year ago for a trip overseas, and was, incidentally, one of the Sydney lovelies presented at the recent Court, has, I hear, as yet made no plans for the homeward voyage. There are so many friends and such glorious times on the other side.

## Cruise to New Zealand

FROM their home in Melbourne Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pittendrigh will arrive in Sydney shortly to board the Dominion Monarch for a cruise to New Zealand.

They tell me that their son David and his wife (she was Ruth Rogers, one of Melbourne's lovelies, and a frequent visitor to Sydney before her marriage) arrived recently in Melbourne from their station property at Denali, and have taken a flat at Toorak. With them is their little son Jonathan.

## Foreword by "G.B.S."

LAST week found Dame Alice Chisholm welcoming home Mrs. Tom Chapman, who has been holidaying in Tasmania. Mrs. Chapman was accompanied by her uncle, Mr. Charles Shaw, of Melbourne, whose autobiography of the Shaw family, with a foreword by his famous cousin, George Bernard Shaw, is to be published shortly.

Mr. Shaw stayed with "G.B.S." while in England on a visit last year.

An interesting arrival in the Mariposa was the 17-year-old violinist, Grisha Goluboff, who will play to Sydney audiences next month, when he returns from Melbourne.

## To Claim His Bride

MY latest news from overseas tells me that Ann Lane-Poole, whose engagement to Peter Dangar was a social sensation when announced a few weeks ago, can by no means be numbered among the idle rich. Having decided on an architectural career some time ago, Ann has now given that up and is working hard at a secretarial course. Ann and Peter's romance started when her father, Vice-Admiral Lane-Poole, was stationed here—you remember, for a time they took the late Sir Charles Kingsford Smith's charming home at Darling Point—and continued its successful course when Peter was in England recently. So, having attained his twenty-fifth birthday, when, I believe, he came into his own fortune, Peter is on his way to England again to claim his bride.

## Learning to Pilot a Plane

SINCE returning from abroad a few months ago, life has not been all play for Winifred Gillespie. She is learning to pilot a plane, with high hopes of getting her certificate in the near future. When last I heard she had reached the unenviable stage of pulling greasy bits of machinery to pieces and putting them back in the right places, so apparently she's learning the job from A to Z.



THESE two great friends, Helen Deakin (standing) and Dorothy Johnson, have just finished with schooldays. In May Dorothy will leave for her first trip to England with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Johnson, of Neutral Bay, Daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. E. F. Deakin. Helen will do a massage course at the University next year. Meanwhile she is learning cooking and dressmaking.

I hear that Lady Kater, accompanied by her sister, Coxie Wade, has left for a trip to the East. At present Sir Norman and Lady Kater's town home, Hadingley, is being partly demolished in favor of a more modern dwelling.

## Liked Durban's Dance Floors

NORMA FYE-HENDERSON, who has just returned after a three-months' visit to South Africa, was much impressed with the open-air dance floors in Durban. She specially liked the one in the Athlone Gardens, where, after dancing on a green concrete floor, guests wandered into the beautiful illuminated grounds, where the Sydney visitor was amused to see wild monkeys climbing about in the trees. Norma was stayed with Mrs. L. Sonlia, who was formerly Phyllis Rooke, of Sydney. Her house was built on a hill, overlooking the marine parade with its background of flamboyant gardens and wonderful trees.

## Fortnight in the Country

MRS. IAN DODDS is out of town at the moment. Left some days ago to motor to Cassilis, with Mrs. Don Mathews as her companion. They'll be spending a fortnight or so at Pembroke, the Vincent family property, while Mrs. Dodds' sister, Mrs. Val Vincent, with her husband and young children, Patricia, Margaret and Maurice, are indulging in a belated summer holiday at Boot.

I've never been there, but I hear it's a charming seaside resort on the North Coast.

## Building New Home

WHEN Dr. Alec Chalmers returns from his motor tour from the month he will make straight for Manilla to stay with his fiancée, Millicent Hawker, and her family at Klori.

But Easter and its gaieties will lure them to town. There'll also be furnishings to choose and color schemes to plan for the brand new home Alec is building at Goondwindi for his bride.

Their wedding is to take place towards the end of the year.

## Guests from Brisbane

LOVELY flowers made in the H. H. Rouse home at Point Piper on Saturday, when Constance and her mother, Mrs. H. H. Rouse, arranged a cocktail party in honor of the three Tait girls from Brisbane.

Masques of belladonna lilies and blue daisies were banked throughout the house, and tall pink gladioli filled the hall. Constance is an old friend of the Tait-Arley, Ailsa and Jean—she knew them when she lived in Brisbane quite some time ago. Mrs. Stewart Tait was also a special guest. She and her daughters sail for England in the Orion this Wednesday.

## Leaving for Tasmania

THE end of the month will see the Frank Georges moving back to Point Piper. Since they left their lovely home in Wolseley Road, about six months ago, they have been living in Mrs. George Earp's flat in Ocean Avenue.

Mrs. George tells me she is leaving for Tasmania as soon as the move is over. Her son Alastair will follow her a week later and join her in Hobart. They intend returning through Melbourne, to enable Mrs. George to see her other sons, Lieutenant Frank George, who is in the Voyager, and young Tony, who has just entered the Naval College at Flinders.

Mrs. M. Bainton and her daughter Marie sailed by the Esquiline last week for a world tour.

## Floral Welcome

VERY cheery was the welcome awaiting Lotte Lehmann on her arrival in the Mariposa. Among floral tributes sent to the boat was a huge basket of flowers from the Board of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street. Lotte visited the hospital several times when she was in Sydney in 1937.

Her first concert is dated for this Thursday—with Antal Dorati conducting the orchestra.

Lady Gower is an ardent enthusiast and has a permanent booking of four seats for the season.



## Cottage at Oxford

WHEN Mrs. Rinder Brown and her daughter Nel left for England last November, it was with a more or less open mind as to the exact date of their return.

Depended, they said, on how well they liked life on the other side.

Now settled in their own cottage at Oxford, within cooee of son Alan, who is an Oxford don, the verdict is in favor of an indefinite stay.

A little later on Nel will probably take a job in London.

Mrs. Cam Ronald, of Quirindi, has been in town staying at the Queen's Club. Another country visitor at the same club is Mrs. Arthur Bullivant.

## In Sydney for Easter

EASTER will find the Tony McBrides in Sydney again, and settled once more at 52 Macleay Street, after an absence of some four months.

Keenest of punters, Melbourne lured them thither for Cup Week. Since then they've been spending their time mostly at the Peninsular Club at Frankston, Victoria.

## Bride Will Wear Blue

MOLLIE BARKER has set the date for her wedding to David Wiltshire—it's to be April 3 at St. Michael's, Vaucluse.

Only a small wedding, and Mollie has decided to be married in blue, with blue accessories. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Barker, are entertaining at cocktails after the ceremony, and the bride and bridegroom will leave for Southport, Queensland, for their honeymoon.

Mollie is dashing round town at the moment, picking up various furnishings for her future home, a flat in Ocean Avenue, Woollahra. Her color scheme is green and cream, but she says herself that the furniture has no motif. "It's just a mixture."

## DO YOU KNOW—

That Geoffrey Braddon, popular bachelor and man about town, is missing from Sydney's social circles at present? He has left on a business trip to America.

## Enjoy Extra Money This New Way Making French Hand-made Flowers

At home you can make a marvelous, regular weekly income by making French hand-made flowers in all kinds of materials for frocks, millinery, etc. Demand exceeds supply. You'll enjoy making them. It's simple! You don't need one bit of experience. We show how. No matter what your age or where you live, you can join in with our members of this wonderful organisation.

course of tuition at the Academy. You can learn equally well by whenever method suits your convenience. You will quickly learn by the simplest, easiest methods the secrets of hand-made flowers for additional income at home. If it's extra money you need, here's your real opportunity.

### SUCCESS GUARANTEED

La Paula methods show you how to make the kind of floral work that "sells on sight." You can make these gorgeous flowers for sale through us or to your own friends, or for your own use. This wonderful new craft ensures quick success and means extra money to you.

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You do not have to rely only on your own efforts to sell your finished work, as we DEFINITELY GUARANTEE TO PURCHASE the goods—and this guarantee is included with every course. We have contracted arrangements with important buyers for prompt purchase of supplies. Remember, you don't risk one penny in becoming a member of the La Paula Academy under this guarantee. You have nothing to lose, and everything to gain, by making your enquiry now.

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To prompt enquirers—and for a limited time only—we will give, absolutely free, with the La Paula course, a splendid working outfit, including complete set of tools and materials, with which anyone can begin immediately to make the most beautiful hand-made flowers.

Send now—no delay—for free book.

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Without obligation to me, please send your free book showing how I can make extra money by making flowers for you. Also your PURCHASE GUARANTEE, as I can use more money.

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...AND AS  
FRESH AS  
THE DAWN!

There is summer witchery for jaded appetites in every tin of "Sun-Kist" Asparagus. The tender goodness in these specially selected "Sun-Kist" California Asparagus tips is carefully preserved and retained—they come to you as invitingly fresh as the dew morning on which they were cut. Keep a few tins of "Sun-Kist" handy in your pantry for unexpected guests, impromptu suppers and all occasions that call for a light, appetizing repast.



## SUN-KIST

CALIFORNIA ASPARAGUS TIPS

SK-1-22

KEEP A FEW TINS IN YOUR PANTRY



**CHAMPION'S**  
Pure Malt VINEGAR

## Miss ffolyott

Continued from Page 34

"I'm disturbing you," she said. "You must sit down again and go on reading your paper. I'm only going for a walk. It's such a lovely morning. I couldn't possibly stay in."

"It is," agreed the colonel. "And I'm going out too—for a game of golf—as soon as I can get my terribly unpunctual family together. You don't play golf, do you Miss ffolyott?"

"I'm afraid I don't play anything," smiled Miss ffolyott. "I just like to look on."

She bowed a little and started for the door. But he halted her. "Oh, Miss ffolyott. My sister and I would be so pleased if you'd dine with us to-night. In the Sporting Club. There's a gala of some sort."

She was not accustomed to being invited to parties by the rich and confident.

And after the first raptures had faded, she was worried for fear she had only been invited out of charity—at best, as an apology for that dreadful (that dear, delightful) accident with Veille Cure.

But Miss ffolyott's day was really very happy, and therefore need not be recorded.

And, perhaps as a result, Miss ffolyott's dressing that evening was so intelligent that she did not even look unusual when she reached the lounge at eight thirty-five.

She looked sophisticated and well dressed.

She looked different. Give an old mannequin of Madame Ferdinand's just a few yards of silk (she told herself as she drank her cocktail) and in five minutes, you'll have a great lady!

Colonel Harrison seemed, intuitively, to think so, too.

His sister, alas, was suffering from a slight gastric disturbance, so she was not to join the party. Barbara and John were dining somewhere else—Antibes, or somewhere.

Miss ffolyott and the colonel dined alone.

Miss ffolyott ate and drank and laughed and chatted in a manner and to a happy degree that she had never dreamed possible.

With a paper cap awry and a squeaker half-way to her mouth, she fell into a hot argument about the remuneration of silver.

Colonel Harrison was so astonished he attempted to tango.

A great evening. But if the opera ("Aida" this time) were to be visited at all, it became necessary to get a move on.

Colonel Harrison called for his bill. "Well, find the children outside, I hope," he said. "Anyway, I'll meet you in the entrance in five minutes."

"I expect you'll want to comb some of those paper streamers out of your hair. Gad!" He winked at her. "I haven't enjoyed myself so much since I don't know when."

In five minutes' time—everything going to plan—they did indeed meet in the entrance, and Barbara and John arrived, too.

"I know we can't both come in," said Barbara. "But John's got his things in the hotel somewhere. Give me our tickets. You go on with Miss ffolyott."

"I'll wait for John, and before you know where you are we shall be climbing over your legs."

Her father fumbled in his pocket and produced the tickets. He handed her two.

"By the way," he said, "while you're waiting for John, you might run up to my room and get me my other note-case. I'm rather short of cash. I ought to have gone to the bank to-day."

"You'll find the brown note-case in my writing-table. I think it's got three thousand francs in it. Get it, there's a good girl."

"Okay," Barbara departed. And Colonel Harrison and Miss ffolyott disappeared inside, in plenty of time.

A good company had been engaged for that gala night. So good was it that even the rigid conventions of opera could not spoil the drama—even for two such musical Philistines as Miss ffolyott and Colonel Harrison.

At the end they emerged quite shaken, and neither of them had noticed that Barbara and John had never appeared at all.

But on the threshold of the restaurant where those who must dance may they found John, in a poor humor and a worse pair of trousers.

"Barbara's got a headache, sir," he said. "Or else it's my trousers—they aren't mine really. I had to borrow them from a waiter, and Barbara doesn't like them even as little as I do."

"She's gone to bed, and she told me to tell you it was all my fault. I suppose it is, in a way. I could have sworn I packed them."

"Well, it can't be helped. Have a drink before you go?"

"No, thank you, sir."

"By the way, Barbara didn't tell you if she'd gone to get my note-case, did she?"

"No, sir. Good-night."

"Ridiculous nonsense," said Colonel Harrison. "And selfishness, too. I've only got a hundred francs or so on me."

"But you're not going to gamble at this hour?" said Miss ffolyott.

"Gamble? Oh, dear, no. But I thought we might all sup here. There's a second cabaret, they tell me, at about two."

He concealed his yawn, but it took some doing.

"Well, I want to go to bed," said Miss ffolyott, smiling not at all moulty.

"I've had a lovely time, and I think it's such a pity to get really tired. Don't you? Besides, the others have gone."

"Do you really? (By George, what a remarkably sensible woman!) Well, let's wander over to the hotel—it's only twenty yards away—and have a sandwich and something to drink. What do you say?"

"Okay"—Miss ffolyott was getting almost arch—"that's what Barbara would say, isn't it?"

Over their supper Colonel Harrison became confidential.

"You know," he said, "I've been immensely impressed by you. Yes, I have. I'm talking seriously. You seem to have such a profound grasp of business principles. I never met a woman with such a mind for facts."

Miss ffolyott, who, against her better judgment, had accepted another glass of wine, checked a tendency to giggle.

"But I'm accustomed to—er—looking after my own affairs, and even a woman would be a fool if she didn't know what she was doing."

"It's wonderful, the way you say 'even a woman,'" said the colonel. "Miss ffolyott, I hope this is the start of a real friendship. I'm a business man, too, you know."

"I'm not really a colonel—I mean, I got the commission all right for looking after a part of the supply of sandbags—but I'm not a guardman, or anything swanky like that."

He squeezed her hand, and she squeezed back.

"I can see you're not," she said. "Heavens!" she went on. "Do you know it's two o'clock?"

"Upon my soul!" The colonel was weary, and he rose slowly. "Well, I suppose it's time we lay down for a few minutes before breakfast."

"Cocktails down here at twelve? Promise? Then, good-night. You've given me a very charming evening, Miss ffolyott."

And in the armchair by her bed sat Barbara Harrison, smoking French cigarettes as if she were fulfilling a pious obligation.

"Miss Harrison! What on earth—?"

"Do you mind?" said Barbara. "Miss ffolyott, I had to come. I've been waiting here for hours and hours. The chambermaid let me in. She's an old friend of mine."

"Miss ffolyott, will you forgive me?"

"Well," said Miss ffolyott, recovering from her shock, and therefore calmer, "it's pretty clear you want to tell me something that's worrying you. What is it? If I can help you, I will."

She sat down and patted Barbara's hand.

"Oh, I knew you would! I'm so desperate, Miss ffolyott—" Barbara with her disengaged hand fumbled for a handkerchief—"Miss ffolyott, I'm in terrible trouble. She choked, and she began to cry."

If Miss ffolyott blushed, and she certainly did at those dread words, no one could blame her. She blushed, but she did not shrink. On the contrary, she just patted poor Barbara's hand harder.

"We women must always stick together," she told herself. "Oh what a cad he must be!"

Aloud she said: "You can count on me, child. I'll look after you."

"Oh will you? Oh you angel, dear. Miss ffolyott—I knew you would. I knew you were a good sport as soon as I saw you, when that fool John upset your drink."

"And after all, it'll be quite all right in the end, I'm sure. Only Daddy gets so unreasonable, and Aunt is far too old-fashioned to help. But you'll help?—I knew you would."

Miss ffolyott embraced her.

"Of course, I will, you poor darling child."

Please turn to Page 38

## Stomach Distress and Acidity

NEW TREATMENT ENDS CAUSE.

Stomach distress, acidity and constipation are at last being successfully overcome by a new method that is simple, natural and scientific. Specialists now say that acid stomach does not result from just indigestion for this, too, is only a condition arising from a real cause. Stomach acidity is actually due to self-poisoning—i.e.—a clogged colon. That is why "stomach medicines" fail to give lasting relief. As a result of inactivity of the colon (large intestine), all the food refuse is not passed out of the body. Instead, it accumulates on the colon walls and there ferments and putrefies. Virulent poisons and acids seep into the bloodstream and are then carried throughout the body, making the whole system acid.

These fermenting, irritating poisons in the colon develop gas and acids which penetrate to the stomach and inflame its delicate lining. Food—instead of being digested—"sours," causing indigestion, bloating, heartburn, nervous and burning, sickness, belching, acidity, ulcers and constipation.

To get rid of stomach acidity for good, you must first cleanse away the fermenting, acid-developing waste from the colon. Ordinary bowel movements cannot do this—the walls of the colon become too weak and sluggish. Opening medicines only purge the lower end of the bowel. So drink warm water and "COLOSEPTIC" every morning. This cleanses the stomach and colon of all irritating waste, tones up the colon walls, giving them back their full normal action. It corrects all acid conditions in the stomach and bowels, soothes inflamed, irritated tissues and restores the body's alkaline reserve. "COLOSEPTIC" also activates the action of the kidneys, pores of the skin and the lungs—other vital organs which eliminate acids and poisons from the system.

"COLOSEPTIC"—the better internal cleanser—builds a new kind of stomach health. It checks self-poisoning, thus enabling your food to nourish you and add firm flesh and muscle. At all chemists. Individual size 2/6; economy size 5/6. FREE SAMPLE.—Send 3d. stamps for postage, a liberal Free Trial Sample and interesting, intimate book will be sent you—COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) Ltd., 24 O'Connell Street, SYDNEY.

10 lbs. —  
of dry clothes  
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**Do You Know?**

They've been married for years, still Jim raves Of his wife's lovely hair and its waves.

But Elizabeth's "set" is obtained with **DAMPETTE**. And look at the money it saves.

If you want delightfully glossy waves that will stay "put" for days just wet your hair and comb a few drops of **Dampette** through it; then finger-press waves into position—Chemists and Stores sell **Dampette**—2/- a bottle—Contains Vitamin F...

**MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY**

Mrs. Roach, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with **Curlypet**. 3/6 a tube—Baby's hair was "set" straight and dry before I started to use **Curlypet** on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the back, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about **Curlypet**. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Roach.

Brush **Curlypet** into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy curls. Get a 3/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today. Be sure to get **GENUINE CURLYPET**.

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TEAL - GRAPE WINE AND PURPLE PLUM

A large and Comprehensive Range of Woollen Fabrics in the New Season's Shades of Teal, Grape Wine, and Purple Plum, Light and Medium Weight Fabrics.

**GRACE BROS**

from **5'11 to 15'11** yard

**54 in. FANCY JERSETTA**

A new fancy woollen, soft finish, in the following shades:—Black, Navy, Wine, Bottle, Rust, Almond, Saxe, Paris Tan, and Brown.

**5'11**  
YARD

Australian Home Journal Pattern 4864, 1/11 ea.



**36 in. WOOL DE CHENE**

An all-wool quality in this popular fabric in a new range of Colourings, which include—Olympic Blue, Signal Red, Almond, Aqua, Capri Blue, Chantilly Green, Laurel Green, London Tan, Brown, Wine, Maroon, Rust, Clover, Wineberry, and Navy and Black.

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**54 in. FANCY FROCKING**

A new Lace Stitch Weave in a nice frocking weight in Shades of—Sand Beige, Shallow Blue, Glengarry Green, Teal Blue, French Copper, Rust Tan, Cyclamen, Brown, Navy, and Black.

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**36 in. DRESS FLANNEL**

A superior All Wool Dress Flannel, nice soft finish for Ladies' and Children's Wear. Available in the following specially selected Shades:—Pink, Deep Sky, Saxe, Royal, Almond, Bottle Green, Red, Wineberry, Brown, Beige, Navy, and Black.

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**54 in. DIAGONAL CREPE**

A new Wool Crepe, with the fashionable lace stitch and fine diagonal self-stripe in shades of Wine, Rust, Almond, Saxe, Bottle, Brown, Navy and Black.

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**54 in. NEW WOOL TWEEDS**



**7'11**

54 in. WOOL TWEEDS. A delightful range of new Wool Tweeds, including Priskalines and Marble effects. A variety of new Colourings, nice medium weight fabric.

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Genuine All Wool Clan Tartans, specially imported from Scotland. Fine Hand Loom Fabrics. In the following Clans:—Ancient, Munro, Black Watch, Buchanan, Cameron of Lochiel, Cameron of Erris, Campbell, Red Comyn, Cunningham, Ferguson, Forbes, Hunting Fraser, Gordon, Grant, Graham of Montrose, Graham of Manly, Hay, Leslie, Lindsay, Macarthur, MacBeth, MacDonald, Hunting MacDuff, Red MacDuff, MacFarlane, MacGregor, Red MacInnes, MacIntosh, MacKay, Hunting MacLeod, Red Macpherson, Maxwell, Menzies, Red Robertson, Red Ross, Green Sinclair, Dress Stewart, Hunting Stewart, and Wallace.

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A special offer in a Superior quality French Semi Ring Velvet, First quality only—no seconds in Grace Bros' Velvets. Obtainable in the following large range of Shades:—White, Malze, Nil, Powder Blue, Salmon Pink, Rust, Copper, Praline Green, Emerald, Myrtle, Orange, Red, Bordeaux, Lido, Saxe, Violet, Brown, Bottle, Cyclamen, Dahlia, Teal, Clover, Wine, Navy, and Black.

PRICE, yd. ... **3'6**

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from **18'11 to 21'6** yd.

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**54 in. STRIPED WOOLLENS**

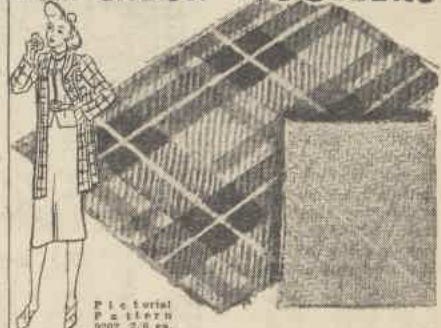


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54 in. CHECK WOOLLENS. Checks and plain to match, Multicolour Checks on Grounds of Saxe, Mustard, Green, and Amber Gold.

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PRICE, yd. ... **3'6**

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"**T**HEN it's settled! And of course I'll pay you back. But as you're so rich you won't mind waiting a little, will you? It'll be quite all right."

Rich! A chill attacked poor Miss ffolyott at the centre of her being. Pay you back! Miss ffolyott felt faint.

But she still kept on mechanically patting Barbara's hand.

"Dear Miss ffolyott," said Barbara, "would you—could you possibly give the money to me now?"

"You see, when I got Daddy's brown notecase, the idiot John hadn't turned up—because he'd lost his trousers, or some silly nonsense. So I got tired of waiting and I wandered into the room."

"And then I thought I'd try my age— I'm twenty-one—and then John's age, and my room number and my cloakroom ticket and the day of the month—"

"And then I got frightened, because I knew how furious Daddy

would be—he'd call it stealing—and so I knew I had to win it back.

"And so I lost all of it."

"And I've got no money left of my own till next quarter. But you're so kind, and you're rich, and I will—I really will pay you back..."

She stopped and dabbed at her nose.

Miss ffolyott suddenly—she could never afterwards explain it to herself—felt very assured and grand and rich. And very benevolent.

She dragged out her four thousand francs. She put one thousand back.

"Here," she said to Barbara, "here's your three thousand. Will you promise me you'll never gamble again—that you'll give every penny of it to your father in the morning?"

And Barbara said, "I promise."

"And you must promise never to

## Miss ffolyott

Continued from Page 36

tell him that you let him down. Don't tell your young man, either. It isn't good for men to know that women are human!"

She smiled, and she didn't look in the least mousy, only sad.

"I'm going to kiss you," said Barbara, "if you'll let me, of course. And I shall pay you back. You see if I don't!"

Miss ffolyott smiled rather sadly. "Good-night, my dear, sleep well and be happy."

When the door closed she began to pack.

Oh, of course, it was quixotic and stupid—mad—of Edith ffolyott to give away three thousand francs—getting on for fifty pounds—to a total stranger, and madder still, if that were possible, to go away and leave no address.



It's something to be able to buy a soap as good as Sunlight, but when you see the FREE GIFTS you get as well you'll agree Sunlight is "The World's Finest Soap Value." It doesn't take long to save for Sunlight gifts, either—you get the finest gift value with Sunlight as well as the best soap you can buy. To save your clothes, your time and your pocket use Sunlight.

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### TEASPOONS

in heavy electro plate on nickel silver. These handsome pieces of silverware will make you proud to serve tea to your guests. Save 54 Sunlight wrapper-tops for a set of half-a-dozen.

3 WRAPPERS WITH EVERY CARTON



The World's finest soap value!



### NOVEL CROWN

GALE PAGE, of Warner Bros., favors this modern hat. The high flower-pot crown is ribbed in rose zig-zag bands. A stiffened organza ribbon, with wired ends passing out to the fore, completes the smart effect.

She could never be paid back now.

But once she had done so, it was clearly impossible to stop and go on spending simply pounds a day. Her return ticket, of course, was available at any time. She could only stop on, in fact, if somebody would now lend her three thousand francs.

But in her heart of hearts Miss ffolyott was happier than she had ever been since she arrived.

It suddenly seemed to her that her holiday had actually become real. She had ceased to be a ghost, a figure of pathos or fun or vague speculation.

She had come to life. She counted in that gay world—as she could never have counted in any other way. She was justified—her holiday was justified.

It had been worth the money.

Miss ffolyott left by the earliest of early express trains for Marseilles, Paris, London.

Back in London, back in the salon in Dover Street, Madame Ferdinand was glad to see her.

"I am glad you have come back, my child," said Madame Ferdinand. "This is no time for holidays—Oh, I know you were bereaved, but..."

"See, I have sent most of the girls away. Now there is only Pamela, and little Alice to run messages, to carry parcels when anyone, if anyone, buys something."

"I am telling you, my child, that I have reached the end. Perhaps I am too old. Because people still buy gowns from other places."

"I have a little savings on which I can live..."

"So this will be sold—not this week or next week—but soon..."

"So I am very glad you wasted so little money, that you had no few days' holiday abroad. For when I sell this, what will you do? I will still pay you every week your salary until this is sold."

Miss ffolyott wandered into the empty showroom and sat for quite half an hour looking out of the window.

She went home early, and tried not to think.

Next day and for many days she worked hard checking up the firm's accounts. She could not think too dangerously about the future.

AND then at last evidently Madame had been advertising—agents began to arrive.

But most of them were small fry, and Madame was not going to give up without a struggle. Had she not gained an unrivalled position? Had not her lease another fifty years to run?

"I will write personally," she told Miss ffolyott, "to the big people. This is an opportunity. Not often does a world-famous salon close its doors."

Miss ffolyott forced herself to agree.

And only two days later Madame burst into the little office, waving a letter.

"See," she cried. "I wrote only two days ago to Bilderbeck, Chipperfield and Clutterbuck, and now they say they are sending one of their partners here this afternoon to see me. They say they think they may want my salon! What do you say to that?"

"Splendid," said Miss ffolyott, and her heart missed a beat.

At three that afternoon, whilst Miss ffolyott was fumbling—she could not do any more checking—there was none to be done—voices approached. The door opened.

"This is our secretary, Miss ffolyott, Colonel Harrison. My dear Colonel Harrison is a partner in Bilderbeck—"

She broke off amazed.

Colonel Harrison had seized both Miss ffolyott's hands and was shaking them violently.

"Well, I'll be—er—damned," said Colonel Harrison. "To think I should find you here! I've hunted and searched and inquired all over the place. Why did you run away like that?"

"I—I think I must sit down," faltered Miss ffolyott.

"Of course. Of course, Madame will excuse us. I know, Miss ffolyott is an old friend of mine, Madame Ferdinand, and I had been looking for her everywhere. To think—"

He beamed.

"I will leave you for a little, perhaps," said Madame, with rare understanding.

Miss ffolyott burst out laughing. She laughed and laughed until she cried, and then she snatched the difficult feat of doing both together.

But whilst she was collecting her self-control the Colonel made a grave decision.

"Miss ffolyott," he said, "I'm not going to let you go again. I know all about what you did for Barbara—you wonderful woman. The little devil had the grace to tell me when we found you'd gone."

"Miss ffolyott, if you don't mind, my being a bit middle-aged, will you marry me?"

Miss ffolyott cried just a little more, but they were tears of happiness.

(Copyright)

## FLUSH ACID POISON OUT OF KIDNEYS

Flush Out Your 15 MILES of Kidney Tubes

If kidneys don't pass 2 pints a day and get rid of more than 2 pounds of waste matter, the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters become clogged with poisonous waste and the danger of acid poisoning is greatly increased. This acid condition, brought about by poor kidney function, is a danger signal and may be the beginning of aching backache, headache, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, hunched, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness.

Most people watch their livers, which contain only 27 feet of intestines, but neglect the kidneys, which contain 15 miles of tubes and filters. If these tubes or filters become clogged with poisons, it may lay you up for many months. Don't run any risk. Make sure your kidneys empty 2 pints a day.

Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. They successfully flush the world over to millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS at your chemist.

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# FASHION PORTFOLIO

March 25, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## KNITTED NONSENSE...

• A COOL EVENING at home in knitted chenille sleeveless bolero over a gay floral frock.

• WATCHING the polo in a tailored wool frock with ribbed sleeves and high collar knitted in—and a saucy knitted toque.

• FOR a college dance or a theatre premiere—a beguiling hooded cape with matching muff.

• OFF for a round of golf with a gay fashion note in the wool beanie with radiating embroidered ribbing.

• AT AN informal cocktail party in a tiny knitted angora woollen bolero contrasting prettily with the dress.



### Pond's Creams bring to Women the active "Skin-Vitamin"

Here's the news you've been waiting for! To-day—Pond's two creams do more for the skin than ever before! They contain a vitamin which aids in keeping skin beautiful—the "Skin-Vitamin."

For years Pond's tested this "Skin-Vitamin" in Pond's creams. Then Pond's gave the creams to women to try.

They said, in four weeks: "My skin is smoother," "My pores look finer." Try Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" creams to-day—Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Cold Cream for cleansing, and Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Vanishing Cream as a powder base.

And remember, Pond's Creams

cost no more than ordinary creams. In handy tubes for your handbag, as well as large and small jars for your dressing table.

• "I love outdoor life," says Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy, "and have always found that Pond's Creams kept my skin beautifully smooth in spite of sun and wind. I really could not see how they COULD be improved. Yet I must own that the new ingredient has made them better than ever."

"The new ingredient makes them better than ever."

Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy.



**FREE!** Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Mail this coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc. for five tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's "Glow-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted. LIGHT CREAM ( ), NATURAL (Rose Cream) ( ), LIGHT NATURAL (Naturelle) ( ), RASCHOL (Brunette) ( ), ROSE BRUNETTE ( ).

POND'S DEPT. (X36), Box 11312, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



# HAND-MADE KNITTEDS . . . to win your heart

Clyde



**F**ULL directions for knitting all these attractive jumpers are printed in our special Knitting Supplement which is given free in this issue.



Elinor



Judith



Donald



PETROV.

● CLYDE: A plain grey pullover with polo neck that defies the snowiest weather. Done in an effective checked stitch.

● ELINOR: A slim-fitting jumper for dressier occasions, featuring an intriguing neckline. Charming in deep blue with brown tassels.

● JUDITH: An important little beige jumper with effectively plain yoke and sleeves. The snug white cravat knots high at the neckline.

● DONALD: Designed for the sportsman—a V-necked pullover in two tones of beige. Equally smart on the golf course or at home.





• APRIL: A dramatic 'tween-season jumper in vivid Spring-green. Note the youthful puffed sleeves and interesting zig-zag stitch.

• BETTINA: A flattering white cardigan vividly punctuated with flashes of peasant embroidery in green, red, and white.

• DOROTHEA: Form-fitting Viennese cardigan of Anny Blatt inspiration. Sparkling engagingly with crystal buttons and staccato stripes.

• FLORENCE: Enchantment to those informal dates—a frisky little jumper in a cunning new stitch. Arresting in gay coppery tan.



## Last straws...



● A BEGUILING doll's hat of popcorn-crisp straw with a mass of blue and pink cornflowers.



● DRAMA ahead in a shiny black straw pancake model spiced with red ribbon and a cluster of orchids.



● DARING but decorative—a Dolly Varden disc of coarse black straw upturned with a velvet bow.



*Gadabout*  
arrives in town!

A new star has been added to the VITA-BLOOM range. GADABOUT—a lovely 4-thread VITA-BLOOM sheer—pure silk from top to toe reinforced at all vital points. Ringless of course!

4'11  
*Vita-Bloom*  
Sheers by **Prestige**

● A AGE THAARUP'S delectably forward-titled confection of purple felt, its whimsical mood echoed by a riot of parma violets and a fine purple veil.



● A FRAME for bright young eyes—a deliberately casual natural straw its soaring crown spiked by brilliant blue quills.



● FINEST mauve straw, meltingly frail and feminine—its coquetry enhanced with pale blue daisies and a drift of veiling.



# PARIS SNAPSHOTS...



By Air Mail from  
MARY ST. CLAIRE

Sketched By PETROV

**THIS  
AUTUMN  
WAISTS  
MUST BE  
TINY**



## Be glorified by Gossard in a "Bosom-High" Girdle . . .

The hourglass silhouette for Autumn . . . full skirts, high shoulders, tiny waists. Your waist must be ever so tiny! Gossard's bosom-high girdle stands three inches above the waist to give you a reed-like middle. It's of satin elastic and fine open-weave two-way stretch elastic. Model 535. The "Flair" bra is of rayon satin elastic and lace. Model 1056M.

*the*  
**GOSSARD**  
*Line of Beauty*

Gossard Foundations are obtainable at most of the leading stores throughout the Commonwealth.

1 Many suits have window-box pockets. The window is made of a square of white spotted muslin, the panes outlined in red. The top of the pocket is banded in red to form the box, and out of it grow multi-colored flowers.

2 A diamond star pendant worn in the centre of the forehead is the latest jewellery fad. It is attached to a diamond chain which fastens round the back of the upswept curls. Diamond hair clips keep it in place.

3 Black jersey silk shirt blouses are being worn with pastel tweed suits. They are grand for packing in the week-end case, as they are uncrushable, take up scarcely any space, and keep fresh for days. A large bow made from the tweed of the suit with which they are worn is considered a very chic finish to the Peter Pan neckline.

4 Figured chiffon is the last word for evening wear, and the newest design, which is called "jewelled hands," is a most amazing affair. On a white ground, black hands with scarlet nails hold scarlet carnations. On the wrist of each hand is a jewelled bracelet embroidered in sequins and brilliantly-colored semi-precious stones.

## Spoilers of Good Looks

Spotty Face, Dull Eyes, Fat.

Whatever your looks, remember that attractiveness is more due to fitness and health than to beauty of features. Pimples are ugly, and so is unhealthy fat. When your eyes are dull, breath bad and you suffer sick headache and depression you cease to be fit and attractive.

The bringer of these troubles is usually constipation. Congested bowels and liver accumulate digestive wastes which gradually seep into and contaminate the blood stream. Clear away these poisons by taking Pinkettes and you disperse the pimples, banish unhealthy fat tissue, sick headache and bilious attacks. Pinkettes are compounded of safe, laxative ingredients that exercise and strengthen lazy bowels, and stir the liver. So effective that you reduce the dose as they make you regular. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle.

## Freckles

Don't Try to Hide these Ugly Spots; Kintho Will Remove Them Quickly and Safely.

This preparation is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by all chemists with a guarantee to refund the money if it fails. Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Kintho and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely. Be sure to ask for Kintho—double strength; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.

**P & B** PATONS & BALDWIN'S KNITTING WOOLS  
THE WORLD'S BEST-MADE IN AUSTRALIA



You knit, of course!  
Then you will be delighted  
with the

**FREE TASSEL  
SAMPLES**

of "Kelvena" and  
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Write to Patons &  
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• "ANN" Design.—Instructions in  
SPECIALTY KNITTING BOOK, No. 63.  
Price 6d. (Posted 7d.)

• "EDNA" Design.—Instructions in  
SPECIALTY KNITTING BOOK, No. 66.  
Price 6d. (Posted 7d.)

These "P & B" Specialty Knitting Books contain a variety of Designs in Ladies' Model Jumpers, Cardigans, Jumper-Cardigans, Costumes, etc. Obtainable from Leading Drapers, Fancy Wool Shops and Newsagents.

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**PATONS & BALDWIN'S**  
*Knitting Wools*

2178A



# OUR PATTERN SERVICE



WW2817.—Daytime ensemble. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2818.—New mode. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4½ to 4¾ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2819.—Bolero ensemble. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 1½ yds. for bodice, and 3½ yds. for bolero and skirt. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2820.—Evening gown. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 9 to 10 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2821.—Chic suit. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 3½ yds. for jacket, and 2 yds. for skirt, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2822.—Unusual style. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2823.—Suit for girl 10-16 years. Material required: 3 to 3½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

## Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should  
 \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required.  
 \* For children, state age of child.  
 \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon. \* For concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

## Special Concession Pattern

THREE SMART BLOUSES AND A TAILORED SKIRT.

Sizes, 32, 34 and 36 bust.

No. 1 requires 2 to 2½ yds. 36ins. wide.

No. 2 requires 2 to 2½ yds. 36ins. wide.

No. 3 requires 2½ yards 36ins. wide.

No. 4 requires 2 yards 36ins. wide.

## Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
 Box 459F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
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 Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
 Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.  
 Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may call for patterns at office address appearing on Page 3.

Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
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PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....  
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Pattern Coupon, 35/3/39.







**CONFESSIONS OF A SKILFUL ARTIST!**



NO PAINT COULD DO THIS! These lovely lips never look painted! The radiance of the mouth and their loveliness are enhanced with Michel lipstick! A few quick touches and lips take on a fresh appealing color. Michel has a special cream base that keeps lips soft and velvet—a fragrance that is subtle and inviting. One application lasts all day!

Make your lips a work of art. Choose from Michel's six enchanting shades—the one that is individually yours: Blonde, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Raspberry, Scarlet.

**Michel**

THE FASHIONABLE LIPSTICK

Price 2/- each

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

**Relief from PILES**



**Rexona Ointment**

Ointment—1/- per tin. Also extra large size three times the quantity, 3/-.

**REXONA MEDICATED SOAP**—1/- per tablet (City and Suburbs)

Relief is instant and lasting when you apply Rexona Ointment to this painful affliction. Rexona's medicaments soothe the inflamed tissues, reduce the inflammation and, when a course of mild laxative is also taken, soon effect a complete cure (except in some cases which require surgical treatment). Keep free from skin complaints by washing only with Rexona Soap which contains the same medicaments as the Ointment.

**BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMISTS' OR STORE NOW!**

9,522-52

# What Women are Doing

## Woman's Remarkable Success in Rifle Shooting Contests

AMAZING prowess in amateur rifle shooting is being shown by Mrs. Robert Harding, of Ascot Vale, Victoria.

Now only in her second season of shooting, she recently won the championship of the Victorian Miniature Rifle Clubs' Union, scoring 398 points out of a possible 400. There were nearly 200 competitors in the contest, but only four or five were women.

Mrs. Harding recently competed with a Victorian team against N.S.W. and Queensland, and after three rounds lost only one point. She scored 299 out of 300.

Two years ago Mrs. Harding had never held a rifle in her hands. Merely as a result of a chance shot one day she has become the best shot seen in Melbourne for many years. She is a member of Essendon Miniature Rifle Club, and also of the Commonwealth Ladies' Rifle Club, the oldest miniature rifle club in the British Empire.

During the winter Mrs. Harding



MRS. ROBERT HARDING, of Victoria, takes aim during a recent rifle contest.

intends to spend each Saturday afternoon at the Commonwealth Club's range at Essendon. Dozens of trophies adorn her home, and it is believed that she has an excellent chance of winning the Essendon Men's Rifle Club championship.

## Pioneered Farm School For Young Women

A NEW field in mission work has been opened by Miss Edith Kerr, Presbyterian missionary from Korea, who is in Melbourne on furlough. She is the founder and principal of a vocational farm school for homeless and destitute women in Tong-nal, Korea.

The school provides a primary education, as well as vocational training, and the course includes the care of farm animals, vegetable and flower culture, sewing, and needlework. Lectures on hygiene, home training, and some branches of social work are also given.

Miss Kerr went to Korea 17 years ago, and for several years was principal of the Tongnung Industrial School. Concerned by the numbers of destitute young women, she worked on a scheme to reconstruct their lives. Out of this grew the farm school. It is the only school of its type in the Japanese Empire, which includes Korea. The only girls accepted are those who are utterly destitute, so that the school is entirely responsible for their welfare.

About five-sixths of the expenses are met by gifts. It is Miss Kerr's hope that the school, which can accommodate only about 50 girls each year, will prove a demonstration centre for the whole of Korea and Japan.

## Adviser To University Women Students

FOR over thirteen years Miss Margaret Telfer has been friend and adviser to Sydney University women students. Her official appointment as adviser to women students at the University will therefore give pleasure both to graduates who have benefited in the past and those who will come under her guidance in the future.

Since 1925 Miss Telfer has been secretary of the Sydney University Women's Union. Her new position, which replaces that of Miss I. M. Fidler, who recently retired from the post of tutor to women students, will require her to advise students on their choice of subjects and on organizations within the University. She will also advise on avenues of employment, and, in collaboration with the University Appointments Board, will help to place students in suitable occupations. For this purpose she will keep academic records of the women students.

Miss Telfer is a member of the committee of the University Settlement, is a vice-president of the Women's Sports Association, and president of the Women's Skiing Club.

## Adelaide Social Worker for London Conference

THE possibility of establishing industries in South Australia for crippled children is one of the matters into which Mrs. I. C. Woods will inquire when she attends the world conference of workers for crippled children in London, to be held in July. She is one of the two South Australian delegates.

Mrs. Woods is Adelaide's first trained social worker. One of the first students of the S.A. Board of Social Study and Training, she was appointed vocational guidance officer to the Crippled Children's Committee. She is one of the officers in charge of the Crippled Children's Handicraft Shop, which sells goods made by crippled children in their homes.

Mrs. Woods hopes to do some work with charitable organizations in England during the several months she will spend there.

## Queensland's Only Woman Bachelor of Commerce

THE distinction of being the only woman to have obtained the degree of Bachelor of Commerce at the Queensland University can be claimed by Mrs. Gladys Eckersley, of Brisbane. While studying for her arts degree she also found time to complete her commerce course.

Mrs. Eckersley has been teaching for a number of years. She studied German at the University, and is a member of the "Goethe Bund," which meets once a month to study German culture and language.

## Official Visitor to Mental Hospitals

FOR a number of years, Mrs. M. G. F. Parry, of Melbourne, has been an enthusiastic worker for mental hospitals.

She has now been appointed an official visitor to metropolitan mental hospitals, and is the first woman to receive such an appointment in Melbourne.

The appointment is made for the protection of patients, and the official visitor has the right of access at any time to every part of any of the institutions.

In her new capacity Mrs. Parry will visit once a month all mental institutions and private hospitals licensed under the Lunacy Act. Patients have the right to make any complaints to her either personally or in writing.

Mrs. Parry organized the first auxiliary for mental hospitals in Melbourne some years ago, and she intends to continue her auxiliary work in addition to her new duties.

## American Artist Paints In Australia

STUDIES of Australian city life, Australian flowers, and a number of portraits have been painted by Mrs. Mabel Hussey-Degen, American artist, who has spent several months here.

The paintings have been included in an exhibition of her work in the Industrial Art Society's rooms. They will be shown later in America.

Mrs. Hussey-Degen has painted in many countries. She spent several years in Spain, and has just returned from France, where she studied at various academies.

## Australian Author Acts In Her Own Play

WHEN "Are You Ready, Comrade?", the prize-winning play in the West Australian Drama Festival last year, was produced in Sydney recently by the New Theatre League, the author, Miss Betty Roland, played a leading role in it.

Miss Roland, formerly of Melbourne, and now living in Sydney, is the author of "The Touch of Silk," the well-known drama of contemporary Australian life.

She is at present working on her first novel, to be called "To-morrow's Bread," a story of contemporary country life in Australia.



**THE BRIDE'S COLUMN**

By MARY SHERATON

THE song is gone . . . but the melody lingers on . . .

That very same line may well be applied to your wedding. Long after the ceremony itself is over, you may still possess those sweet memories that will ever be kept apart from kindred thoughts in the passage of succeeding years.

So, Bride-to-Be, it is your duty to see that future memories WILL be cherished, and not marred by unpleasant suspicions that there was something you had left undone, or something you had forgotten.

To help you with the rites of wedding etiquette, I have prepared the Bride's Book, which explains everything that the Bride should know concerning the Ceremony, the Honeymoon, and Home-planning.

If you cannot call to see me, fill in the coupon below, and I will send to you a FREE copy of the Bride's Book.



**This Book Free!**

TO ENGAGED GIRLS ONLY

Miss Mary Sheraton, Home Planning Bureau, 105 Place, Richmond, Ltd., George Street, Sydney.

Please send me, without charge or obligation, a FREE copy of your Bride's Book of Wedding Etiquette.

Would you like our catalogue?

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(W.V. 25.3.)

## DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

By KUCHARY with 40 Years' Success.

"Thanks for an almost unbelievable cure. My husband has not touched a drink since he had a course of Kuchary. He says he will never touch it again," writes a grateful woman.

It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write 60-day for a FREE SAMPLE. Booklet and many testimonials. Dept. B, KUCHARY CO., 207 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.



**PAIN THAT WAS TORTURE**

**SHE HAD TO TELL A "white lie"**

Men can't realise . . . and it is so hard to "explain" . . . when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness and "blues"—try a couple of little MYZONE tablets.

Already five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For MYZONE's

special acetamin (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known.

Just take two MYZONE tablets with water, or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new bright comfort . . . notice how there is no "doping."

Try MYZONE with your very next "pain." 2/- a box. All Chemists.

## Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out excess acids and poisonous wastes in your blood through tiny delicate kidney tubes or filters. If poisons in the kidneys or bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Crises Under Eyes, Backache, Aching Joints, Acidity, or Burning passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such poisons and troubles with the doctor's prescription Cystex. Cystex starts working in 3 hours, must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back. Cystex costs only 3d a dose. Ask your chemist for Cystex today. The guarantee protects you.



## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Colomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only maskmasks. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harshness, gentleness, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/4

**HOLIDAYS**  
Anywhere—Any Place—Any Time  
AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY  
TRAVEL BUREAU  
St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St.,  
Sydney.

## Leading artists heard in famous plays

Australia now has its own "radio theatre"

Famous plays of the stage and screen are being presented by the "Radio Theatre," a Sunday night "live-artist" session from 2GB.

Cecil B. de Mille, celebrated American film producer, formally opened the session on Sunday night by radio-telephone from Hollywood.



HARVEY ADAMS, popular stage and radio actor, plays in 2GB's new "live-artist" shows.

FOR the last few years a similar session has been broadcast in America and has met with outstanding success.

Produced in Hollywood and broadcast over a nation-wide relay, the American programme provides an hour of dramatic entertainment and features leading film personalities, including Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, Claudette Colbert, William Powell, Merle Oberon, Joan Crawford, Fredric March, Myrna Loy and Herbert Marshall.

To ensure that the Australian "radio theatre" would be of the same high standard, the producers of the American programme arranged for Mr. Phillip P. Mygatt to come to Australia. He reached Sydney a few weeks ago.

"I feel quite certain, Mr. Mygatt said, 'that, although there are not available in Australia those famous personalities who add so much to the attraction of our American productions, the talented players who will take part will make the session outstanding in Australian radio.'

"The first production, 'Interference,' featured Irene Purcell, the brilliant star of 'The Women,' together with Harvey Adams and Peter Finch and Thelma Scott.

"Next Sunday, from 2GB at 8 p.m., we shall present 'Hands Across the Table,' the delightful play which made such a grand film when Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray were starred in it for Paramount. Fred MacMurray, by the way, played also in the Radio Theatre presentation in America, but on the air he was partnered by Claudette Colbert.

"It is the story of a manicurist who made up her mind to marry only a millionaire.

"She found a man with a millionaire's name but no millions.

"On Sunday week, we shall broadcast the comedy, 'The Bishop Misbehaves,' with Lou Vernon as the Bishop who prefers detective stories to sermons.

"On the following Sunday, listeners will hear Miss Dorothy Foster as the star of 'Dulcy,' a light comedy especially adapted for her.

### Huge Audience

"AFTER that will be heard a series of plays which have delighted millions of stage and film fans.

"The exact order of production has not yet been fixed, but we hope to produce shows such as 'Michael and Mary,' 'The Man in Possession,' 'Seventh Heaven,' 'Candlelight,' 'The Thin Man,' 'Men in White,' 'The Dark Angel,' '39 Steps,' 'Magnificent Obsession,' 'The Green Light,' 'Theodora Goes Wild,' and 'Desire.'

"Each play will run for an hour, and each will be played by the finest



IRENE PURCELL, well-known American stage star, played the lead in "Interference."

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

WEDNESDAY, March 22—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Beauty Talk with Janet.

THURSDAY, March 23—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars, with June Marsden.

FRIDAY, March 24—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Australian Women's Weekly Afternoon Tea Party.

SATURDAY, March 25—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Hit Highlights.

SUNDAY, March 26—4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden, Astrologer, and Music of the Stars.

MONDAY, March 27—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Fashion Talk with Rene.

TUESDAY, March 28—4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden and Music of the Stars.

artists obtainable in Australia. We hope to make 8 p.m. Sundays, on 2GB the highlight of radio entertainment in Australia.

"Live-artist presentations, particularly in dramatic plays, we feel hold tremendous appeal for the listening public. Every listener in that huge audience which heard 'Interference' must have been conscious of the personal presence of Irene Purcell as she stepped up to the microphone.

"She was there—a living personality in the home of every listener.

"It was particularly pleasing to find Mr. de Mille so interested in the Australian production that he phoned from Hollywood to wish us success.

"The production of the plays in America, however, is so much the work of Mr. de Mille that he feels a very close personal interest in what we are doing out here.

"Before I left Hollywood we had to go very carefully through every detail of our Australian plans with Mr. de Mille himself, to satisfy him that our productions would be of a standard worthy of the name of the 'Radio Theatre.'"

Oh I say... 'B.O.'?  
But I bath every day..



BUT—

...the fact is you can't count on protection from ordinary soaps—no matter how good you think they are. So play safe with Lifebuoy. It brings you something that no other toilet soap contains—a special purifying ingredient to help remove every trace of stale perspiration from the skin pores...leave them fresh, airy, free to breathe. After a Lifebuoy bath you know there's no risk of "B.O."

IN KEEPING ME SAFE FROM 'B.O.' LIFEBOUY'S MILD LATHER HAS DONE WONDERS FOR MY SKIN, TOO



## LIFEBOUY'S A BEAUTY SOAP, TOO —its lather is extra mild!

You get sure protection in a gentle, pleasant way with Lifebuoy. Its lather's so mild. In fact a famous skin specialist has proved, after 6,000 tests, that Lifebuoy is actually milder than soaps specially recommended for babies and women. See how soft and smooth and youthful it keeps your skin. Enjoy Lifebuoy's healthy lather every day—its clean, refreshing scent vanishes as you rinse, but its protection remains.

**LIFEBOUY SOAP**  
PREVENTS "B.O." (BODY ODOUR)



A LEVER PRODUCT

## YOUR LIPS...

as he desires them

Tenderly soft...warmly moist...and *savagely* red! These are the three requisites of lip-allure, and SAVAGE is the one lipstick that can give them to you. And SAVAGE is really permanent, too; it clings *savagely*. Five seductive shades to choose from:

TANGERINE...FLAME...NATURAL...  
BLUSH...JUNGLE



**SAVAGE LIPSTICK**



# Real Life Stories

## Short and Snappy

### WATCHED OWN "FUNERAL"

**DURING** a union strike in London in 1895, my father, who was on the employer's side, received a letter from the strikers stating that unless he yielded to their demands he would die on a stated night.

That evening his four children, including myself, were awakened from sleep by band music in the street below and, looking out the window, we saw a long procession of men bearing banners headed by a full brass band.

The band was playing the "Dead March in Saul," and the men were shouting between the "zooms":

"Tis for Money—ain't it funny!"

Soon afterwards the London County Council prohibited the playing of funeral marches for living persons. My father was the last Londoner to watch his own funeral procession.

10/6 to Miss Mary Money, Naples, Naples St., Mornington, Vic.

### FAITHFUL DOG

**BOB**, a Border collie, was "one of the family," and when we went to the beach for the day he was in the party.

On returning home I found I had left my cardigan behind, and next day advertised its loss. It was returned that evening by a man who said he had found the dog sitting beside the cardigan at 5.45 the morning following the outing.

When he tried to secure it, Bob "went for him," and it was only with difficulty that he gained possession of it.

Whether the dog returned to the beach and remained there all night I never learned. He came home with us that night and was on the premises when we got up in the morning.

2/6 to Mrs. J. Rice, Partridge St., Glenelg, S.A.

### RINGING THE CHANGES

**WHILE** I was assisting in a mixed business in a Melbourne suburb a youth handed over an order which included two tins of tobacco.

When half the articles, including the tobacco, had been placed on the counter, he left, saying he would call back and collect his order.

He failed to return, however, and the goods were placed back in stock.

Later in the day, when one of the tins of tobacco was sold to another customer, it was found to be empty.

The youth had "rung the changes" with a tobacco tin done up as if it had just left the factory.

2/6 to Mrs. H. Launder, Winifred St., Regent, Vic.

### MET "DEAD" MAN

**AFTER** my cousin had signed on the Titanic as a steward, a friend who had booked on another vessel asked him to change places.

To save time and trouble they exchanged papers and when the death roll of the Titanic was published my cousin's death was taken for granted.

Imagine my father's surprise when walking down the main street of Adelaide to meet the "dead" man face to face.

2/6 to Lily J. Gray, Box 196, Berri, S.A.

### GALLANT "RESCUE"

**WITH** friends I was going to a picnic at the Gorge, at Launceston, when I accidentally dropped my tennis ball over the rail to the rocks below.

Despite protests I climbed over and, after a strenuous and dangerous descent, regained the ball.

Returning, I was within a few feet of the path when, pausing to draw breath for the last effort, I heard shouting, and several men raced into view calling to me to hold on, as help was coming. I was dragged to safety and congratulated on my narrow escape.

They thought that I had slipped through the rails and was hanging on for dear life—and we were too worried to enlighten them.

2/6 to Mrs. V. Gresty, Hewlett St., Waverley, N.S.W.

## Overtaken by runaway truck in mine



*"The only way I could save myself from being crushed to death was to jump up and get into the truck."*

**THIS** happened to me many years ago when I was a miner at Huxbury Park Colliery, Lancashire, England.

I was travelling down a steep incline behind a truck which was three parts full of coal.

The roof of the mine was very low and there was only enough room at the sides for the truck to pass through.

I had travelled about halfway down when I heard the sound of chain links striking the rail sleepers. Looking under my arm I could see no light, so I knew the sound had been caused by a runaway truck coming down at a great speed.

The only way by which I could save myself from being crushed to death was to jump up and get into the truck.

I had my miner's lamp hanging from a strap on my arm when I jumped. I managed to get inside, but could not get down quickly enough to save my head from being caught in the timber.

My legs doubled up under me, became jammed against the roof, and stopped the truck.

Then the runaway truck hit mine. Both trucks began to go down the incline again and I was rolled over and over under the low roof and timbers. It was half an hour before I was found.

I was severely injured, and it was many months before I was able to leave the hospital.

£1/1/- to Wm. E. Whitehead, c/o P.O., Port Pirie West, S.A.

### Ladder Slipped

**ONE** Saturday afternoon when I was cleaning one of the offices in the building of which I am caretaker, I placed a step-ladder against one of the tall cupboards and mounted to dust the top.

Having finished I commenced to come down, when I remembered I had left the duster on top. Instead of retracing my steps I put my arm through the rungs of the ladder, just as it slipped.

The result was that my arm was imprisoned flat on top of the cupboard and with my weight on the ladder I could not free myself.

From time to time I heard tenants coming down in the lift, and called to them, but they did not heed me. Apparently they thought they had not closed the lift-door properly, and after returning and giving the door another slam they continued on their way.

Eventually, after four hours of agony, a man who helped me occasionally found me and eased the ladder sufficiently for me to release my arm.

An aching arm was all I suffered. 2/6 to S. Maraden, St. George's Terrace, Perth.

### Struck by Tornado

**WHILE** I was in a picture theatre at Port Pirie with several children, a tornado struck the town.

The roof was lifted and when the lights failed there was a mad rush for the doors.

Fearing lest the children might be injured or killed by flying debris I kept my seat, expecting the walls to collapse at any moment.

It seemed an eternity while we huddled there in terror, but it was only a few minutes before the storm passed as abruptly as it had come.

2/6 to Mrs. G. Pimlott, Morgan Ave., Mitcham Park, S.A.

### SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life story each week.

For the best item published under the heading, "Short and Snappy," we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.

### Amid Falling Bombs

**IT** was on the morning of July

26 that the Chinese troops made an attack on Tientsin, China. I received a telephone call asking if I would be a volunteer in helping to keep order in the British concession. We were all given police batons, not guns, and were placed in different parts of the concession. We were not allowed to let the unfortunate Chinese refugees in because the council feared a shortage of food.

I had several narrow escapes. Once I was sent out into the war zone to deliver a message, and I left my bicycle against a stone pillar. Twenty minutes later the pillar was blown to pieces.

On the second day of the fighting the Japanese bombers came over with their cargoes of death. By this time the noise was deafening. The bombs were falling all around us, and huge clouds of smoke were rising into the sky. This continued for five days without a break. On the sixth day the Japanese gained control again, and they have held the city ever since.

2/6 to Wilbur Walker, Argyle St., East Kew, Vic.

### Bath that Nearly Cost a Life

**MANY** years ago, when there was no water laid on at Charleville, baths were hard to get.

Every morning before breakfast my father and several other men rode to the bore, where a man hosed them. One morning he left as usual, barefooted and in his pyjamas, but did not return.

As hour after hour went by my mother became very worried. About midday his horse came home, riderless. The police were informed and they organised a search party.

My father was not found until dark—in a state of collapse. After his bath at the bore he had taken a parcel to a party of drovers some miles out of Charleville. They persuaded him to have a cup of tea, and in the meantime his horse strolled out of sight.

After breakfast the drovers packed up and left, my father assuring them that he would easily find his horse.

He tramped for miles until he was hopelessly lost, finding neither horse nor water. What a relief when the search party found him!

2/6 to Mrs. J. B. Wilesmith, Watsonville, via Herberton, Qld.

*If it's Hosiery you're thinking of buying,  
Here's a hint that's really worth trying.*

*You should always demand  
Just the one well-known brand,  
It's KAYSER. They're so glorifying!*

*"I'm a  
ONE Brand  
woman now"*



Walk in the Wine Light this season—Wear BACCHUS. Kayser's very newest shade. Created as a perfect complement for Fashion's new and startling tonings... Vintage... Teal Blues... Greens... and Black. Ask to see BACCHUS. It's new... Vital... wickedly glamorous, and it's exclusive to KAYSER!

*I insist on*

**KAYSER**

HOSIERY  
GLOVES  
LINGERIE

H.1.9.



## The Significance Of It!

**A**STROLOGICALLY March 21 is a date of paramount importance, for all planetary movements are calculated with March 21 as the presumed starting point.

It is this date which ushers in the first sign of the zodiac, the sign known as Aries, symbolised by a ram.

And Aries continues to hold sway over this important part of the year, and over all those individuals born between March 21 and April 21.

## Keep Your Smile a Winning Smile!



"Sally the bookworm" they called her. For only a few months ago Sally was one of the most popular girls in town. (But a dingy smile can darken and overshadow the loveliest face—ruin any girl's bid for romance.)



Then one night little Anne showed her how to help win back a radiant smile. (Anne's only seven but she's wiser than many grown-ups. For her teacher has taught her the value of gum massage to a sparkling smile.)



Now it's parties for Sally—instead of books! Romance, instead of lonely evenings! For a sparkling, irresistible smile is the one thing a man notices first, remembers always. (Sally knows, for she has found how a daily routine of Ipana and massage helps keep gums healthier—teeth brighter—smiles more winning, more attractive!)

**Ipana and massage is a modern way to help keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling!**

**D**ON'T GAMBLE with your smile! "Pink tooth brush" neglected—dull teeth and dingy gums—what a penalty they can exact of loveliness, beauty and charm!

That first tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush is only a warning. But when you see it—see your dentist for the sake of your health and your happiness. You may not be in for real trouble, but only your dentist should make that decision. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is just another case of lazy gums—gums deprived

of hard, vigorous chewing by our modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by **CHEMISTS ONLY.**

**CHANGE TO**



**IPANA AND GUM MASSAGE**

## WRITERS IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

**ARIANS, according to astrologers, will rush in where angels fear to tread. Sometimes this brings them merited unpopularity; at others it enables them to do much good.**

**I**T is not surprising, in view of the significance of their sign dates, that Aries-born folk are rather vital, energetic, impulsive, lively and courageous.

They are seldom content to sit back and let others work while they look on. They may not like the work, but they wilt under idleness. They thrive on excitement, change, and new or interesting activities; far fields always look greenest to them.

Hence it is that only the difficulties and setbacks which life hands out to those individuals who are too rash or impatient can bring Arians to a proper realisation of things.

They must learn that a little self-control and patience will oft-times bring the fulfilment of dreams or ambitions which rashness or over-confidence would make impossible of achievement.

The symbol of a "butting ram" utilised by astrologers to represent the sign of Aries is not without deep significance. For, true to this

indication of their character, it will be found, if a careful study be made of people born under this sign, that most Arians have a habit of "butting" into things. Sometimes this is by accident, sometimes by design, but generally it is because that is their inherent nature, anyway.

After all, the world is all the better for a little new life and energy, and whatever their faults Arians can generally supply these things.

### Keen and Ambitious

**T**HEY usually have a haughty disregard for that which is old, out-moded or too slow; their quick minds leap ahead and see that progress is essential to the world as well as to the human being. They are quick to see the end of an enterprise before it has been fairly begun.

They are ambitious for success—the word failure is not included in their vocabulary; they want what they want, when they want it. And they have the "wants" worst of all while they are young.

As a result, it will be found that if opportunity does not knock early at the Arian's door Mr. or Miss Aries will chase it.

Small wonder, then, that Arians will be found, all the world over, holding down the chairs allotted to presidents of big corporations, to high Government officials, and to the owners, or high executives, of bold enterprises of every kind.

## £1000 Recipe Competition

**H**ERE are the full conditions and coupons for The Australian Women's Weekly £1000 Recipe Competition.

Only those entries which are submitted according to the rules are eligible.

All who enter must be regular readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Readers may send in as many recipes as they like, but each must be accompanied by one of the coupons printed on this page. Three coupons will be printed each week until the competition closes at Easter.

There is no objection to readers submitting, for example, two or more cake recipes, but a No. 1 coupon must be attached to each extra entry. The same procedure applies to extra entries in other sections.

Readers may save their coupons and submit all their entries at a later stage in the competition.

Entries submitted now, however, are eligible for consideration in the weekly prize awards.

Write your recipe clearly on one side of paper only—in ink or typed, not in pencil.

Sign name and address CLEARLY on each recipe.

List ingredients accurately in the order in which they are used. State whether measurements are level or heaped spoonfuls, etc. Give weights exactly.

If recipes are taken from books or current magazines and newspapers please make this clear, giving name of publication.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical, and economical.

The decision of the Editor will be final.

No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes.

All recipes submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to print or publish any of them on payment of 2/6 per recipe.

Entries are sent at readers' own risk, and The Australian Women's Weekly cannot accept responsibility in the event of loss.

### Here are the entry coupons:

#### 1. BEST CAKE RECIPE

Is this your own recipe?.....  
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.  
25/3/39

#### 2. DESSERTS, PUDDINGS, SWEETS, PASTRIES

Is this your own recipe?.....  
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.  
25/3/39

#### 3. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVED FRUITS

Is this your own recipe?.....  
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.  
25/3/39

Remember—Your full name and address must be written on each recipe. Address entries: £1000 Recipe Competition, The Australian Women's Weekly. See full address at top of page 2.

## Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): The stars will befriend most Arians for some weeks to come. Make the most of March 30 (p.m.), 31 (all day), April 1 (to noon).

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Unspectacular. March 25 just fair. **GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): You can turn March 26 and 27 to fair account; work hard and plan wisely.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 22): The stars lay traps for unwary Cancerians at this time. Routine best.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): The race will be to the swift (and wise) Leonians at this time. Chase opportunities and work hard on March 30 (afternoon), 31, and April 1 (until noon). Be confident and optimistic.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Just a week of days for you.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Indiscreet Librans can run into trouble just now, especially on March 28, 29, and 30 (early). Live quietly.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): March 25 poor. March 28 and 29 just fair.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Go ahead with confidence. Make the most of March 30, 31 and April 1 (early). Seek promotion or changes.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Trouble can catch up with unwise Capricornians on March 28, 29 and 30 (early). Take no risks, for delays or difficulties will predominate.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): March 26 and 27 favor you slightly, so try to finalise matters already started.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): March 28 and 29 just fair. Routine advised.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

## "DULUX" COLOUR MAGIC GAVE US a New Room



**W**E had a spare room that nobody liked because it was dull and drab—then a friend said, "Use Dulux." That was the start—and now we have a beautiful, cheery, colourful room that is admired by all! Yes, Dulux—the lovely "miracle finish"—gave us a new room! "Dulux" is easy to use—it dries quickly—without brush marks—and it's the only finish really tough enough to withstand the knocks and bumps of everyday use!



**THE SYNTHETIC FINISH. SUPERSEDES ENAMELS AND VARNISHES**

A Product of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd. Makers of "Duco" Lacquers.

Write in for post-free "Manual on the Application of Dulux Finishes."



## Healthy Legs For All!

### Elasto, the Wonder Tablet

Take It! and Stop Limping  
Painful aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first you begin to experience improved health with greater buoyancy, a better step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) legs are restored to a healthy condition, troubles clear up, leg wounds become healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply goes away and the whole system is strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical. It is the natural result of revitalised and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

### Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? The question is fully answered in a very instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts on the blood. Your copy is free—see below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort to aches within the system. A new soft, supple, overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and helping into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been known to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for **FREE Booklet.**  
Supply your name and address to ELASTO, 1511, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the Elasto booklet. Or better still get a copy of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your nearest druggist and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from all chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

## FALSE TEETH STAINED?

Clean them this WAY!  
Fill the cup of water with Steradent and stir the powder. Dip the dentures in the solution and let them soak for 15 minutes. Then brush them thoroughly with a soft brush. Dinky teeth gleam white and your dentures feel and look like new! Steradent is sold at all chemists, 2/6. Double the strength.

It is safe with 'Stomatitis'. It is highly recommended by the Dental profession.  
SUGGITT'S (OVERSEA) LTD.  
(Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney.

## NEW ICE DEODORANT

vanishes completely  
non-greasy and non-sticky  
Checks Perspiration Instantly  
How to use—Vanishes completely as you put it on.  
Protection—Keeps the underarm completely dry 13 days.  
Non-Greasy—Non-sticky—will not soil clothing.  
Perfumed—The odour of the pure alcohol evaporates immediately, leaving no musty, tell-tale odour, does not interfere with your own favourite perfume.  
Cool and cool—It leaves the underarm refreshed and cool.

Observe the directions on the label of the jar.  
One size only.  
2/6  
**ODO-RO-NO**  
Ice Cool and non-sticky

# £1000 cash for RECIPES

You have less than three weeks to enter this great competition—so cut out the entry coupons to-day.

Among the thousands of recipes sent in last week for our mammoth recipe contest were one from Papua and another from Fiji.

Novelties included recipes for boiled cakes, unbaked cakes and unusual sweets for party tables.

ONE of the pudding recipes was written in verse, beginning:

"If you like a good pudding, observe what you're taught, Take six fine fresh eggs, when twelve for a groat..."

The winner of the grand champion prize of £500 may be among the thousands of entries already sent in, or it may not have been sent in yet. It may be the one you are going to send in this week!

The contest is open to every reader, whether in city or country. Ample time is given for the submission of entries from country people. Any member of the family can enter, and you can send as many recipes as you like, provided that each recipe is accompanied by the right coupon. For instance, three cake recipes must be accompanied by three No. 1 coupons.

The conditions of the competition are simple, but read them carefully as recipes which do not fulfil all conditions will be disqualified.

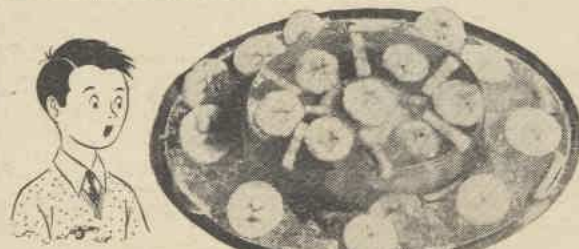
If, after sending your recipe, you realise you have not fulfilled all the conditions—you may have omitted the coupon or failed to write your name and address on the recipe—send in your entry again.

A number of entrants have sent in coupons asking us to attach them to recipes sent at an earlier date. Because of the very large number of entries being handled every day, it is impossible for our staff to do this.

So, if you realise you have left out your address, or the coupon, or failed to fulfil the conditions in some



A RECIPE for a sweet dish similar to any of these might win £500. Enter now! Entry coupons and conditions on opposite page.



other way, start again and send your entry in afresh. It will be a matter of only a few minutes' work. If you are sending in recipes for the third section note carefully that it includes "jam, jelly and preserved fruit." It does NOT include fruit

drinks or wines, chutneys, sauces, pickles or preserved vegetables. Coupons, which must accompany all entries, and full conditions of the competition, will be found on opposite page. Full prize list appears at foot of this page.

## PRIZE LIST

### GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE, £500

This prize will be awarded to the best recipe submitted in any of the three sections of the competition. It can be a recipe for a cake, pudding, or sweets dish, or for jam, jelly or preserves. The recipe which wins this prize is not eligible for any of the other prizes listed below.

### 1. BEST CAKE RECIPE First Prize £100

100 Consolation Prizes of £1 Each. Recipes may be submitted for any type of cake—plain or fancy. Cost of ingredients should not exceed 5/- for a 2lb. cake.

### 2. DESSERTS—PUDDINGS, SWEETS DISH or PASTRIES First Prize £100

100 Consolation Prizes of £1 each. The recipe for this dish should be sufficient for a family of four. Any type of pudding, sweets dish or pastry is eligible.

### 3. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVES First Prize £50

50 Consolation Prizes of £1 each. Recipes may be submitted for any type of jam or jelly or preserved fruit.

### Kitchenware, Too!

In addition, the prize list has been augmented by goods donated by the Stronglight Aluminium Co. Ltd., as follows:—  
Kitchen Set of 21 pieces, value £10, to main prizewinner.  
Kitchen Set of 17 pieces, value £7/10/-, to winner of Cake Section.  
Kitchen Set of 17 pieces, value £7/10/-, to winner Dessert Section.  
Kitchen Set of 8 pieces, value £5, to winner of Jam Section.

## LOTTERY LUCK

### HOW TO WIN

#### Astrologer's Advice

THERE is luck in lotteries. Some people win many times, others only once. Some win the first time they take a ticket; others take a hundred tickets before they win. Readers who want to know their lucky days and numbers are invited to send the date, month and year of their birth to Pundit Asrah, whose astrological knowledge has already helped thousands.

Others who have done this write: Mrs. R. . . . Turramurra: "Having tested the astrologer's advice I backed five firsts, and have been lucky in winning. To me it was astonishing."

Mrs. L.M., Enfield: "Received reading, which was really wonderful. You are a clever astrologer. Your ten simple rules on 'How to be Lucky' are splendid, and I have never had such hope and inspiration."

There is a £1000 guarantee that these are genuine extracts from letters available for inspection. Attach a postal note for 1/- and a stamped addressed envelope to this paragraph with the date, month and year of your birth, and send it to-day to Pundit Asrah, Desk NAW6, Box 586E, G.P.O., Hobart, Tasmania.

By return mail you will receive the days and numbers which, according to the stars, are lucky, also ten simple rules on "How to be Lucky." You can have your money back if you are not satisfied.

## RHEUMATISM

THOUSANDS of pain-tormented victims have been saved from a living death by the great new arterial medicine DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS, which has proved so marvellous for Rheumatism, Arthritis, and High Blood Pressure. Attacks and joints lose stiffness and pain. Aches and pains vanish as MENTHOIDS kill bacteria and germs cleansing your blood-stream. Get a 4/6 (month's treatment) pack or a 2/6 (15-day treatment) pack of MENTHOIDS from your nearest Dr. MACKENZIE'S Chemist to-day. Get Dr. MACKENZIE'S genuine MENTHOIDS.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Gifford, 48 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

## here's a SALAD for you..!



### but it DOES NEED MUSTARD!

It's hard to imagine a savoury salad without lettuce. It's impossible to imagine it without salad dressing—made with Keen's mustard, of course. Here's a splendid salad dressing:—Beat thoroughly in a saucepan 1/2 cup mild

vinegar, 1 egg, 1 demerspoon sugar, 1 heaped teaspoon Keen's Mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 heaped teaspoon cornflour and 1 cup milk, adding latter slowly to avoid curdling. Boil on slow gas stirring constantly. Remove and beat with egg whisk till cool.

and MUSTARD means...

# KEEN'S



K118-9






*Worth looking into - - -*

# *Daily Telegraph*

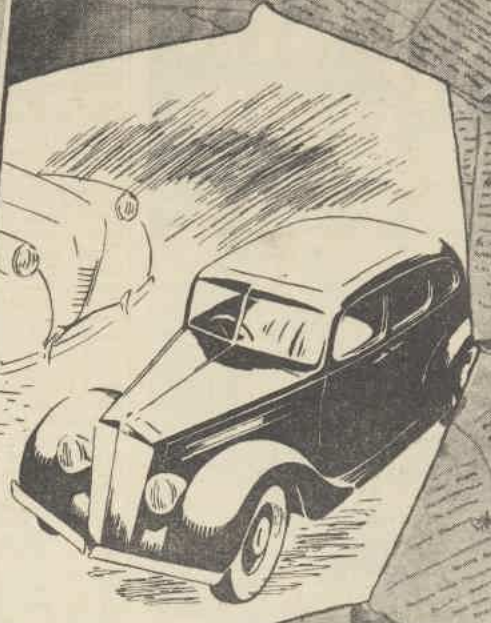
Mid-City Office: 115 Pitt Street




### Graph Classified Advertising



### Glossified Advertising





79 "DIFFERENT CLASSIFICATIONS  
every one packed with information  
and opportunities to buy and sell.

From flowers to furniture—from cars to carpets—  
from puppies to poultry—from radio to real estate  
—you'll find the very thing you want at the price  
you want to pay, in Daily Telegraph Classified  
Want Ads. . . . . Read them every day.

Amusements—Apartments, Board, Residence—Auction Sales  
—Births—Boats for Sale, Etc.—Books, Publications, Etc.—  
Building Materials—Builders and Repairers—Business  
Announcements—Businesses for Sale or Wanted—Calls and  
Dividends on Shares—Carriers & Removalists—Casual Work  
Wanted—Church Notices—Dancing—Deaths—Dental Notices  
—Dogs, Animals, Cats—Dress and Fashion—Educational—  
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ONE SHILLING A LINE  
WEEK-DAYS  
ONE AND A PENNY SATS.  
Most Classifications



# Damp-set

YOUR HAIR WITH VELMOL



Perfect! Use a little VELMOL before putting hair to pins ... Ask for VELMOL.

**It works on hair of any texture . . . on any wave, natural or permanent . . . and takes but four minutes!**

America—and now Australia—is wild about this marvellous new way to "damp-set" your own hair—and save many shillings and many hours of time.

It's so easy! All you need is brush, comb, and an ounce of VELMOL. (A bottle is only 2/- at any chemist, store, or hair-dresser.) And all you do is brush it through the hair and simply press waves into place! . . . "Damp-setting" keeps hair fastidiously fresh—keeps waves so firm and neat—yet never "stiff" or "greasy."

Holds even a finger-wave for days. Makes a "perm." last a lot longer.

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# Gifts for Siren

### SOAP USERS

4 CROSSES WITH EACH LARGE BAR

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Large hemstitched Supper Cloth and 4 Serviettes to match. Extra good quality; colours—primrose, green and blue. Save 148 Siren Crosses.

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Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ Crosses

(Gifts requested)

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

## There's a Price

Continued from Page 6

THEY were still watching when Tim brought down the last bird of his day's quota, whistled Brook in, and set out for home. The girl turned to her companion. Her dark eyes sparkled. The smooth golden tan of her cheeks was flushed with excitement. She spoke with the crisp directness of one long used to giving orders.

"I must have him," she said. "I knew he was a find the moment I saw him yesterday. But I never dreamed he'd have such form. He'd simply run away with the honors at home. You know he would, Don!"

With grave blue eyes the young man studied her glowing face. "I wonder," he said, "if you ever wanted anything you couldn't have, Gloria."

"Not yet!" she flashed. "And I don't intend to begin to-day. I'm going to buy that dog."

Don Kenyon smiled. "Regardless, I suppose, of whether his owner wants to sell him or not. You're incorrigible, Gloria!"

The girl's delicate brows, dark and straight, came together in something very close to a frown. Her eyes challenged his.

"Don't be tiresome, Don! Why shouldn't I have the dog if I want him? He'll be better off—and so will the people who own him."

"But," Don insisted, "you still haven't answered my question. After all, you know, they might happen to be fond of their dog, and not want to sell him . . ."

She wheeled her horse about, into the road. "Very well!" she said. "There's only one way to settle that argument!" And she was off at a flying gallop, the earth flying in a shower behind her horse's hoofs.

They drew rein in Tim Abernathy's yard. The setter stretched out in the sun rose to his feet and greeted them with a courteous wave of his silk-plumed tail. Then he stood, gravely regarding them, undecided yet whether these strangers were intruders or friends.

The girl drew a long breath. "Look at him!" she said. "He's even more stunning than I remembered."

At that moment the door was opened and Tim Abernathy stepped out on the porch. Behind him Jinny stood in the open doorway, eyes wide with admiration and friendly with welcome for the girl who had flashed for a moment like some bright bird of passage into her drab little yard. Don, sitting his horse beside Gloria, nodded to the tall young farmer, and smiled at his wistfully pretty wife. But he waited for Gloria to speak.

She came straight to the heart of the matter. "I want to buy your dog," she said crisply to Tim. "If his pedigree is satisfactory. And the price."

She smiled her quick smile at Tim's serious face. It was a lovely smile, Don thought, and yet it was somehow bright without being warm. Gloria's smile had troubled him almost ever since he had fallen in love with her, at first sight, a year ago. It troubled him to-day more than ever. She was growing impatient now, waiting for his answer that was so slow in coming.

Tim glanced down first at Jinny, who had stepped quickly to his side, white and startled. Then he looked straight into the eyes of the girl on the horse. "Brook's not for sale," he said quietly.

Gloria's face flushed darkly under its golden tan. Even her smooth round throat was flushed above the silk collar of the soft shirt she always wore with her riding coat. She completely ignored Tim's answer. "I'll give you a hundred guineas for him," she said, exactly as if he had not spoken.

Don heard the quick, incredulous intake of Jinny's breath. He saw the relief that flickered for a brief moment in her blue eyes, then faded as she shook her head in silent refusal. Tim hadn't even looked at her this time. And there was no waiting for his answer.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, but Brook's not for sale. So the price doesn't matter, does it?"

There was impatience and annoyance in every line of Gloria's trim figure—in the poise of her dark imperious little head.

"The price always matters!" she said. "And everything has its price. I'll make it one hundred and fifty guineas. I'll be in the village a fortnight longer. The offer holds until then."

She flicked her horse lightly with her whip. She was off like a flash, without another glance for the man and woman standing side by side, or the dog who looked gravely after the departing guests, his tail moving

gently with relief that they were gone. He had made up his mind about these strangers. Some incomprehensible danger had ridden with them into the yard. It was past now, and he was glad, though its shadow seemed still to be over the faces of his master and mistress.

As the two riders turned into the main road, and vanished beneath the dense foliage of an oak tree, Tim's arm went round Jinny's shoulder. She buried her head against the blue linen of his shirt. She was shaking with sobs.

Grimly he put his hand under her chin and made her look up at him. "Don't, Jinny! I can't stand it, darling. I thought that was what you wanted. But we'll do it, Jinny. If you say so . . . She gave us a fortnight."

Jinny straightened, at that, and wiped away her tears. Then she went down on her knees by the dog, her arms round his neck.

"So," she said. "That's what you think! You think I'd sell him—when I've had him since he was a puppy. Why don't you talk about selling Timmy? Or me? I'm ashamed of you, Tim!"

Tim took out his pipe and filled it before he spoke. His hand was not quite steady as he struck a match

## GIRLIGAG



THE only thing gained by telling people they are putting on more weight is fewer friends.

and lighted it. But his voice was matter-of-fact, even casual. It was not easy for Tim to frame emotions in words.

"I thought you'd feel like that Jinny. That's why I spoke without even asking you. But I do wish she'd stay away from here. It's a lot of money, when you need it as badly as we do."

Jinny stood up. "We'll just forget about it," she said. "We'll manage. There's always bound to be a way, if you don't give up trying."

Tim kissed her. "That's better, Jinny. I'll try old Scofield next week. He's due home then, and it won't be the first time he's saved my life for me. We'll manage, Jinny."

They were brave words. But Jinny found them harder and harder to say, as one day slipped into another. So quickly they passed—so quickly each one with a fainter dawning of hope and courage—rushing onward to that inevitable morning which would mark the end of happiness and independence for Tim Abernathy and his wife. Night after night Jinny lay beside Tim, staring into the darkness, facing the future. Until at last she could stand it no longer. Tim had come back that day from one of his last futile trips to town. George Scofield had changed his mind about coming home. He had sailed for America instead. And John Morgan had been adamant. Tim had known it would be useless to plead with Morgan. But he had tried it all the same.

Morgan had laughed. "What do you think I'm in business for?" he had demanded. "My health?" No, Morgan wasn't in business for his health. Everyone knew that. They knew, too, that in spite of his shabby clothes he was one of the richest men in the county. And they knew he was rich precisely because he never listened to pleas for mercy.

Please turn to Page 53

## The Case of THOMAS S



NAME: THOMAS S. AGE: 35

PROFESSION: JOURNALIST

SYMPTOMS: DULL AND LETHARGIC, PALE OF EYES, LOSS OF WEIGHT, HEADACHES AND SLEEPING TRICKS.

DIAGNOSIS: CONSTIPATION - RESULTING FROM INACTION OF BOWEL MOVEMENTS - HINDERING THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

TREATMENT: SECURE NORMAL BOWEL ACTION - COMBINATION WITH SALT PILLS.

## BANISH CONSTIPATION

NYAL FIGSEN ends constipation in a NATURAL way because it is a combination of three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Seeds and Castor. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting tablet. You chew it up. Restore normal bowel action promptly and gently with Figsen—equally good for adults and children. Sold and recommended by chemists everywhere. 1/3 tin.

NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION

## He kisses Your Lips

but



sees your FAIR HAIR

FAIR GIRLS! When his lips meet yours, his eyes are on your hair. That's a shame! You're searching for a film-bust. And fair hair isn't a special cure. Never let it get dull and dark and "mousy." You must never risk its lovely light by using ordinary hair-washes. Use Nyal's Fair Hair Shampoo specially made for fair hair. It is rich in Vitex, the amazing hair vitamin which promotes fair hair growing little, keeps it soft, supple and silky. But far more than this—Nyal's shampoo not only keeps fair hair light, it actually makes dark hair 2 to 4 shades lighter in a few minutes. Acts as a miracle touch. Nyal's shampoo contains no dyes or toxicous bleaches. It is a scientific treatment that brings back that "lighter" colour and subtle luster of childhood. Try Nyal's shampoo at once. Try it today. Sole distributors: Farnell and Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 5679 St. Sydney.

CONTAINS ENOUGH FOR TWO SHAMPOOS

## Gas in the Stomach is Dangerous

Daily Use of Salix Magnesia Overcomes Troubles Caused by Acid Indigestion.

Gas in the stomach accompanied by a full bloated feeling after eating is almost certain evidence of too much hydrochloric acid in the stomach, causing so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous. Too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leads to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sour, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of follies to neglect such a serious condition or to try to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralising effect on the stomach acids. Instead get a little Salix Magnesia from your nearest chemist or store and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. This will drive out the gas, wind and bloating, sweeten the stomach, neutralise the excess acid, and prevent its formation, and stop sourness, gas or pain. Salix Magnesia is harmless, inexpensive, and a fine remedy for acid stomach. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no fear of indigestion.



## RIDING home

Tim had made up his mind to tell Jimmy. But when the moment came he found he couldn't. And she had said to him somehow. She lay and still, going over and over in her mind. And out of her mind the face of a girl's imperious face came.

The tears came. The girl had fought so long and so hard. She held her close in his big arms. There was nothing else he could do. There was nothing he could do. There was nothing he could do.

He could only smooth her forehead back from her eyes, while she sobbed out her grief against his chest.

At last, with a long, deep breath, "We'll have to go," she said. "There's no time. We've just got to choose between Brook and Timmy. I'll take Timmy. I'll take Timmy. I'll take Timmy."

"Better let me have it," Don said. "He's not going to like it when he's left here."

"I'm quite sure I can handle him," she answered coldly, and took the end of the rope from Tim.

SHE was right. Gramercy Weatherbrook the Second was a gentleman. He stood quietly where Tim ordered him to, in the hall, while Tim put on his old felt hat, and said good-night, and went out into the moonlight, and left them there. They heard him stumble as he went down the two steps.

Donald turned to the girl who stood looking proudly down at the dog. Her cheeks were flushed with victory. Her eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Gloria," he said gravely, "did you look at that man's face when he took the money from you?"

Gloria turned towards him, pulling the dog closer to her side as she did so. Her voice was still crisp, but it was not lovely now. It was hard with anger.

"I'm tired of your interfering, Don. Do you understand? I'm tired of it!"

The man straightened his broad shoulders. It was as if he were bracing himself for a physical blow. He stood looking down at her a moment before he answered, his blue eyes steady, the strong line of his jaw set firmly, a strange pallor under the deep tan of his cheeks.

"You're tired of me, too, Gloria," he said. "I know that. I've known it for some time, only I couldn't face it until to-night. There were other things I couldn't face, either. But I'm facing them now. I told myself you were just spoiled. But it's worse than that. You're cold, and selfish, and hard. If you knew the meaning of a real human emotion you'd have seen what I saw in that man's face to-night."

The diamond pendant at her throat flashed and sparkled with the quickness of her breathing. Its brilliance was as stormy as her eyes.

"Why," she demanded, "did you stand by and watch, when I was doing such a dreadful thing? Why didn't you rush to the defence of the poor, injured man—who as a matter of fact was making a very wonderful bargain? ... And I think you're right. I am tired of more than your interference, Don. I'm tired of—of you."

"I know that, too, Gloria. But I still believe you have a heart hidden somewhere—and I still love you. I've fought against it. I've tried not to. But I do. That's why I stood here to-night, and watched you paying blood-money to a man who loves his dog as you've never loved anyone. Certainly not me. I couldn't believe that you wouldn't see—wouldn't ask him what it was that had made him desperate enough to sell his dog—wouldn't offer to help. I can't believe—yet—that you won't do something about it. Let me buy the dog, Gloria. And let me take him back to them. I'm willing to pay your price. In your own words. There's a price for everything. What's yours?"

She was a slender column of ice, in the white snow of her gown. She took the sapphirine ring from her finger and held it out to him. He made no move to take it. It dropped at her feet and lay there, a spark of pale blue fire, as cold as her eyes.

She started to turn away, but he held her with the steadiness of his gaze.

"You've bought the dog, Gloria," he said. "You think you've bought him. But he doesn't belong to you. He never will belong to you. If you don't believe it, look at his eyes. Dogs—dogs like this one—have something we haven't. An instinct which tells them things we only learn from bitter experience. You'd better keep him tied up. He'll go home the first chance he gets."

Don went out into the moonlight. He stumbled as Tim had stumbled, on the steps. He went on, blindly, along box-bordered walks, to a little summer-house at the end of the garden. He sat there, with folded arms, staring in front of him, while the music stopped, and window after window went dark, and at last the first faint glow of a glorious dawn shone palely pink above the darkness of the oak trees.

He paused at the garage for his car. It was several miles to the Abernathy place. He wanted to get there before Brook did, and he knew the dog would take some short cut through the woods. As he came in sight of the little farmhouse it occurred to him suddenly that he might not want this early morning visit known to anyone. He turned aside into a narrow lane and parked his car behind a clump of trees where it was well hidden from the road. Then he went swiftly back to the main road, and up the path to the house.

No one was stirring. There was no sign of the dog. Don had lifted his hand to knock on the door when a fleeting shadow caught his eye. He listened a moment. He heard distinctly a man's low voice. Tim Abernathy's voice. Tim was standing with his back to Don, as he walked round the corner of the house. Brook was reared up against his master, his eyes glowing with joy, his tail beating an ecstatic tattoo against his sides.

But Tim was shaking his bare head sorrowfully. "It's no use, old man," he said. "You're just making it harder. For both of us. I don't think I can stand it all over again. But that's what I've got to do."

## S

UDDENLY, out of the shadows, a dark shape flashed along the path, past the summer-house, out of sight. Don was at the door, staring after that racing ghost, which was not a ghost but a slender dog with a gnarled rope trailing its frayed end after him.

Don knew where the dog was going. Regardless of evening clothes or patent shoes, he ran after him along the path. He had made up his mind what to do. He had lost Gloria, in any case. But he would find out about the look in Tim Abernathy's eyes. If it had been what he thought—well, possession was nine points of the law! He would tell Tim to keep his dog—hide him, if necessary. Then he would give the one hundred and fifty guinea back to Gloria.

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Half-Sick,  
Nervy Wife  
Gains New Strength

Women, by nature, are more easily upset than men. More highly-strung when nerve-force gets low, nerves give way and tempers turn into nervous exhaustion, which destroys restful sleep, and impairs digestion. Don't let wrinkles or nerves line your youthful face. Don't let a "nervous stomach" make you half-sick, tired. Keep your charm—your strength to deal with things. At the first sign of "nerves" take Phosphorated Iron. This wonderful old combination of phosphorus and iron exercises a strong power-producing action on the nerve-cells, thereby stimulating and strengthening the body. It has restored nerve-force, mental vigour and physical energy to thousands of men and women. The whole goodness of Phosphorated Iron is concentrated in easy-to-take tablets, and you simply take two with each meal. Get a package (60 tablets) any chemist to-day.

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OH MY HANDS! OH GOODNESS ME! \*



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# JOINT PAINS caused by KIDNEY TROUBLE

Only a special Kidney Remedy can help you

Aching muscles, swollen, inflamed joints, dreadful pains in the back, the crippling torture of rheumatism, are all Nature's warnings of deep-seated kidney trouble. When kidneys are weak and sluggish, impurities and poisons (especially excess uric acid) remain in the system. They lodge in the joints and muscles causing the day and night torture you call rheumatism.

The quickest, surest way—indeed the only certain way to end the pain caused by stiff, swollen joints and aching muscles is to wake sluggish kidneys to action. De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills act directly on the kidneys and cleanse the system of the impurities that cause your suffering.

## RESULTS IN 24 HOURS

In 24 hours after the first dose you can see yourself that the kidneys are being stimulated. Many sufferers will tell you that just a few doses have ended severe pain when all else has failed. De Witt's Pills have one object—to cleanse and strengthen weak kidneys. This they do because they act directly and at once on these vital organs.

# DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

"It's lucky I couldn't sleep. If I hadn't got dressed before dawn and come out here to think—well, I'd hate Jinny to catch another glimpse of you!"

He ordered the crestfallen dog into a shed, fastened the door, and dropped the key in his pocket. It was only when he turned round that he saw Don Kenyon waiting for him. If he was surprised to see him at this unearthly hour, in evening dress, he gave no sign.

Don held out his hand. "I've come to have a talk with you, Abernathy. I want you to tell me the truth."

There was a warmth about Don's quick smile, and in his friendly voice, that most people found hard to resist. Tim didn't even try. He had liked this handsome young fellow from the first moment he had seen him. He looked him steadily in the eyes as he took the hand he had held out.

"It's the dog?" he asked. "You want to talk about him?"

Don nodded. "I want to know why you sold him to Miss Rogers. You didn't change your mind about the dog. Something else changed it for you. Is that right?"

"That's right. But there's nothing we can do now." He shrugged his big shoulders. "What's done is done."

Don smiled. "Not always. Anyway I want to talk it over."

"Well," Tim said, "you'll have to talk to Jinny, too, if it's anything to do with business. Only don't tell her that Brook came home."

"I promise!" Don said. And followed Tim along the path to the back door and into the kitchen.

Just inside the door Tim paused and glanced at Don, surprise and question in his eyes. Don stopped, too. He had heard the voices. Women's voices. He knew just as little as Tim what they meant. But something told him this was a moment when he should be neither seen nor heard. He motioned to the other for silence and went quietly across the room to the closed door which led into the living-room beyond. The voices were louder



### Read this Convincing Evidence

Mrs. E. M. Haslett, of 21 Brichwood Street, Eildon, Victoria, writes:—"Over 15 years ago I started to suffer with pains in the back and limbs. The trouble was very severe, and I tried several remedies. At last I was introduced to De Witt's Pills, and after taking only about 12 pills I noticed improvement, and I have no pains now. In fact I can say that I am in perfect health."

### TERRIFIC PAIN ENDED

Mr. H. A. Cave, of 41 Chapel Street, Norwood, South Aust., writes:—"Some time ago I started work, but after a week I had pains in my back. I tried numerous remedies but none were of any good to me. But one day I was about to give my job up when my mate told me about De Witt's Pills. I have tried them and found quick relief, and since, I have been in good health."

You can stop the torture of joint pains, aching muscles, rheumatism, the down-dragging weakness of backache and all the pain and suffering caused by kidney trouble if you will only take—

## There's a Price

Continued from Page 53

now. He could hear what they were saying. One voice was Jinny's. The other—strangely—incidentally—was Gloria's.

It was Gloria who was talking. "He ran away," she was saying, "because he didn't like me. I kept him in my room last night. I gave him his dinner. I tried to make friends with him. And he just went off in a corner, as far away as he could get—and looked at me. As if he never wanted to see me again. In exactly the same way..." She caught herself up quickly on that unfinished sentence. Then she went on. "He wouldn't go to sleep. Even when I turned out the light—I knew he was lying in the darkness—looking at me. Twice I turned on the light, quickly, to see. The third time, when I did that, he was gone. I must have fallen asleep for a little while."

"THE rope was gnawed through, and he was gone. There was only one way—out of the window on to the balcony, then down into the garden. I don't know how he didn't break his leg. I was afraid he might have, so I dressed, and got a horse, and came after him. As fast as I could. I knew he'd come here. He—he loves you. And he hates me."

The clear, crisp voice faltered. Jinny broke in. "But he—he hasn't come here," she said, plainly frightened. "We'd have brought him back immediately if he had."

"Oh!" the girl said. "Don't look at me like that! As if you were afraid of me—as if you hated me, too. You're the third, since last night. And I can't stand it any more..."

There was a soft little rush in the room on the other side of the door. Then Jinny spoke, as she might have spoken to Timmy.

"Don't—don't cry!" she said. "You're so beautiful. And you have everything you want in the world. I didn't mean it like that—and Brook didn't. It's just that we're in such trouble that we hardly know what we're doing. He only knew you were taking him away from the only home he's ever had. He was given to me as a wedding present, a sick little puppy. And I nursed him, and he's been a part of the family ever since. He'll like you, after a while, when he gets used to you. And I only looked at you because—because I was afraid something had happened to Brook..."

It was Jinny's voice that broke now. And Gloria who comforted her.

"It's all right!" she said. "All right—for you. I came to find out if something somebody said was true. I know it, now. I know you only sold the dog because you were in trouble. I want you to take him back—and keep the money. I'll give it to you—or lend it to you—whatever you say, if you'll just let me help you. Only you must decide now—this morning—because I'm taking the early train home. And there's someone who must never know about this. About your trouble. About me. About—anything. You can tell your husband, of course. But no one else. Promise?"

"I promise," Jinny said. "But I'm sorry, if it's the man who was here with you that day." She hesitated a moment, then rushed on. The

words tumbled over each other. She was afraid she would lose the courage to speak. That was clear. "I'm sorry about it, because he loves you."

"That," Gloria said slowly, "is something I know to-day. But I didn't know it yesterday. And to-day is too late. Don loved me once. But he doesn't love me now. He—he hates me. He told me so last night. At least, he might as well have told me. It was in his eyes. He said things, too, that made me terribly angry. But they're all true. I knew that, last night, when I tried to look at Brook's eyes. You see, no one ever told me the truth about myself before. I—I'm going now. And when the dog comes, remember he's yours. And the money is yours. I'll talk to your husband about it when I come down again next year. But not to-day..."

Her quick, light step was half-way across the room by the time Don threw the door open. She turned to face him. The early morning sun, streaming through small-paned windows, sparkled on tears that still clung to her lashes. She stood staring at him for a moment, in utter disbelief.

## Fiery Cargo

Continued from Page 53

"NOTHING. I'm twenty-one to-day, and you're not my guardian any more. I'm going to Auntie McLean now, and I hate you."

"I'm sorry. I only disciplined you for your own good."

"Shut me up in my room, without pocket-money—was that for my good?"

"Yes, Peggy. With you threatening to run away to your aunt, I had to do something. I thought you'd get over your wild fit."

"You're not my guardian now that I'm twenty-one, so why have you come here?"

"What do you think I am? I have a moral responsibility for you. The expiration of the legal term of guardianship makes no difference to that."

"So you came because you felt responsible for me?"

"Yes."

"No other reason?"

"Well—er—you see—"

"I don't see. Go on."

Allen Brent, tall and good-looking, did not seem at this moment the strict guardian. Nor did Peggy seem the wild hoyden of this trip. Captain Bell, looking on, wondered what was passing in their minds.

"I was going to hand the young lady over to the police," he reminded them both, "for stowing away, and what's much worse, for eating up our stores."

"Eating your stores? Peggy!"

"Yes, she did eat them—pounds' worth," went on the skipper, a twinkle lightening his grim tone.

"Peggy!"

"I was hungry," confessed the girl. "And they had smoked me with sulphur. Ugh. I paid them out for it by eating their Sunday dinner, but I was sorry afterwards, and made them some cakes."

"...heard...?" in a very faint voice.

"Every word!" Don strode across the floor to her. "And you're my darling! Because I haven't stopped loving you. I just began, really, this morning. While I was eavesdropping on you there behind the back door. I came to tell the Abernathys to keep the dog, and I'd pay you him. So now I've one hundred fifty guineas burning a hole in my pocket."

She put both her hands on his cheeks and drew his face down to hers. "Give it to them—for a wedding present, Don. Only it will be our wedding..."

The rest was lost against Don's lips. Jinny tiptoed softly across the room to the kitchen—where she waited for her—and a big red dog was scratching madly at the back door. Tim opened it for him. "I'll be darned!" he said to Jinny while Brook stood looking curiously up at them, the frayed piece of rope still dangling from his collar.

"How does he do it? Ropes a locks. They don't mean a bit to Brook!"

Jinny laughed. Her eyes were starry. Her cheeks were pink. "That's because he loves us. Nothing can keep people away from the love."

(Copyright)

"With our goods," Captain Bell minded her.

"Ungrateful!"

"I'm going to hand you over to the police now," The skipper stern.

"No!" She fled to Allen Brent for protection. He took her in his arms. "Well!" The skipper looked a bit pained.

"Peggy, I couldn't tell you that—I was your guardian—but now I—I'm very fond of you."

The skipper suddenly vanished. The rest of the scene was noised in the quiet pantry, with only a water-reflected flicker on the sea head for company. The girl in white was held in the man's arms, a little shoes off the floor, while he kissed her for the first time.

"Peggy! I do love you!"

"I love you! Allen, why didn't you tell me, give me any hint? I would have run away then."

"Let's start all over. I want to give you a ring, with five diamonds—like that kind. You once said."

"I know. Oh, Allen! ... But what about the captain's plum pudding that I've stolen? He wants to punish me for it, I'm sure."

The captain was heard descending the wooden steps to the pantry. His laughter rolled out.

"Ho, ho, ho! I think I'll let you off. You've got someone to look after you now. Only," he went on, with a twinkle, "I'd advise your husband to make you peel potatoes occasionally, for the good of your soul."

(Copyright)

All characters in the serial are short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly, and have no reference to any living person.

**CORNWELL'S**  
PURE MALT VINEGAR  
BREWED FROM Malted Grain  
THE VINEGAR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA SYDNEY NEW  
1 PINT & FLUID OZ.

*For a Salad Success*

The most enticing salad dressings are made with the sparkling flavour of this fine old Vinegar. You can always rely on Cornwell's Pure Malt Vinegar.

**CORNWELL'S**  
PURE MALT VINEGAR

IN QUARTS AND PINTS



# THE HOMEMAKER

March 25, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## Streamline your figure . . . now!

DAILY exercises will strengthen your muscles, stretch your backbone, and enable you to stand erect—to achieve good posture—with less effort.

PREPARE FOR AUTUMN CLOTHES—AND EXERCISE YOUR WAY TO SLENDERNESS

By JANETTE

POSTURE is the key to a good figure. Without good posture there can be no beauty.

And exercise is the way to good posture and general figure improvement.

But remember that there is a limit to the change that can be effected by any physical culture routine. The danger in a 12-stone girl seeking excessive slimmness is obvious.

The difference in bone structure is to a degree responsible for your weight.

A physical director, Jerry Hunter, in Hollywood, who streamlines the stars, says that the first good rule is to throw away your scales and to



LYING FLAT on the back and then raising trunk and touching toes with legs kept straight strengthens tummy muscles and reduces waist and hips. Demonstrated by Lois Green, Cinesound's feminine lead in their new film, "Gone To The Dogs."

the danger of injuring a ligament or a tendon.

The exercises illustrated on this page are all excellent for reducing or developing the figure. Do them conscientiously and regularly for good results.

Combine the exercises with these few health hints:

1. Take a glass of cold water immediately after your morning mouth-wash.

2. When taking your daily walk, breathe deeply—inhalé through the nose and exhale through the mouth.

3. Always masticate your food thoroughly; most cases of ill-health are brought on by eating to excess and improper mastication.

4. Never permit perspiration to remain on the body after exercising.

5. Take a hot soapy bath at least once a week, in addition to your daily tub or shower. The proper time to bathe is just before retiring.

Now here is a comforting thought—at least fifty per cent. of what is called glamor in film stars is developed by assiduous and expert training of the starlet. So that every girl by using intelligence can greatly increase her attractiveness. Developing and beautifying the body by a conditioning routine is the first necessity if the most is to be made of looks and appearance.



ANOTHER SLIMMING exercise. Raise arms and one leg; swing arms and leg out sideways, then lower. Repeat with other leg fifteen times.

Use your tape-measure to observe progress.

Proportion and symmetry are the desired ends.

Another thing—nature works hand in hand with the physical culturist in that the same exercises that reduce the overweight girl will aid her underweight sister to put on poundage.

It's just a matter of the speed in doing exercises. The girl reducing should do most exercises briskly. The underweight girl should do the same movements very slowly.

Before doing your daily down, warm up for a few minutes by jumping up and down on your toes or doing a little stationary running. This warming-up routine starts the blood circulating more quickly and limbers the muscles, avoiding



A NEW WAY of doing the old "touch your toes" exercise, demonstrated by Susan Hayward, Warner Bros. player. Instead of touching both feet together, touch each alternately as shown here.



LEG-RAISING with shoulders well back, as shown above, is good for poundage on hips or thighs. It should be done quickly about fifteen times with each leg. To put on weight, do the same exercise slowly.



Give your hair a Beauty Wash

EVERYONE'S talking about this "new thrilling way to wash hair"—with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo!—Without any doubt, it quickly brings out the full radiant loveliness of your hair, and awakens alluring highlights which you never previously knew existed.

Immediately you commence "beauty washing" your hair with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo you FEEL the difference. The rich, live "coconut bubbles" begin to foam through your hair, dissolving dust, dandruff and oily film—leaving your hair SILKY-CLEAN and more attractive than you've ever seen it before.

Then when you look at your hair in the glass—what a thrill! A glorious picture of shimmering loveliness. Its very texture richer, silkier, and altogether adorable. Watch how the waves come out deep, crisp, sparkling, and ever so much easier to dress.

Blondes—Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo preserves that true gold colour of your hair.

Brunettes—"Beauty washing" with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo finds new gleaming highlights in your hair.

Make your next shampoo a real "beauty wash"—with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo—a 2/6 bottle gives you 14 wonderful Shampoos. Obtainable all Chemists, stores, and hairdressers.

COLINATED COCOANUT OIL Shampoo



WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME + + + BY A DOCTOR

## Nightmares are something to worry about

**PATIENT:** My little girl is a frequent sufferer from nightmares. Is this something to worry about?

**DOCTOR:** There is an old-fashioned idea that nightmares have little significance and indicate no more than some sort of digestive disturbance.

It was a common thought that the symptom was due to overeating or perhaps followed indulgence in too much dessert.

No one but the child can appreciate the terrible fright of a nightmare. Though few of us in adult life have escaped this experience, the child cannot dismiss it with the ease that we do.

Frequently, repeated nightmares seriously interfere with the sleep and complete rest so essential for a growing child.

**PATIENT:** What, then, are the most common causes of nightmare attacks?

**DOCTOR:** Excessive fatigue, underweight, nervousness, restlessness and irritability are often causes.

These signs are frequently seen in the so-called nervous child.

Nightmare is often the violent expression of some fixed and constant fear or dread.

The easily-frightened child is one who harbors such a fear in his sub-

*NO UNPLEASANT dreams for this little girl . . . Her mother guards her against undue excitement before bedtime, and sees that her evening meal is light and easy to digest.*



conscious mind, which in sleep takes the form of a nightmare.

To overcome this fear the child should be comforted and not scolded or otherwise disciplined.

My advice to any parent is always to be sympathetic, making every quiet effort to determine just why the child is frightened.

Perhaps he has been listening to "hair-raising" episodes over the radio.

Some well-meaning friend or relative may have been telling the child about the "boggy-man" or goblin.

"There is no doubt that listening to such stories may cause a sensitive

child to suffer from nightmares.

Children who are easily excited and nervously overstimulated should be guarded against disturbing and nerve-racking experiences. They should be protected from bullying or teasing playmates.

Above all, they should have no exciting stories before bedtime.

The evening meal should be simple, consisting of easily-digested foods.

If the child has a nightmare and cries out in his sleep, it is best to awaken him and question him about the dream. Point out that there is no need for fear, and make sure before the lights are turned out that he has been reassured, and the tension gone.

If the nightmares persist, it is probable there is some neurotic disorder. Under such circumstances a doctor should be consulted.

**PATIENT:** What about mouth breathing in a child? Is it a serious symptom?

**DOCTOR:** It isn't pleasant to look at a child who is the victim of mouth breathing. Often it is a habit and an undesirable habit at that.

Too often it is neglected, and the child continues to be a mouth breather throughout life.

It is a symptom associated with disorders of the upper air passages. For example, children who are mouth breathers frequently suffer from infections of the nose, throat, nasal sinuses and ears.

They are usually underweight, irritable and backward in their growth and development—symptoms, too, of nightmare sufferers.

It is wise to determine the cause of mouth breathing. Do not look upon it as merely a habit.

*SOUND, restful sleep undisturbed by dreams is good for health and beauty. If you are a dreamer, try to eradicate the cause.*

**PATIENT:** What treatment do you advise for mouth breathing?

**DOCTOR:** Relief is possible only by the eradication of all those factors that necessitate this abnormal way of breathing.

Mouth breathing is a symptom that should never be neglected. If operation is needed, do not delay it.

It is amazing to note the improvement in the child after diseased and enlarged tonsils and adenoids have been removed.

Shortly after the operation, these children begin to sleep better and show marked improvement in their physical development.

What is even more astonishing are the rapid strides in their school work that follow the removal of all the obstacles to free breathing.

## "PARDON US, SALLY!"

WE ALL HAVE DATES WITH ANOTHER GIRL—"



You can't offend with underarm odour and still win out with men

**SHE'S DOOMED** to unpopularity right from the start—the girl with underarm odour! When there's a dance, she'll probably stay at home. Men will be introduced to her—but it's the other girl that they'll take out. Why should they want to be near a girl who isn't really sweet?

Of course, no girl would knowingly let underarm odour spoil her charm. Yet any girl can offend this way if she depends on a bath alone to keep her fresh.

For a bath removes only part perspiration. It can't prevent odour to come. That's why underarms always need Mum's sure care. Mum prevents risk of offend-

ing. Mum makes odour impossible.

It's a smart girl—and a popular one—who takes the simple precaution of using Mum after every bath and before every date. Just a quick touch of Mum under each arm and you're sure of your charm—sure you'll never offend those you want for friends. And you will find Mum has all the things

you like in a deodorant—**Mum is Quick!** Even when you're in a hurry there's always time for Mum. Half a minute is all you need, to be free from any danger of underarm odour.

**Mum is Harmless to Fabric!** Even your most delicate dress is safe with Mum! If you ever forget Mum, apply it even after you're dressed.

**MUM MAKES YOUR BATH LAST ALL EVENING LONG**



**Mum is Safe!** Mum actually soothes the skin. You can use it immediately after underarm shaving.

**Mum is Sure!** With Mum you're sure you're sweet—the kind of girl men like to be near! Mum's dependable protection lasts for a full day or evening. Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops every trace of underarm odour.

Obtainable everywhere: purse size 9d., regular size 1/6, double size 2/6.

**ANOTHER USE FOR MUM**

Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.

**MUM** takes the odour out of perspiration

**For young wives and mothers**

**This Question of Diet**

**EVERY** mother wishes to do the utmost for her baby while it is on the way. And nowadays there is a much fuller realisation of the fact that the food the expectant mother takes has a direct bearing on the health and strength of her unborn babe.

A leaflet on this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau. Readers interested may obtain a copy of the leaflet by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

**Alluring Lips**  
**NIGHT and DAY**

**EVERYTHING** you've hoped for in a lipstick . . . in Pond's new Lipstick! Night and day, it makes your lips alluring. Pond's new Lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich color in the bright sunlight, or under the glare of electric lights. **Double-Indelible** Pond's stays fresh and smooth on your lips for hours. Six smart new shades.

**Pond's**  
**NEW DOUBLE-INDELIBLE**  
**Lipstick**

• 1/- and 2/6 at all stores and chemists



## Flowers in the garden

... all the year round!

SHRUBS can be relied on to lend enchantment all the year, for they bloom or bear colored foliage or berries when other blooms are scarce.

—Says **THE OLD GARDENER.**



CASSIA, a splendid flowering shrub which grows to about ten feet in height and bears clusters of yellow flowers.

**N**O garden is complete without shrubs, especially the flowering type and those with colored foliage and berries.

They should form the background of every garden, whether small or large.

Among the smaller varieties suitable for the cottage garden are: Dwarf pomegranate, Cassia, Swan River pea bush, Bouvardia, and the dwarf azalea, Kurume.

In larger gardens trees may form a background with shrubs of all kinds in front.

Intermingle the varieties by planting an evergreen, a decidu-

ous, then a berry shrub, next an autumn foliage type, and so on, so that at the various times throughout the year there is always color in the garden.

Before starting on a shrubbery see that the drainage is good, and before digging give the area a good dressing of lime. This will sweeten the soil and also break down clay conditions. But on no account use lime at the same time as manure.

It is best to leave the ground lie for a few weeks after completing the digging. Then it should be pegged out, holes dug, plenty of well-rotted manure mixed with the soil and a sprinkle of bonedust given.



PETUNIAS, so showy and colorful, make a perfect carpet of color in a bed used for shrubs.

*Am I*  
**CONDEMNED  
TO SUFFER?**

**BAYER says NO!**

*Gain* **IMMEDIATE RELIEF** with  
**BAYER'S ASPIRIN**



No woman should suffer continual pain. Headache, neuralgia, even periodic pain, is unnecessary . . . more, it is dangerous. Pain, bad enough in itself, is usually an indication of ill-health to come. Get relief from pain and gain security from ill-health this simple way.

**BAYER'S ASPIRIN . . .**

**SPEEDY . . . SAFE!**

Bayer originated Aspirin as the safest, surest relief from all kinds of pain. Ask your doctor about Bayer. He will tell you that Bayer's Aspirin may be taken—should be taken, in fact—at the first indication of pain or ache. Bayer's Aspirin works speedily, yet is quite safe; it will not affect the heart, or upset the stomach. Remember, Bayer's costs no more than ordinary Aspirin.

*Bayer means Better*

**BAYER'S ASPIRIN GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF FROM: HEADACHES; RHEUMATISM; NEURALGIA; SCIATICA; LUMBAGO; INSOMNIA; SORE THROATS; 'FLU; COLDS; PERIODIC PAIN; AND ALL NERVE & MUSCLE PAINS & ACHES**

*The Original and Genuine*  
**BAYER'S  
ASPIRIN**

IN HANDY TINS OF 12 - 9d.  
BOTTLES OF 24 - 1/3  
BOTTLES OF 100 - 4/-





**W**HETHER or not your bedroom has been furnished and decorated attractively and has the right atmosphere is decided by your first waking moments.

If you've slept well, if your eyes open to charm and cheer, then the bedroom is as it should be.

So, for a good night, be practical and spend your first money on a good spring-mattress.

Buy sheets that are smooth and long enough for a pull-proof tuck-in at the foot and a broad turnover at the top, blankets which are light,

*BEDROOM furnished in period style. Twin-beds are covered with lacy spreads and a floral shadow tissue is used on lounge and easy chair. Carpet is plain. So are the curtains.*

warm, and again long enough to stay snug about your feet and cosy about your shoulders.

At one time it was the almost universal custom for the dressing-table to stand with the back of the mirror against the window, for in no other position could a good reflection be obtained.

But the development of modern electric lighting makes it possible for the dressing-table to be installed

in any part of the room desired without efficiency of the mirrors being affected.

And if you can install the right dressing-table in the right position the problem of comfort and convenience in your bedroom, as well as good appearance, is largely solved.

To make the most of a small room it is a good idea to use wallboard to make a false wall. This can be built-in twenty-one inches deep across the wide end of the room, each end being used for a cupboard.

Instead of cutting down the space this treatment seems to add to the spacious appearance of the room because the centre space between the cupboards forms a recess which allows the bed to stand back.

Another version of the recessing idea can be carried out with the dressing-table. This may be a simple unit formed by two pedestals supporting a clear glass shelf, which gives an unobstructed view in the mirror from head to foot. This is set between two commodious wardrobes.

The sketch on this page shows how this can be done.

A truly lovely color scheme for furnishing may be borrowed from a daffodil.

Try using green, white, and yellow chintz as covering for an easy-chair and ottoman, and set the

**T**HIS is the fourth of a series of articles which are appearing from time to time in The Australian Women's Weekly on interior decoration for the average small home-owner.

keynote for a scheme that brings a year-round spring effect indoors.

For the walls have white-painted woodwork and a pale yellow-and-white striped paper.

Frothy full-length muslin curtains should cover the windows, and over them simple tailored draperies of untrimmed rough-textured white weave would look well.

The same white weave could be used for the bedspread.

To make the room just as attractive with the beds turned down, have blankets in the same soft green as the design in the chintz.

A deep green fitted carpet would look well with furniture made of quilted maple.

If you want your room to be modern yet not severe, have the corners of the furniture rounded and angles softened and the general appearance will be friendly and inviting.

A less expensive timber is putti pine, which possesses the same creamy finish as quilted maple and is also very effective.

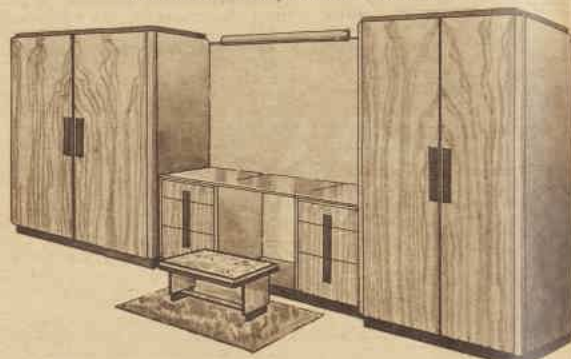
## Awake to Beauty . . . In Your Bedroom!

DAY and night-time enchantment will be yours if you decorate and furnish your bedroom as we have suggested here.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



*VERY MODERN is this bedroom with its tailored spread and white wood facings to the dressing-table, bedside table, and on the head and foot of bed. Lampshades are also white.*



*UNIT SUITABLE for the small bedroom. The dressing-table consisting of two pedestals supporting a sheet of clear glass is flanked on either side with a commodious wardrobe.*



Meal Shirkers! Janet makes breakfast a bedlam. Whimpers. Won't eat!



(TWO HOURS LATER, Janet's father phones up from his office) "Bob says that Molly and he had the same trouble with their youngsters as we're having with Janet. Then Molly found out about that—"



—Snap! Crackle! and Pop!—of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. "Every Mummy and Daddy should take Bob's tip. There are fairies in every heaped-up plate of crackly Rice Bubbles, and as the milk pours over them they sing—'Snap! Crackle! and Pop!' Children love to eat up this magic breakfast. . . Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are easy to digest. Highly rich in nourishment and energy value.



**CHOCOLATE CRACKLES**—Ingredients: 5 ozs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups), 2½ ozs. fine coconut (1 cup), 8 ozs. icing sugar, 2½ ozs. cocoa (3 tablespoons), 8 ozs. Copha. Method: Stir dry ingredients together, melt Copha and pour over them. Mix thoroughly, spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set. Enough for 30 or 36 Chocolate Crackles.

**Dynamel is better than enamel—dries twice as fast**

Dynamel just one piece of furniture for a start. It's easy to use! Fascinating! It will make you eager to bring cheerful color to all your kitchen furniture. Dynamel gives a hard mirror-smooth finish that can be scrubbed with soap and water. Choose from thirty-four lovelier colors on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart available at paint shops everywhere.

**Dynamel that dresser!**

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# HANDY HINTS SCRAPBOOK

CUT out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

## Kitchen Utensils

Don't soak dishes that have contained milk, eggs, or flour in hot water. These substances thicken with heat, making the vessels more difficult to clean.

Soak them in cold water if you want to lighten the washing-up.

## Warm Cupboards

Often in the kitchen there is a cupboard through which hot-water pipes run. This is generally considered to be useless from the point of view of storing food, but as a matter of fact it will save you money if you keep just the right kind of goodies there.

Such cereals as corn flakes, rice bubbles, crispies, and so on will keep a much longer time in a warm cupboard. So, too, will biscuits. Store them in a warm cupboard and it will be much farther.

## Boiling Milk

To prevent the waste which often occurs when milk is boiled because the bottom of the saucepan catches, add some water in the saucepan before filling it with the milk.

## Eiderdown Hint

Eiderdowns that were put away for the summer often appear to have lost the soft fluffiness when brought out for use again. This can easily be restored by hanging the quilts near a fire or hanging them in strong sunshine, turning them occasionally so that every part gets well warmed, and giving them frequent shakes. This makes the down fluff out again, and the eiderdowns will look twice as thick.

## Hosiery Care

Do not fasten your suspenders to unprotected silk of your stockings. If the stocking is too long for you, either shorten your suspenders or turn the top down so that you can stretch through the reinforced part.

## Milk Puddings

A baked milk pudding will not boil over during the cooking process if a small bowl of water is left standing at the bottom of the oven.

## Linoleum Preserver

A good preservative for linoleum can be made in the following way: Mix together one gill of methylated spirit and one ounce of shellac. Let the latter dissolve thoroughly, then apply to the linoleum with a soft brush.

## The A.B.C. of cookery

This glossary of the more unfamiliar terms used in cookery and menus will be continued every week until complete. Cut them out and paste in your scrapbook.

**Granadilla:** Species of passion-fruit.  
**Gruel:** Kind of liquid porridge made with different cereals and thickened with milk or water.  
**Garniture:** A garnish or the adjuncts to a dish of any kind.  
**Granadines:** Small round pieces of fat of veal or beef, larded, then broiled or stewed. Served in two

rows, one overlapping, with garnish between.  
**Gratin:** Browned in the oven.  
**Gratin Dish:** A dish, porcelain or earthenware, which can go into the oven. Also the food covered with sauce, sprinkled with crumbs, grated cheese or carrots.  
**Gruyere:** Name of a French cheese.  
**Grill:** Broiler, gridiron.

## BE SHOPWISE



THE GOOD SHOPPER WILL KEEP A LIST OF THOSE PRODUCTS THAT HAVE PLEASED THE FAMILY. SHE SHOULD ALSO SEEK SUGGESTIONS FROM THE FAMILY AND LIST THESE ALSO.

## To Remove Mildew

When a stain has been quickly treated in bed or table linen, the article is often placed in the linen basket wet, instead of being well dried. Sometimes, in wet weather, a slight mildew may form. This may be removed by mixing soft soap and powdered starch and half the quantity of salt moistened with lemon juice into a thick paste.

This should be applied to the mildew with a soft brush and left for some hours, then washed away, when the mildew should disappear.

## Extra Coffee

When you need many cups of coffee, clean well your biggest teapot and place coffee in it in a clean muslin bag. This is useful at a party.

## Patent Leather

To preserve patent leather boots and shoes, clean with a rag dipped in milk, and polish with a piece of old velvet or a pad made out of velvet stuffed with wadding.

## To Clean White Furs

Take a piece of block magnesia and rub well into the soiled parts. Better still, rub the fur all over, for sometimes a place that has escaped attention shows up when the mag-



A READER ASKS: WHY DO I HAVE TROUBLE WITH FIT WHEN I ALWAYS ASK FOR THE SAME SIZE?  
BECAUSE SIZES ARE NOT STANDARD. IN MANY INSTANCES SIZES ARE UNDERSTATED SO WOMEN CAN PRIDE THEMSELVES ON HAVING A PETITE FIGURE.

nesia is shaken out. The fur must be left several days for the magnesia to clean it before shaking it well and brushing it out of doors. If this kind of cleaning is done indoors the powder from the magnesia flies all about the house.

Furs that have become greasy from wear, especially at the back of the neck, need a more vigorous method. They must be well rubbed with fuller's earth. Spread it on a piece of clean metal and heat it over the stove; when it is quite hot rub it into the soiled parts, renewing it as it cools.

Bran can be used in the same way after heating on the stove. Delicate silks or georgettes that have had a splash of grease can be cleaned in the same way, only they must not be rubbed. The fuller's earth must be simply laid on the dirty spot and changed as it loses its heat.

## Instead Of Tea

The woman who feels that she is putting on weight rapidly should take the juice of a lemon in a little water, without sugar, every morning in place of the usual cup of tea.

## To Clean A Mackintosh

A soiled mackintosh can be cleaned by taking it out flat and rubbing it all over with a nail brush and water and yellow soap. When all dirt is off dip the coat in several lots of clean cold water, but do not wring it out. Shake well, and hang in the open air to dry, on no account put near the fire, or in strong sunshine. Hot water must not be used. For grease marks, add a little turpentine to the water.



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For nearly 150 years the women in our family have bought Horrockses Sheets and Pillowcases. Now my granddaughter is buying Horrockses, too. She'll be the eighth generation to prove the sound economy of buying Horrockses Sheets and Pillowcases. I think it's splendid that, in these modern times, she can buy Sheets and Pillowcases and be sure—if Horrockses name is on the selvedge—that they'll give the same wonderful wear that women have appreciated for seven generations.

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## SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES

H27.18

## BEAUTY HINTS FOR EYES AND LIPS



43. "In the winter and on windy days my face often gets cracked and sore. I use 'Vaseline' Jelly to soothe and heal it." 5/- to Miss Bible, Junction Street.



46. "When I have used my lipstick almost to its base, I lift out the remaining pieces, mix them together with some 'Vaseline' Jelly, and then I have a soft, rouge the exact shade of my lipstick, which can be worked smoothly into the skin." 5/- to Mrs. Pratt of Gevey Street.



47. "I had very rough hands from eczema, but after rubbing them with 'Vaseline' Jelly every night, they have become smooth and soft." 5/- to Miss Garrett of Giralong.



49. "I always apply a smear of 'Vaseline' Jelly to my lips before using lipstick. It keeps the lips soft and the lipstick goes on very smoothly." 5/- to Mrs. Hawse of Wentworth Road.



50. "A little 'Vaseline' Jelly applied to the eyelids takes away that heavy, tired feeling when one is suffering from eye-strain." 5/- to Mrs. Pyne of Shaw St.



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We will pay 5/- to anyone sending in uses for 'Vaseline' Jelly which we are able to accept and publish.

Just post your suggestion to Chesebrough, Dept. A23, Box 11311, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Remember when you buy, to look for the trade mark VASELINE. This trade mark identifies the original Petroleum Jelly, especially refined and purified for medical and toilet use. Do not accept substitutes.



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# Vaseline

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PETROLEUM JELLY

## The Quality Polish

To give your brass a richer quality—all you need is a little Brasso and a soft cloth.

Swiftly and safely this quality polish sets brass gleaming—and keeps it bright.

# Brasso

LIQUID METAL POLISH

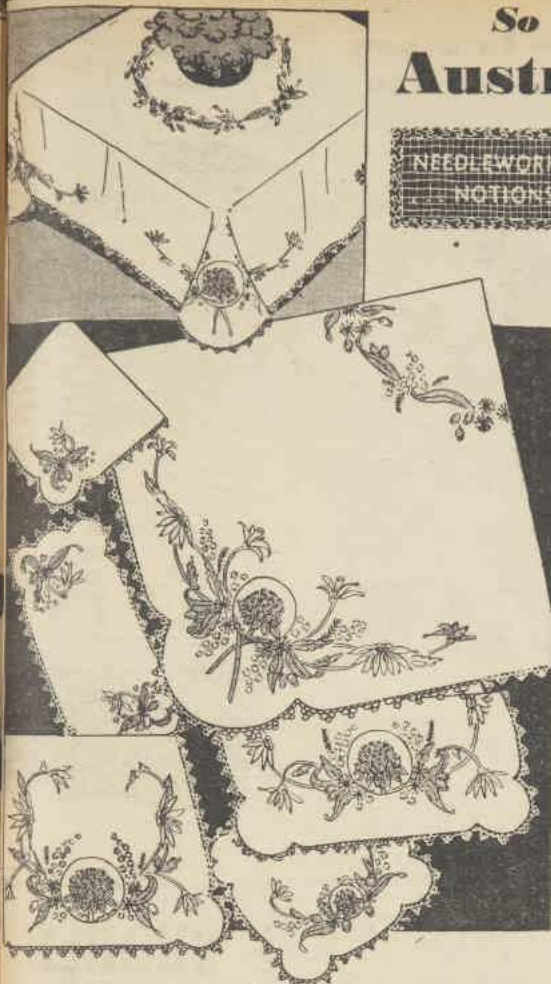
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## So effective . . . supper set in Australian flower design



SUPPER OR LUNCHEON SET in Australian wildflower design, easy to work and perfectly lovely when completed. Obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced all ready for embroidering.

### Attractive quilted bed-jacket



YOU can obtain pattern and design for making this quilted bed-jacket traced on white muslin.

WHAT would make a more charming addition to your wardrobe, or your trousseau if you are a bride-to-be, than this handy and ever so charming quilted jacket?

And here's your chance to make one for yourself.

From our Needlework Department you can obtain white muslin traced with the pattern of jacket in size 32, 34, 36, or 38-inch bust.

All you have to do is cut out your material and the muslin together. The muslin is also traced with the quilting design all ready for working.

If you prefer you can obtain a paper pattern for cutting out your own muslin and material and also the transfer separately.

Price of muslin traced with pattern and quilting design is 4/6.

Paper pattern for jacket, 10d.

Transfer 1/- extra.

### No energy?

If you feel that you have no energy for anything, take a glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" at any time during the day. Eno cools and purifies the blood, tones up the system, and restores natural vigour and energy.

**ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"**

TRADE MARK

**ENO IS DIFFERENT because**

- Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh purgative mineral salts.
- Eno contains no sugar to overheat the blood and can safely be taken in cases of diabetes.
- Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming.
- Eno is pleasant to taste, safe, mild yet thorough in action.

Eno costs 2/3 and double quantity 3/9

WARATAHS, flannel flowers, and wattle blossom make an entrancing design for these table linens, in white or a pastel shade.

YOU can obtain this supper or luncheon set in the Australian flower design from our Needlework Department, traced ready for working.

The design is on good quality pure Irish linen in shades of white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green.

You can buy a complete set or the various pieces separately, as you desire.

Prices are:

Cloth, 36 by 36 inches, 7/6.  
Cloth, 45 by 45 inches, 8/3.  
Cloth, 54 by 54 inches, 11/6.  
Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, 3/6.  
Traymobile Cloth, 14 by 25 inches, 4/6.

Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 1/-.

D'oyley, 8 by 8 inches, 1/-.

D'oyley, 5 by 11 inches, 1/-.

Postage is free.

All edges on the linens are spoke-stitched ready for

crochet finish. Stranded cottons for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department for 1jd. a skein.

To work the design, do the centre of the waratah in satin-stitch, using shades of red and wine. The stem should be satin-stitched in brown. For the flannel flower use satin-stitch in white with yellow centres and do the wattle in satin-stitch in shades of yellow.

#### Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 2853, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 4697, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 4916, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 42947, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

## If Your Ears Ring with Head Noises.

If you have roaring, buzzing noises in your ears, are getting hard of hearing and fear Catarrhal Deafness, go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmit (double strength), and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day. This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal trouble of the ears, is hard of hearing or has head noises should give this prescription a trial.

## Powerful Skin Remedy Discovered

Dries up Eczema, Barber's Itch, and All Skin Eruptions in a Few Days.

This wonderful surgeon's prescription, now known all over the world as Moore's Emerald Oil, is so efficient in the treatment of skin diseases that the itching of eczema stops with one application. A few applications and the most persistent case of Eczema is healed never to return.

Moore's Emerald Oil in the original bottle is dispensed by chemists. It is not a patent medicine, but a wonderful prescription of a practising surgeon, and is safe and pleasant to use.

It's lovely, Auntie — but Mummy will say it won't wash.

I'll tell her to use PERSIL — it keeps colours so fresh.



## PERSIL DOES KEEP COLOURS BRIGHT

What a joy to be able to buy lovely summery things without a fear for washing day! And you can when you wash with Persil. For then you know that those gay colours will still be bright and vivid though you wash them time and again.

Persil is so safe for colours because Persil's oxygen-charged suds cleanse very gently and very thoroughly—so thoroughly that clothes are in and out of the water in next to no time (you can use cold water if colours are very delicate or likely to run) and you hardly need to rub at all to get out all the dirt.

It's by washing coloured things so much cleaner that Persil gets them so much brighter.

Don't forget —

Persil's gentle cleansing makes things last longer

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## TO REMOVE HAIR



Make this  
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Without Razors, Electric Needles or Smelly Depilatories

Amazing new discovery! A dainty, white fragrant cream. Apply it straight from the tube. Wash off with plain water. Every trace of hair is gone! Skin is left soft, white and smooth as velvet. No stubble like the razor leaves. No coarse regrowth. Sold everywhere under Trade-mark New "V.E.E.T." Creams only make hair grow faster and coarser. The quick, easy pleasant way to end your superfluous hair troubles for ever is with New "V.E.E.T." Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Contributors and Artists: Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed. If the return of the manuscript or picture is desired, Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

## More cash prizes for Readers' recipes

ENTRIES in our £1000 cookery contest selected as the most interesting for the week and awarded progressive prizes.

HERE are this week's most interesting entries in our big £1000 cookery competition. They are winners of the £1 prize which is awarded every week for the best recipe and consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

These progressive weekly prizes are being awarded in addition to the big prizes to be won at the conclusion of the cookery contest.

For particulars how you, too, can enter this big cookery contest, see details elsewhere in this issue.

### Cake Section

#### FRENCH RING CAKES

One pound fine flour, 1lb. powdered sugar, 1lb. butter, 1 egg and 4 yolks, about 6oz. of sweet grated almonds, a little grated lemon peel.

Sift flour onto a baking board. Mix with it sugar, almonds and a little grated lemon peel. Rub butter well into flour, and with the whole egg and egg-yolks work the whole into a stiff dough. Stand

aside in a cool place for two hours. Then divide the lot into 12 portions. Roll and flatten every piece with a rolling-pin to the thickness of 1 inch, and with a large round tin cut 12 round cakes.

Take a small cocoa tin and cut the centre out of each round cake so that you have 12 large flat rings. In a flat well-greased baking-pan bake rings a light yellow. When cold, put two together with a little apricot jam between. Brush all round with a little sugar and egg-white and place back in a low-heated oven for a few minutes. When serving, fill the centres with whipped cream.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Pflug, Heatherrose, Boundary Rd., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

#### TROPIC AROMA (Mystery Cake)

Half cup shortening, 11 cups sugar, 2 eggs, 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup milk.

Cream shortening, add sugar and well-beaten eggs, mixing thoroughly. Sift flour, salt, baking powder and spices together, and add milk in small amounts at a time. Bake two-thirds of mixture in two greased and floured layer tins. To remaining third add a tablespoon of cocoa, which has been mixed with a tablespoon of cold water. Use this for middle layer. Bake in moderate oven at 375 degrees F. fifteen to twenty minutes.

Put following filling and icing between layers and on top and sides: Three tablespoons butter, 3 cups confectioner's sugar, 5 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 5 tablespoons strong coffee.

Cream butter, add sugar and cocoa very slowly, and beat until light and fluffy. Add vanilla and coffee, making a soft spread.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. M. Sutton, Moama Vale, Robertson Rd., Mangere, Auckland, N.Z.

#### WALNUT GATEAU

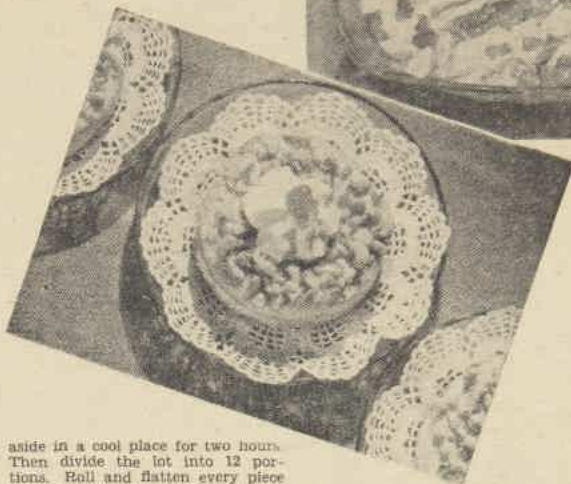
Quarter - pound butter, 5oz. chopped walnuts, 1 cup milk, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1½ lb. flour, 2 beaten eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 6oz. castor sugar, grated rind of 1 lemon, icing.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Mix eggs with milk. Beat flour and egg-milk alternately into butter and sugar. Stir in walnuts, lemon rind and vanilla essence. Pour into a large cake tin lined with buttered paper. Bake in moderate oven 350 degrees F. for about 1½ hours. When cool, cut in halves crosswise. Put halves together with butter icing made by mixing a piece of butter the size of a walnut with a cup of icing sugar and boiling water to moisten, and flavor with vanilla. Cover with icing made by moistening sifted icing sugar with strained orange-juice and coloring with vegetable coloring.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Forster, Monterey St., Wentworthville, N.S.W.



ABOVE: Norwegian trifle which is prepared with eggs, lemons and gelatine and requires no cooking.



LEFT: French ring cakes—a new kind of confection and winner of this week's first prize. Both recipes are on this page.

which it is to be served. When set spread with raspberry jam, and then whipped cream. Decorate with glace cherries and chopped nuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Smith, Camperdown, Vic.

### Preserves Section

#### ALMOND FRUIT PRESERVE

Six large oranges, 6 large cups sugar, 1lb. chopped raisins, 1lb. chopped almonds, 6 large cups water, 1 lemon.

Cut oranges and lemon into quarters, remove flesh of fruit and mince peel of 4 oranges. Chop raisins and almonds.

Put orange and lemon into a pan with water, and cook for 1 hour, add sugar, raisins, and cook until it jells. Add almonds, cook 5 minutes, then pack into jelly glasses.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. B. Riley, 115 Sylvan Rd., Two-wong SW1, Brisbane.

#### CUCUMBER JAM

Take large ripe cucumbers and dice but do not peel. Put into a large bowl, cover with an equal weight of sugar and leave overnight. Drain off juice after 24 hours into a preserving pan and add 1oz. of root ginger for every pound of sugar. Boil for 10 minutes or so, add cucumber and boil for 15 minutes. Lift out cucumber carefully and leave juice to stand until cold. Then add to the cucumber. Leave overnight again, then boil all together for 10 minutes or until the jam will set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Fair, 1 Vincent St., Launceston, Tas.

## Old Maid Recommends RENCO!



YOU'RE NOT ONLY THE PRETTIEST WIFE IN THE WORLD—YOU'RE THE CLEVEREST! THOSE JUNKET DESSERTS ARE SUPERB!

Renco Junket always sets swiftly and smoothly, because it's scientifically made in the heart of the world's choicest cow pastures—at Taranaki, N.Z. There are 25 tablets in every carton, and each tablet makes a whole quart of junket. Junket is the ideal complement for all summer desserts. Be sure you get Renco Junket

THINKS—THIS IS HEAVEN! THANK GOODNESS FOR AUNTIE'S TIP ABOUT EASY ONE-MINUTE RENCO JUNKET

### Recipe WHEATEN JUNKET WITH PEACHES

Place 2 Kellogg's Whole Wheat biscuits in dessert dish and top with sliced peaches. Make 1 pint of Renco Junket. Pour on to biscuits and sprinkle with nutmeg. Allow to set and chill and serve with cream.



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## DIRECTOR OF COOKERY N.S.W. HOSPITALS Says



'Guard your Health with Strong-lite'

"In my capacity of Director of Cookery for a number of the N.S. Wales Hospitals, I naturally attach utmost importance to the selection of cooking utensils," says Miss Margaret Sheppard, Director of Cookery, N.S.W. Hospitals. "Health is our Heritage and I believe that careful scrutiny should extend to every kitchen in the Commonwealth."

"It is with this view that I recommend Strong-lite Utensils to all, both for safeguarding health and successful cooking."

STRONG-LITE ALUMINIUM COOKING UTENSILS ARE ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

Discard those dangerous, old-fashioned, rusty or dented pots and pans and equip your kitchen now with genuine, guaranteed Strong-lite utensils.



**STRONG-LITE**  
Guaranteed Utensils and Cakepans  
SOLD BY GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE



# Do you know Bun-making can be fun?

Spring a surprise on the family and produce some hot cross buns on Good Friday morning—crisp and warm, and delicious with soft, yellow butter.

Have you ever, in your culinary excursions, tackled the job of bun-making, especially hot cross buns for Easter?

THE latter can be made at home—you don't have to depend on the baker-man. If you don't use compressed yeast or can't get it, then you can make your yeast at home from recipes given on this page.

If you feel a little dubious about trying the hot cross bun, fancy bun, and the bread recipes given below, why not try your hand before Easter and then on Good Friday morning spring a surprise on the family by producing hot

add to dry ingredients, keeping a little liquid for glazing. Turn on to a floured board, cut into 12 equal parts. Knead each portion into a round, glaze with egg, place a thin strip of peel on each, sprinkle with sugar. Place on a greased swiss roll tin. Bake in a moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. When cooked, turn on to a sieve to cool.

**RASPBERRY BUNS**  
Three-quarters pound self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 gill milk, raspberry jam. Sift flour, rub in butter lightly, add sugar and mix well; beat eggs well, add milk, and add

By  
**Mary Forbes**  
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



ALWAYS popular — raisin bread. Use the same recipe for this as for yeast buns, but substitute raisins for the sultanas.

quick oven 10 to 12 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler.

**VICTORIA BUNS**  
Half-pound self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. chopped raisins, 1 egg, little milk. Sift flour, rub in butter, add



**WREATH CAKE** is a delicious bun confection. Delightful spread with butter and served for afternoon tea. Recipe for making is given on this page.

sugar and raisins. Make into soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Put mixture in heaps on greased swiss roll tin. Bake in quick oven 12 to 15 minutes. Turn on to a sieve to cool.

## CREAM OF TARTAR YEAST

One dessertspoon cream of tartar, 2 dessertspoons plain flour, 2 dessertspoons sugar.

Mix sugar, flour and cream of tartar well together. Add sufficient water to make 1 pint. Pour into bottle. If an old yeast bottle is used, it will be ready in 24 hours. If a fresh bottle is used it will take just a little longer. This quantity is sufficient for 7lb. of flour.

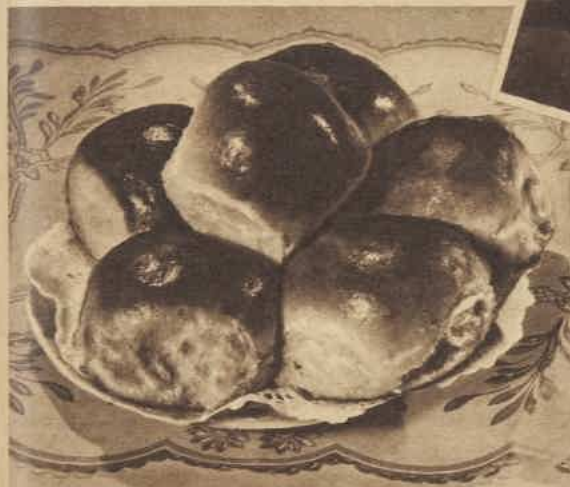
## YEAST

One ounce hops, 2 medium-sized potatoes, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 pints water, 1 cup flour.

Boil hops, potatoes and water 20 minutes. Strain, add sugar. Allow to get quite cold. Mix flour with a little of the liquor. Add to remainder of yeast, and bottle. Cork well, using a seasoned bottle. It is difficult to get a well-seasoned bottle, but this method will have the desired effect. Brew yeast in small quantities several times in the same bottle, leaving a little of the old brew in each time. The yeast requires 8 to 10 hours to ripen in the summer-time, and 20 to 24 hours in the winter.

## LEMON YEAST

Use a seasoned bottle as for other yeast. Mix well together juice of one large lemon, 3 tablespoons moist sugar, and one pint of boiling water. Bottle while warm.



RECIPE for making these buns is given below. For serving on Good Friday, the buns are marked with a cross on the top with the back of a knife before going into the oven.

cross buns—crisp, warm, and delicious?

## HOT CROSS BUNS

Half-pint warm milk, 1 oz. compressed yeast, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 teaspoons plain flour, 1lb. plain flour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 4oz. sultanas, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg.

Mix yeast, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 teaspoons flour and warm milk together and stand in warm place 20 minutes. Rub butter into flour, add sugar and sultanas. Beat egg well, add it to yeast mixture, then add to dry ingredients. Mix well. Place in basin and stand 20 minutes. Knead and cut into required number—make into rounds. Place on greased tin, mark with back of knife. Glaze, stand for 10 minutes to rise. Place in hot oven. Bake 10 to 12 minutes according to the size. Turn on to a cake-cooler.

## RAISIN LOAF

Use the same recipe as for buns, but add raisins in place of sultanas. Put into loaf tin, and allow to rise well. Then bake in hot oven. Just before ready, glaze top with water and icing sugar. Return to oven for few minutes to dry.

## WREATH CAKE

Half-cup yeast, 4 cups plain flour, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons butter.

Make a sponge at night with yeast and potato water, and half the flour. Leave till next day. Add eggs, sugar, and butter to the remainder of flour. Add to the mixture. Knead thoroughly, and allow to rise well. Cut into four, roll out. Spread each with sultanas, brown sugar, and cinnamon. Roll up lengthwise and twist 2 together to form into a circle. Place on greased baking dish with cup or tin in the centre. Repeat with other 2 pieces. Allow to rise. Glaze. Bake in moderate oven three-quarters hour. Makes two cakes.

## LONDON BUNS

Half-pound self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 gill milk, grated lemon rind, candied peel. Sift flour well, rub in butter, add sugar. Beat egg well, add milk, then

to dry ingredients, keeping a little back for glazing. Turn on to floured board. Cut into 16 equal parts. Knead each one lightly into a round. Make a hollow in the centre; into this put a little raspberry jam. Glaze round the edge, pinch together, enclosing jam. Brush over top with egg. Place on a greased tin. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. When cooked turn on to a sieve to cool.

## FRENCH BUNS

Four cups plain flour, 4 teaspoons cream tartar, 2 teaspoons carbonate of soda, 1 egg, good cup milk, 3 tablespoons butter, sugar and water for glazing.

Sift flour, cream of tartar and carbonate of soda well, rub in butter, make into a dough with beaten egg and milk. Drop in large pieces on greased tins. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes, then brush over with sugar and water, return to oven to dry. Turn on to a cake-cooler.

## GINGER BUNS

Half-pound self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon ginger, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. butter, 1 egg, little milk.

Sift flour and ginger, rub in butter, add sugar. Beat the egg, add milk, then add to dry ingredients, making into stiff dough. Place in small heaps on greased swiss roll tin. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler.

## BATH BUNS

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 2oz. chopped peel, 1lb. self-raising flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg and milk, then flour and peel. This mixture must be quite firm so that it will stand in rough heaps on greased swiss roll tins. Brush over with water, sprinkle with coarse sugar. Bake in hot oven 13 to 15 minutes. Turn on to a sieve to cool.

## ROCK BUNS

One pound self-raising flour, 1lb. butter, 1lb. sugar, 1lb. fruit, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar and prepared fruit. Mix into a stiff dough with beaten eggs and milk. Place in rough heaps on greased swiss roll tin. Bake in

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## RECIPE FOR YUM YUMS

(No cooking needed)

### INGREDIENTS

- 8 ozs. long Sugar (sifted)
- 1 heaped dessertspoon Cocoa
- 2 ozs. Desiccated Coconut
- 1 Egg
- 1 teaspoon Essence of Vanilla
- 5 ozs. COPHA (melted)

**METHOD:** Mix together sugar, cocoa, coconut, egg and vanilla. Just melt Copha and stir thoroughly with other ingredients. Stand in cool place till firm. Form into long rolls 1" in diameter; cut to one inch lengths, and immediately roll these very lightly in Chocolate Topping. Yum Yums will harden as they cool.





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# FIFTY CANDLES

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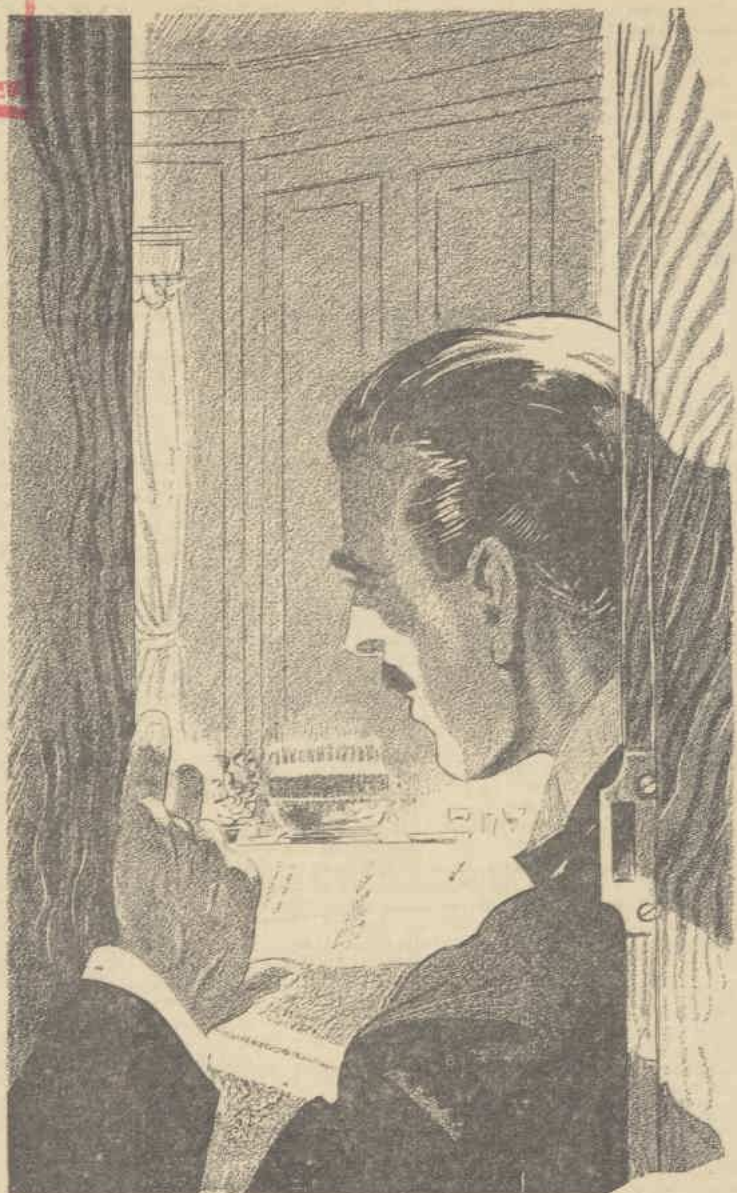
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

By . . . . .

Earl Derr  
Biggers

Australian Women's  
Weekly NOVEL,  
March 25, 1939.

SUPPLEMENT — MUST  
NOT BE SOLD  
SEPARATELY.





# FIFTY CANDLES

By *EARL DERR BIGGERS*

## CHAPTER I

**F**ROM the records of the district court at Honolulu for the year 1898 you may, if you have patience, unearth the dim beginnings of this story of the fifty candles. It is a story that stretches over twenty years, all the way from that bare Honolulu courtroom to a night of fog and violence in San Francisco. Many months after the night of the tule-fog I happened into the Hawaiian capital, and took down from a library shelf a big legal-looking book, bound in bright yellow leather the color of a Filipino houseboy's shoes on his Saturday night in town. I found what I was looking for under the heading: "In the Matter of Chang See."

The Chinese, we are told, are masters of indirection, of saying one thing and meaning another, of arriving at their goal by way of a devious, irrelevant maze. Our legal system must have been invented and perfected by Chinamen—but is this lese-majesty or contempt of court or something? Beyond question the decision of the learned court in the matter of Chang See, as set down in the big yellow book, is obscured and befuddled by a mass of unspeakably dreary words. See 21 Cyc., 317 Church Habeas Corpus, 2d Ed., Sec. 169. By all means consult *Kelley v. Johnson*, 31 U. S. (6 Pet.) 622, 631-32. And many more of the same sort.

Here and there, however, you will happen on phrases that mean something to the layman; that indicate, behind the barrier of legal verbiage, the presence of a flesh-and-blood human fighting for his freedom—for his very life. Piece these phrases together and you may be able to reconstruct the scene in the courtroom that day in 1898, when a lean impassive Chinaman of thirty stood alone against the great American nation. In other words, Chang See v. U.S.

I say he stood alone, though he was, of course, represented by counsel. "Harry Childs for the Petitioner," says the big yellow book. Poor Harry Childs—his mind was already beginning to go. It had been keen enough when he came to the islands, but the hot sun and the cool drinks—well, he was a little hazy that day in court. He died long ago—just shrivelled up and died of an overdose of the Paradise of the Pacific—so it can hardly injure his professional standing to intimate that he was of little aid to his client in the matter of Chang See.

Chang See was petitioning the United States for a writ of habeas corpus and his freedom from the custody of the inspector of immigration at the port of Honolulu. He had arrived at the port from China some two months previously, bringing with him a birth certificate recently obtained and forwarded to him by friends in Honolulu. This certificate asserted that Chang See had been born in Honolulu of Chinese parents—that he had first seen the light on a December day thirty years before in a house out near Queen Emma's yard, on the beach at Waikiki. When he was four years old his parents had taken him back with them to their native village of Sun Chin, in China.

If the certificate spoke the truth, then Chang See must be regarded as an American citizen and freely admitted to Honolulu with no wearisome chatter about the Chinese Exclusion Act. But the inspector at the port had been made wary by long service. He admitted that the certificate was undoubtedly founded on fact. But, he contended, how was he to know that this tall, wise-looking Chinaman was the little boy Chang See who had once played about the beach at Waikiki?

Thus challenged, the petitioner brought in witnesses to prove his identity. He brought twelve of them in all—shuffling old men, ancient dames with black silk trousers and tiny feet, younger sports prominent in the night life of Hotel Street. Some of them were reputed to have

known him as a baby out near Queen Emma's yard; others had been the companions of the days of his youth in the village of Sun Chin.

Chang See's witnesses had begun their testimony before the inspector confidently enough. Then under the inspector's stony stare they had weakened. They had become confused, contradictory. Even the man who had obtained the birth certificate gave as the name of Chang See's father an entirely new and unheard-of appellation. In a word, the petitioner's friends one and all deserted him. Something seemed to have happened to them.

Something had happened to them. That something was the vivid remembrance of a little old lady with a thin face and cruel eyes, who was at the moment sitting in Peking, the virtual ruler of all China. Chang See had been lately active in fields that did not appeal to the dowager empress. He had been one of the group of brilliant reformers who had come so near winning the young emperor to their way of thinking, until that day in September when the empress had put down her foot, with its six-inch Manchu sole, made the emperor practically a prisoner in the palace, and announced that those who wished to change the existing order in China would please see her first. And if she saw them first—

She didn't see many of them. They fled for their lives, Chang See among them. His witnesses knew this. They knew that the little old lady was sitting waiting in the midst of her web at Peking—waiting and hoping for the return of Chang See. They knew that the dear old thing had virtually promised to have a man ready with a basket to catch Chang See's head as it fell. Overcome with fear for themselves, for their people at home, they became foggy in mind, uncertain of names and dates. And Chang See's case went to smash on the rock of their indifference.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the inspector of immigration was not convinced of the petitioner's iden-



tity. Following the usual formula, Harry Childs appealed the case to Washington.

The officials there, with unexpected promptness, agreed with the inspector, and Chang See was driven to his last resort. He besought the district court in Honolulu for a writ; and on a certain morning in December, '98—as a matter of fact it must have been Chang See's birthday, provided he was Chang See—he stood awaiting the decision of the judge.

I can picture that scene in court for you, partly from the records, partly from the story of one who was there and remembers. Judge Smith was presiding; "H. Smith," he has it in the yellow book, with the modesty required of judges by custom. He was a big, blond, cool-looking man with a rather peevish manner not uncommon among whites in a tropic country. He sat idly thumbing the pages of his decision. There were a good many of them, he noticed. The languid hour of noon was approaching, and through his mind flashed a vision of his lanai, close by the white breakers at Waikiki. An easy-chair and magazines just in from the mainland awaited him there; also bottles, glasses, and ice, all of which were capable of being brought into delightful touch with one another by an able Chinaman who had not been excluded.

H. Smith took a sip from a glass at his elbow—indubitably water—and began to read. He had, he said, studied with great diligence the petition submitted by counsel, which, he added with a disapproving glance at Harry Childs, was unnecessarily long and involved. The petitioner, as he understood it, based his application for a right to land on the assertion that he was Chang See, born of Chinese parents in Honolulu thirty years before, in a house near Queen Emma's yard at Waikiki. If the assertion were true, if the petitioner were Chang See, then as an American citizen he must be granted all he sought. But was this petitioner Chang See? The matter was clouded by grave doubts. Pass over the fact that he had waited more than twenty-nine years before asking for his birth certificate. Pass over as well the fact that the man who had obtained the certificate had later, by his testimony, appeared uncertain of the name of Chang See's father. Turn to the testimony of the petitioner's other witnesses.

He analysed that testimony. He tore it to shreds. All at once he was reminded of the case in re Wang

Chi-tung, 3 U.S. District Court, Hawaii 601-610. He was reminded of other anecdotes of a like nature. His voice droned on and on. The clerk of court fumbled sleepily at his watch fob and scowled at Chang See, the petitioner. All this time wasted on a Chinaman!

H. Smith grew more genial when he came to the final page of his decision. After all, it had not taken so long as he expected. Summing it all up, quoting a few more authorities, he admitted at last that he shared the doubts of the inspector and the officials at Washington. He therefore, he added quite pleasantly, remanded the petitioner into the custody of the inspector of immigration for deportation to China.

The petitioner was a student who understood many languages, and he needed no interpreter to translate for him the words of H. Smith. He heard them, however, without so much as the flicker of an eyelash. We know now that he was Chang See. There was no justice in the world for him that day; but no one could have read his despair in his face. Harry Childs, on the other hand, was not a nerveless Oriental. His tobacco heart ablaze with anger, the lawyer leaped to his feet. He did a most unprofessional thing.

"With all due respect to the dignity of this court," he cried, "I wish to advise your Honor that you have sentenced this man to death. Owing to his activities for reform in China there is a price on his head there to-day. I wish to add—I wish to say"—he faltered under the angry glare bent upon him by H. Smith—"I wish to repeat and emphasise—you have sentenced this man to his death!"

Harry Childs had never been in high favor in that court, and if looks could kill he would then and there have preceded his client into eternity. Outwardly, however, the judicial calm was unruffled.

"The matter brought up by the learned counsel," said the judge—and legal verbiage sometimes lends itself admirably to sarcasm—"is not one involved in the petition as presented. I need hardly add that I regard it as a matter with which this court has no concern. The court is adjourned."

Chang See stood waiting not far from the judge's bench. Into his eyes had come an expression of amused contempt which might have annoyed the learned judge had he seen it. But H. Smith was already on his way to the cottage at Waikiki. He waited, did the Chinaman, until

the inspector came for him, and they started down the aisle together. It was only a narrow path between the benches, but it was the beginning of the road that must lead Chang See back to China and a most unpleasant death. Yet he set out on it with his head held high and with a firm, brave step.

Did Chang See tread that path to its logical and bitter end? Did he come in time to the edge of the web in the centre of which the dowager empress, spider-like, sat waiting? The story, as has been said, stretches over twenty years, and the succeeding chapters may seem, at first glance, irrelevant. But before we finish we shall be able to put together the pieces of our Chinese puzzle and know the end of the path that led at first between two rows of benches in a Honolulu court.

## CHAPTER II

TWENTY years later, towards the close of 1918, I stepped from the gang-plank of a China boat and for the first time in my life set foot in San Francisco. If you have always thought of San Francisco as the bonny, merry city, the gay, light-hearted city, I advise you not to enter it first when it is wrapped in the gloom of a tule-fog. You will suffer a sad disappointment, such as I knew on landing that dark December afternoon.

Heaven knows I ought to have been a happy man that day, fog or no fog, for I was coming back to my own land after four dreary years in China. Birds should have been singing, as the Chinese say, in the topmost branches of my heart; I should have walked with brisk, elated tread. Instead I crossed the dimly lighted pier-shed, where yellow lamps burned wanly overhead, with lagging step, dragging my battered old bags after me. The injustice of the world lay heavy on my heart. For I was young, and I had been unfairly treated. Four years earlier, just graduated from the engineering department of a big technical institution in the East, I had set sail from Vancouver to take charge of a mine in China for Henry Drew. I met the old San Francisco millionaire in Shanghai—a little, yellow-faced man with snapping black eyes and long, thin hands that must have begun, even in the cradle, to reach and seize and hold.

The mine, he told me frankly, was little better than a joke so far. Its future was up to me. I would encounter many obstacles—inadequate



## FIFTY CANDLES

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

pumping machinery, bribe-hunting officials, superstitious workmen fearful of disturbing the earth dragon as our shaft sank deeper. If I could conquer in spite of everything, accomplish a miracle and make the mine pay, then in addition to my salary I was to receive a third interest in the property. I suppose he really meant it at the time. He said it more than once. I was very young, with boundless faith. I did not get that part of it in writing.

Through four awful years I labored for Henry Drew down there in Yunnan, the province of the cloudy south. One by one the obstacles gave way, and copper began to come from the mine. Now and then ugly, disquieting rumors as to the sense of honor of old Drew drifted to me, but I put them resolutely out of my thoughts.

I might seem guilty of boasting if I went into details regarding the results of my work. It is enough to say that I succeeded. Again I met Henry Drew in Shanghai, and he told me he was proud of me. I ventured to remind him of his promise of an interest in the property. He said I must be dreaming. He recalled no such promise. I was appalled. Could such things be? Angrily and at length I told him what I thought of him. He listened in silence.

"I'll accept it," he said when I paused for breath.

"Accept what?" I asked.

"Your resignation."

He got it, along with further comments on his character. I went back to my hotel to take up the difficult task of securing accommodations on a home-bound boat.

All liners were crowded to suffocation in those days, but I finally managed to get a November sailing. I was informed that I, along with another male passenger, would be put into the cabin of the ship's doctor. Rumor had told me that old Henry Drew was sailing on the same boat, but I was hardly prepared, when I went on board and entered my stateroom, to find him there, bending over an open bag. Fate in playful mood had selected him as the third member of our party.

He was more upset than I, and made a strenuous effort to be assigned to some other room. But with all his money he could not manage it, and we set out on our homeward journey together. I would see him when I came in late at night, lying there in his berth with the light from the deck outside on his yellow face,

his eyes closed—but wide awake. I think he was afraid of me. He had reason to be.

Anyhow, I was rid of his slimy presence now, there in that dim pier shed. It was one thing to be thankful for. And already the memory of what he had done to me was fading—for I had suffered a later and deeper wound. In the midst of the trouble with Drew I had met the most wonderful girl in the world, and only a moment before on the deck of the China boat I had said good-bye to her—forever.

I left the pier shed and stepped to the sidewalk outside. The air was heavy and wet with fog, the walk damp and slippery; liquid fog dripped down from telegraph wires overhead. I saw the blurred lights of the city, heard its ceaseless grumble, the clang of street cars, the clatter of wheels on cobblestones. Weird mysterious figures slipped by me, strange faces peered into mine and were gone. This was the Embarcadero, the old Barbary Coast famed round the world. Somewhere there in the mist were its dance-halls, where rovers of the broad Pacific had, in the vanished past, made merry after a sodden fashion. I stood, straining to see.

"Want a taxi, mister?" asked a dim figure at my side.

"If you can find one," I answered. "Things seem a bit thick."

"It's the tule-fog," he told me. "Drifts down every year about this time from the tule-fields between here and Sacramento. Never knew one to stick around so late in the day before. Yes, sir—this is sure unusual."

In reply to my query he told me that the tule was a sort of bulrush. And little Moses amid his bulrushes could have felt no more lost than I did at that moment.

"See what you can dig up," I ordered.

"You just wait here," he said. "It'll take time. Don't go away."

Again I stood alone amid the strange shadow shapes that came and went. Somewhere, behind that tule-curtain, the business of the town went on as usual. I made a neat pile of my luggage close to a telegraph pole and sat down to wait. My mind went back to the deck of the boat I had left, to Mary Will Tellfair, that wonderful girl.

And she was wonderful—in courage and in charm. I had met her three weeks before in Shanghai; and it was her dark hour, as it was mine.

For Mary Will had come five thousand miles to marry Jack Paige, her sweetheart in a sleepy southern town. She had not seen him for six years, but there had been many letters, and life at home was dull. Then, too, she had been very fond of him once, I judge. So there had been parties, and jokes, and tears, and Mary Will had sailed for Shanghai and her wedding.

It has happened to other girls, no doubt. Young Paige met her boat. He was very drunk, and there was in his face evidence of a fall to depths unspeakable. Poor Mary Will saw at the first frightened look that the boy she had known and loved was gone forever. Many of the other girls—helpless, without money, alone—marry the men and make the best of it. Not Mary Will. Helpless, without money, alone, she was still brave enough to hold her head high and refuse.

Henry Drew had heard of her plight and whatever his motive, had done a kind act for once. He engaged Mary Will as companion for his wife, and on the boat coming over the girl and Mrs. Drew had occupied a cabin with a frail little missionary woman. For husbands and wives were ruthlessly torn apart, that each stateroom might have its full quota of three. As I sat there with the fog dripping down upon me I pictured again our good-bye on the deck, where we had been lined up to await the port doctor and be frisked, as a frivolous ship's officer put it, for symptoms of yellow fever. By chance—more or less—I was waiting beside Mary Will.

"Too bad you can't see the harbor," said Mary Will. "Only six weeks ago I sailed away—and the sun was on it—it's beautiful. But this silly old fog—"

"Never mind the fog," I told her. "Please listen to me. What are you going to do? Where are you going? Home?"

"Home!" A bitter look came into her clear blue eyes. "I can't go home."

"Why not?"

"Don't you understand? There were showers—showers for the bride-to-be. And I kissed everybody good-bye and hurried away to be married. Can I go back—husbandless?"

"You don't have to. I told you last night—"

"I know. In the moonlight, with the band on the boat deck playing a waltz. You said you loved me—"

"And I do."



She shook her head.

"You pity me. And it seems like love to you. But pity—pity isn't love."

Confound the girl! This was her story, and she seemed determined to stick to it.

"Ah, yes," said I scornfully. "What pearls of wisdom fall from youthful lips."

"You'll discover how very wise I was—in time."

"Perhaps. But you haven't answered my question. What are you going to do? You can't stay on with the Drews—that little rotter—"

"I know. He hasn't been nice to you. But he has been nice to me—very."

"No man could help but be. And it hasn't done that young wife of his any harm to have a companion like you—for a change. But it's not a job I care to see held by the girl I mean to marry."

"What girl is that?"

"The girl who has it at present."

"If you mean me—I shan't go on being a companion. Mr. Drew has promised to find me a position in San Francisco. They say it's a charming city."

"I don't like to see you mixed up with Drew and his kind," I protested. "I'll not leave San Francisco until you do."

"Then you're going to settle down here. How nice!"

I could have slapped her. She was that sort of stubborn delightful child, and loving her was often that sort of emotion. The port doctor had reached her now in his passage down the line, and he stared firmly into her eyes, hunting symptoms. As he stared his hard face softened into a rather happy smile. I could have told him that looking into Mary Will's eyes had always that effect.

"You're all right," he laughed, then turned and glared at me as though he dared me to make public his lapse into a human being. He went on down the line. After him came Parker, the ship's doctor, with a wink at me, as much as to say: "Red tape. What a bore!"

The foghorn was making a frightful din, the scene was all confusion, impatience. It was no moment for what I was about to say. But I was desperate—this was my last chance.

"Turn round, Mary Will," I swung her about and pointed off into the fog. "Over there—don't you see—"

"See what?" she gasped.

"How I love you," I said to her

ear, triumphing over the foghorn and the curiosity of the woman just beyond her. "With all my heart and soul, my dear. I'm an engineer—I say engineer—not up on sentimental stuff—can't talk it—just feel it. Give me a chance to prove how much I care. Don't you think that in time—"

She shook her head.

"What is it? Are you still fond of that other boy—the poor fellow in Shanghai?"

"No," she answered seriously. "It isn't that. I've just sort of buried him—away off in a corner of my heart. And I'm not sure that I ever did care as much as I should. On the boat coming out—I had doubts of myself—but—"

"But what?"

"Oh—can't you see? It's just as that old dowager said it would be."

"What old dowager?"

"That sharp-tongued English-woman who gave the dinner in Shanghai. She saw you talking and laughing with me and she said: 'I fancy he'll be just like all the other boys who are shut up in China for a few years. They think themselves madly in love with the first white girl they meet who isn't positively deformed.'"

"The old cat!"

"It was catty—but it was true. It's exactly what has happened. That's why I couldn't be so frightfully unfair to you as to seize you when this madness is on you and bind you to me for life—before you have seen your own country again, where there are millions of girls nicer than I am."

"Rot."

"No, it isn't. Go ashore and look them over. The streets of San Francisco are filled with them. Look them over from the Golden Gate to Fifth Avenue."

"And if, after I've looked them all over, I still come back to you? Then what?"

"Then you will be a fool," laughed Mary Will.

The voice of the ship's doctor announced the end of inspection, and at once the deck was alive with an excited throng, all seeking to get somewhere else immediately. Carlotta Drew passed and called to Mary Will.

The girl held out her hand. "Good-bye," she said.

"Good-bye?" I took her hand perplexed. "Why do you say that? Surely we're to meet again soon."

"Why should we?" she asked.

That hurt me. I dropped her hand. "Ah, yes, why should we?" I repeated coldly.

"No reason at all. Good-bye and good luck!" And Mary Will was gone.

As I sat now on my battered bags, leaning against a very damp pole in the middle of a very damp fog, it occurred to me that I had been wrong in permitting myself that moment of annoyance. I should have taken, instead, a firm uncompromising attitude. The cave-man role—I was quite capable of it—and it was the only way to impress girls like Mary Will. Too late now, however. She had gone from me, into the mystery of the fog. I would never see her again.

A tall, slender figure loaded with baggage came and stood on the kerb not two feet from where I waited. The light that struggled down from a lamp overhead revealed in blurred but unmistakable outline the flat, expressionless face of Hung Chinchung, old Henry Drew's faithful body servant. I turned, for the master could not be far behind, and sure enough the fog disgorged the dapper figure of the little millionaire. He ran amuck into me.

"Why, it's young Winthrop," he cried, peering into my face. "Hello, son—I was looking for you. We've had some pretty harsh words—but there's no real reason why we shouldn't part friends. Now, is there?"

His tone was wistful, but it made no appeal to me. No real reason? The presumptuous rascal! However, I was in no mood to quarrel.

"I'm waiting for a taxi," I said inanely.

"A taxi? You'll never get one in this fog," I supposed it was the truth. "Let us give you a lift to your hotel, my boy. We'll be delighted."

I was naturally averse to accepting favors of this man, but at that instant his wife and Mary Will emerged into our little circle of light, and I smiled at the idea of riding up-town with Mary Will, who had just dismissed me for all time. A big limousine with a light burning faintly inside slipped up to the kerb, and Hung was helping the women to enter.

"Come on, my boy," pleaded old Drew.

"All right," I answered rather ungraciously, and jumped in. Drew followed, Hung piled my bags somewhere in front, and we crept off into the fog.

"Taking Mr. Winthrop to his hotel," explained Drew.



"How nice," his wife said in her cold, hard voice. I looked towards Mary Will. She seemed unaware of my presence.

Like a human thing the car felt its way cautiously through the mist. About us sounded a constant symphony of automobile horns, truckmen's repartee, the clank of hoofs, the rattle of wheels. From where I sat on a little chair in front I could see the clear-cut, beautiful silhouette of Carlotta Drew's face against the window, shrouded in fog. I wondered what she was thinking—this woman whose exploits had furnished the gossips of the China coast with a serial story running through many mad years. Of her first lover, perhaps; her first husband, that gallant army man whose heart she had soon broken as she passed on her way to the arms of another. They had come and gone, the men, until, her beauty fading, she had accepted the offer of old Drew's millions, though she hated him in her heart. What a fool the old man had been! On our trip across the gossips had played once more with her rather frail reputation, linking her name with that of the ship's doctor, handsome hero of many a fleeting romance.

"Home again," chuckled old Drew. An unaccustomed gaiety seemed to have taken hold of him. "I tell you, it's good—good. This is my town. This is where I belong. The history of our family, my boy, is woven into the story of San Francisco. By the way—what I wanted to see you about—er—I want to ask a favor."

He stopped. I said nothing. A favor of me! One had to admire his nerve.

"That is—nothing much," he went on. "Only—I'm giving a little dinner party to-night. A birthday party as a matter of fact. I'd like to have you come. One of my guests will be my partner in the mine. We can talk over that little matter of business."

"Hardly the time, or the place," I suggested.

This was like him. A gay party—plenty to eat and drink—and my affair hastily disposed of amid the general conviviality. I was not to be trapped like that.

"Well, perhaps not," he admitted. "We won't talk business, then. Just a gay little party—to brighten up the old house—to get things going in a friendly way again. Eh, Carlotta?"

"Oh, of course," said Carlotta Drew wearily.

"You'll come?" the old man in-

sisted. I have often wondered since why he was so eager. He had wronged me, he knew, but he was that type of man who wishes to be on friendly terms with his victim. A plentiful type.

"I'm sure Miss Mary Will wishes you to accept," he added.

"She hasn't said so," I suggested.

"It's not my birthday," said Mary Will, "nor my party."

"Not your birthday," cackled old Drew. "I should say not. But your party, I hope. Everybody's party. What do you say, my boy?"

Mary Will's indifference had maddened me, and nothing could keep me from that party now.

"I'll be delighted to come," I said firmly. It was to Drew I spoke, but my gaze was on Mary Will's scornful profile.

"That's fine!" cried the old man. He peered out the window. "Where are we? Ah, yes—Post and Grant—there's a shop near here." He seized the speaking-tube and ordered his Japanese chauffeur to stop. "I'll be only a minute," he said as the car drew up to the kerb. "Must have candles—candles for my party." And he hopped out. We stood there in the fog with the Wagnerian symphony fierce about us. It was after five now, and all San Francisco, to say nothing of Oakland and Berkeley, was stumbling home through the murk.

"Your husband seems in a gay humor to-night," I remarked to Carlotta Drew. She nodded, but said nothing. "Probably the effect of San Francisco," I went on. "I've always heard of it as a merry town. Life, and color, and romance—"

"And dozens of beautiful girls," put in Mary Will.

"I don't see them."

"Wait till the fog lifts," she answered.

Henry Drew was again at the door. He ordered the driver to stop at my hotel, then popped back into his seat. In his hand he carried a small package.

"Candles for the party," he laughed, "Fifty little pink candles."

Fifty! I stared at him there in that dim-lit car. Fifty—why, the old boy must be seventy if he was a day. Did he hope by this silly ruse to win back his middle age, in our eyes at least? Or—wait a minute? Was he only fifty, after all? If rumor were true he had lived while he lived—a wild, reckless life. Perhaps that life had played a trick upon him—had made his fifty look like seventy.

We drew up before my hotel, and

Hung Chin-chung was instantly on the sidewalk with my bags.

"I'll send the car for you at seven," Drew said. "We'll have a merry party. Don't fail me."

I thanked him, and amid muttered an revolvers the car went on its way. Standing on the kerb beside an imposing carriage starter I stared after it. This was incredible. My first night back on American soil, the night I had been dreaming of for four years—and I was to spend it celebrating the birthday of my bitterest enemy! But—there was Mary Will. She had dismissed me forever, and I was bound to show her she could not do that.

#### CHAPTER III

A FEW minutes before seven I came downstairs into the bright lobby of my hotel. Parker, the ship's doctor, whose cabin Drew and I had shared on the way across, was loitering in a chair. He rose and came towards me, a handsome devil in evening clothes—indubitably handsome, indubitably a devil.

"All dolled up," he said.

"Going to a birthday party," I answered.

"Great Scott! You don't mean you're invited to old Drew's shindig?"

"Why shouldn't I be invited?" I asked.

"I know—but you and the old man—deadly enemies."

"Not at all. He rather likes me. Found me so easy to flimflam—my type appeals to him. He pleaded with me to come."

"But you? You don't like him? Yet you accept. Ah, yes—I was forgetting—the little southern girl—"

"My reasons," I said hotly, "happen to be my own affair."

"Naturally." His tone was conciliatory. "Come and have a drink. No? I am going to the party myself."

I had been wondering—his fame as a philanderer was international. Was this affair with Carlotta Drew anything more than a passing flurry to relieve the tedium of another trip across? Here was the answer. Evidently it was.

"Fearful bore," he went on. "But Carlotta insisted. I'd do anything for Carlotta Drew. Wonderful woman!"

"Think so?" said I.

"Don't you?" he asked.

"In the presence of an expert," said I. "I would hesitate to express an opinion."

He laughed.

"Er—you know something of old Drew's affairs," he ventured. "Must be a very rich man?"



"Must be," said I.  
"That mine you worked in? Big money maker?"

"Big money maker." I repeated his words intentionally. He was frank, at any rate. What cruel thoughts were stirring behind those green eyes? Henry Drew out of the way, Carlotta with the added charm of millions—

"But he's only fifty," I said as unkindly as I could.

"Only fifty?"

"Sure—the party," I explained. Parker shook his head.  
"Looks more than fifty to me," he said quite hopefully.

Hung Chin-chung, a strange figure in that Occidental lobby, stood suddenly before me, bowing low. Drew's car was waiting, he said.

"Want to ride up with me?" I inquired of Parker.

"Er—no, thanks. I'll drop in later. Have some matters to attend to. So long!"

He headed for the bar, where the matters no doubt awaited his attention. I accompanied the Chinaman out of the lobby and once more entered the Drew limousine. Followed the faint whirr of an expensive motor, and again we were abroad in the fog-bound street.

The traffic so much in evidence at five o'clock was no more, the grumbling symphony was stilled, and only the doubtful honk-honk of an occasional automobile broke the silence. Inside the car the light was no longer on, and I sat in a most oppressive darkness. Almost immediately we began to ascend a very steep incline. Nob Hill, no doubt, famous in the history of this romantic, climbing town. Eagerly I pressed my face against the pane beside me, but the tule-fog still blotted out the city of my dreams.

At one corner we grazed the side of some passing vehicle, and loud curses filled the air. I found the switch and flooded the interior of the car with light. It fell on the grey upholstery, on the silver handles of the doors. I was reminded of something—something unpleasant. Ah, yes—a coffin. I switched off the light again.

After a ride of some twenty minutes we drew up beside the kerb, and Hung stood waiting for me at the door. Back of him was vaguely outlined a monster of a house, with yellow lights fighting their way through the tule-fog from many windows.

"The end of our journey," said Hung. "If you will deign to come, please."

I followed him up many steps. Henry Drew must have heard us, for he was waiting in the doorway.

"Fine! Fine!" cried the old man. "Delighted to see you. Come right in. The house is a bit musty—been closed for a long time."

It was musty. Though I came from the clammy gloom of a tule-fog, though many lights were blazing inside, I was struck at once with a feeling of chill and staleness and age. Open or closed, I thought, this house would always be musty, with the accumulation of many years. For it was very old, it had escaped the fire, and here it stood with its memories, waiting for the wrecker. Time, to write "Finis" to its history.

"Hung—take Mr. Winthrop's hat and coat." Old Drew seized me almost affectionately by the arm. "You come with me." He was like a small boy celebrating his first real birthday party. He led me into a library lined with dusty books. From the walls, San Francisco Drews, blond and brunette, lean and fat, old and young, looked down on us. "Take that chair by the fire, my boy."

I sat down. There was something depressing in the air, there was much that was pathetic about Henry Drew. His birthday! Who gave a hang? Certainly not his wife, who looked at him through eyes that seemed to be counting his years with ever-increasing hate; nor, probably, the son of his first marriage, whom I had never seen, but who, according to report, hated him too.

He went over and held those cold, transparent hands of his up to the fire. I noticed that they trembled slightly.

"The girls will be down soon," he said. "Before they come I want to tell you that I've been thinking over our little matter—"

"Please," I interrupted. "I'm sure your party will go off much more pleasantly if there is no mention of that." I paused. "My lawyer will call on you to-morrow."

The shadow of a smile crossed his face. And well he might smile, for he knew that I was bluffing; I had no lawyer; I had, in fact, no case against him.

"You're quite right, my boy," he said. "To-night is no time for business. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow—to-morrow I see your lawyer."

He laughed outright now, an unkind, sneering laugh, and once more hatred of him blazed in my heart. Why had I been such a fool as to come?

The door-bell rang, a loud peal, and Drew ran to the hall, where Hung Chin-chung was already opening the outer door. Through the curtains I saw a huge, rosy-cheeked policeman outlined against the fog.

"Hello, Mr. Drew," he said cheerily.

"Hello, Riley," cried the old man. Running forward he seized the policeman's hand. "I'm back again."

"And glad I am to see you," said Riley. "I knew the house was closed, and seen' all the lights I thought I'd look in and make sure was everything O.K."

"We landed late to-day," replied Drew. "Everything is certainly O.K. You'll see plenty of lights here from now on."

He stood on the threshold, chatting gaily with the patrolman. Hung Chin-chung came into the library where I sat, and, taking up a log, stooped to put it on the fire. The flicker of light played on his face, old, lined, yellow like a lemon left too long in the ice-chest, and glinted in those dark, inscrutable little eyes.

Drew sent Riley on his way with a genial word and returned to the library. Hung stood awaiting him, evidently about to speak.

"Yes, yes—what is it?" Drew asked.

"With your permission," said Hung. "I will go to my room."

"All right," Drew answered. "But be back here in half an hour. You're to serve dinner, you know."

"I will serve it," said Hung, and went noiselessly out.

"What was I saying?" Drew turned to me. "Ah, yes—the girls—the girls will be down in a minute. Bless them! That little Mary Will—like a breath of springtime from her own mountains. Ah, youth—youth! All I have gained, all that I have—I'd swap it to-night for youth. My boy, you don't know what you've got."

I stared at him. "He'll steal your shirt, and you'll beg him to take the pants, too." Thus inelegantly had old Drew been described to me in China, and there was some truth in it, surely. Where was my hatred of a moment ago? Confound it, there was something likable about him after all.

I stared at him no longer, for now outside the curtains I could see Mary Will coming down the stairs. Many beautiful women had come down those stairs in the days when social history was making in that old house on Nob Hill—women whose loveliness was now but a fast-fading memory on peeling canvas. But



none, I felt quite certain, was fairer than Mary Will. The lights shone softly on her red-brown hair and on those white shoulders that were youth incarnate. She was wearing—well, I can't describe it, but it was unquestionably the very dress she should have worn. Thank Heaven she had it and had put it on! She came into the library, and the gloom and staleness fled, conquered, from the room.

"My dear—my dear!" Henry Drew met her, his eyes alight with admiration. "You are a picture, and no mistake. You carry me back—indeed you do—back to the time when these rooms were alive with youth and beauty." He waved a hand to the portrait of a woman in the post of honor above the fireplace. "You are very like her. My first wife, you know." He stood for a moment, pathetic, unhappy, weighed down by the years, more human than I had ever seen him before. "I don't imagine you two will object to being left alone," he said finally, attempting a smile. "I'm going to have a look at the table. Want everything just right." He crossed the hall and disappeared.

"Well, Mary Will—here I am," I announced.

"Sure enough," smiled Mary Will.

"This afternoon," said I, "at four o'clock, you put me out of your life for ever. Twice since then I've popped back. And I'll go on popping and popping until you're a sweet grey-haired old lady, so you might as well take me and have done."

"Too bad," mused Mary Will, "about the fog. If you could have seen all those other girls—"

"Don't want to see them," I said firmly. "Tell me, how do you like it here in the family vault?"

She shuddered.

"It's a bit oppressive. I'm going to strike out for myself to-morrow. Mr. Drew gave me a cheque to-night—I can live on that until I get a job."

"The cost of living is frightfully high."

"But worth it—don't you think?" she asked.

"With you—undoubtedly."

"You just keep going round in circles," she complained.

"You've got me going round in circles," I laughed. I came close to her before the fire. "Mary Will—I've never been in San Francisco before. And I've never been married. Two new experiences. I'd

like to tackle them together. To-morrow, after the fog lifts, and I've seen and rejected all the other girls, I'll meet you with a licence in my pocket."

"Oh, dear—you are so sudden."

"It's girls like you that make men sudden."

"I never gave you any encouragement, I'm sure," she protested.

"You let me look at you. Encouragement enough."

"Look at me—and pity me."

"Now don't start that. It's love!"

"No—pity."

"Love, I tell you."

This might have gone on indefinitely, but suddenly Carlotta Drew's voice broke in, calling, and Mary Will fled, just as I had nearly got her hand. She fled, and that dim room was instantly old and stale again.

I stood alone with the past. My thoughts were most jumbled, chaotic. Drews—Drews innumerable were looking down at me, wondering, perhaps, about this stranger who dared make love in the very room where they themselves had laughed and loved in the old, far days. Wonderful days that glittered with the gold men were extracting from California's soil. Gone now, forever. And lovely ladies, turned to dust. Ugh—unpleasant thought! Look at the windows. Need washing, don't they? Or is it the heavy yellow fog from the tule-fields, pressing close against the panes, trying to get in? Quiet—oppressively quiet—what has become of everybody? No sound save the slow, deliberate clicking of the big clock in the hallway. The voice of Time, who had conquered all these people on the wall. "I'll get—you-too. I'll get—you-too." Was the clock really saying that? All right—some day, perhaps—but not yet. Now I had youth. "My boy, you don't know what you've got." Oh, yes, I do. Youth—and Mary Will. She, too, must be mine. She had looked wonderful. Where was she? Was I to be left alone forever with the confounded clock?

Suddenly from across the hall came a cry, sharp, uncanny, terrible. I ran out in the direction from which it had come and stood on the threshold of the Drew dining-room. Another room of many memories, of stern faces on the wall. A table was set with gleaming silver and white linen, and in its centre stood a cake, on which fifty absurd pink candles flickered bravely.

There appeared to be no one in the room. On the other side of the table

a french window stood open to the fog, and I went around to investigate. I had taken perhaps a dozen steps when I stopped, appalled.

Old Drew was lying on the carpet, and one yellow, lean hand, always so adept at reaching out and seizing, held a corner of the white tablecloth. There was a dark stain on the left side of his dress coat; and when I pulled the coat back I saw on the otherwise spotless linen underneath a great red circle that grew and grew. He was quite dead.

I stood erect, and for a dazed, uncertain moment I stared about the room. Beside me, on the table, fifty yellow points of flame trembled like human things terrified at what they had seen.

#### CHAPTER IV

AS I stood there with Henry Drew's dead body at my feet and those silly candles flaring wanly at my side, I heard the big clock in the hallway strike the half-hour, and then the scurry of feet on the stairs. Cleared now of its first amazement, my mind was unusually keen. Henry Drew done for at last! By whom? Again my eye fell upon the open french window, and, stepping to it, I looked out. My heart stopped beating—for amid the shadows and the fog I thought I saw a blacker shadow, which passed in the twinkling of an eye.

I stepped quickly from the room. The light from the window at my back penetrated a few feet only on a narrow verandah, from which steps led down—into a garden, I judged. It was unexplored country to me, the dark was impenetrable, but I stepped off into tall damp grass almost to my knees.

The tule-fog seemed glad to have me back. Its clammy embrace was about my ankles; from the bare branches of the trees above it dripped down on my defenceless head. I took several steps to the right, and ran into an unexpected ell of the house. As I stood there, uncertain which way to go, something brushed against my face, something rough, uncanny, that sent a shiver down my spine. Wildly I swung my arms in all directions, but they touched only empty air and fog.

Still swinging my arms, stumbling amid flower-beds, hunting in vain for a path, I continued to explore. My feet caught in a tangle of vines and I came near sprawling on the wet grass. Righting myself with difficulty, I stopped and looked about me. The light from the room I had



left was no longer visible. I was lost in a jungle that was only the Drew backyard. For a moment I stood tense and silent. How I knew it I cannot say, but I was conscious that I was not alone. Close at hand some human creature waited, holding its breath, alert, prepared. I did not see, I did not hear—I felt. Suddenly I lunged in the direction where I imagined it to be—and instantly my intuition was proved correct. I heard someone back away, and then quick, heavy footsteps crunching on a gravel walk.

He had shown me the path, and for that I thanked him. Following as speedily as I could in his wake I came to a gate in the high wall at the rear. It was swinging open. Through this, no doubt, the murderer had gone, and I stepped out into the alley. I could see no one; there was no sound whatever. Then I started and almost cried aloud—but it was only an alley cat brushing against my legs.

My quarry had vanished into the fog, and to look for him would be to hunt the proverbial needle in the good old haystack. It came to me then that I had been all kinds of a fool, rushing out of the Drew house like that at the moment of my gruesome discovery. I had not meant to come so far, of course—but here I was, and there was nothing to do but hurry back. How about Mary Will? Had she, perhaps, been the second person to enter the dining-room, and been frightened half to death by what she found there?

I swung on my heel to re-enter the garden—and at that instant the gate banged shut in my face. The wind? Nonsense, there was no wind. With a sickening sense of being tricked I put my hand on the knob. I turned and pushed. As I expected, the gate was securely locked on the inside.

What should I do now? Wait here at the gate, holding my friend of the fog a prisoner inside? Useless, I reflected; there must be many ways of escape—a neighbor's yard on either side. Before I had waited five minutes he would be well on his way to safety. No—I must get back to the house as quickly as I could. Since I could not return by way of the garden only one course remained—I must follow the alley until I came to a cross-street, then travel that until I came to the street where Henry Drew's house stood. But what was the name of the street where it stood? All at once I realised that I hadn't the faintest idea. No matter, I must get back to that front door somehow. A short distance down an

alley lamp made an odd shape in the fog. I hurried towards it. Just beyond I stepped out into the cross-street, and paused. Left or right? Left, of course.

The clammy yellow fog stuck closer than a brother. On my feet I wore patent leather pumps, recently purchased on my return to human society in Shanghai. Their soles were almost as they had left the shop, and I slipped and skidded unmercifully on the damp sidewalk. A small matter—but one that somehow filled me with a feeling of helplessness and rage. What a spectacle I must present! Served me right, though. I had no business at Henry Drew's confounded party.

As best I could I hurried on, staring at the house-fronts. But their owners couldn't have told them apart in the mist. My search was hopeless. I had given up and was standing beneath a street lamp, when I heard footsteps.

Debonairly out of the fog walked Parker, the ship's doctor, humming a tune as he walked. He stopped and stared at me. A fine sight I must have been, too—wild-eyed, with evening clothes, no overcoat, no hat.

"Good lord, Winthrop!" he said. "What's happened to you?"

There was no friendliness in his tone, and it came to me suddenly—a sickening premonition—that this was the last man it was good for me to meet just now. I resolved to make the best of my plight.

"Parker, a terrible thing has happened. Old man Drew has been murdered."

"You don't say? Who killed him?"

"I don't know. How the devil should I?" His cool unconcerned tones maddened me. "I had reached the house, and was waiting for him in the library. Hearing a cry, I ran into the dining-room. He was there—dead—on the floor."

"Really? And now you are wildly running the streets. Hunting for a policeman, perhaps?"

I was not unaware of the sneering implication in his words, but I strove to keep my temper.

"I'm trying to get back to the house," I said calmly. "As I was standing beside the old man's body I saw someone moving outside an open window."

I outlined briefly the series of small adventures that had followed. He heard me out, then tossed away his cigarette, and I saw a faint smile on his cruel face. It occurred to me that I would have to repeat my

story—repeat it again and again—and that I was destined to see that smile of unbelief on other faces.

"Very interesting," said Parker, still smiling. "I wish I could be of some help, old man. But as a matter of fact I'm in the same fix as you. I started to walk to the house, and lost my way."

"At any rate," I answered, "you must know the address."

"Don't you?" He laughed loudly. "I say, that's funny."

"To you, perhaps," I said.

"Pardon me. My sense of humor breaks out at most unseemly times. I do know the address, of course. The house is on California Street." He mentioned a number.

"There are no street signs on the lamps," I said.

"No. But at each corner the name of the street is carved in the sidewalk. Let's try that."

We walked along to the nearest crossing. Neither of us had a match; but by stooping and running his fingers along the damp walk Parker came upon the name carved in the stone. I leaned over beside him, and we began to spell it out. It was in such a silly posture that Riley the policeman found us as his big bulk emerged from the fog.

"What the devil?" said Riley, not without reason.

"It's Riley!" I cried. "Good enough!"

"Who are you?" he wanted to know.

"A friend of Mr. Drew," I told him. "I was there a while ago when you called to see if everything was O.K."

"Sure," he said. "You was sitting in the library."

"Of course. Riley—Mr. Drew has been murdered."

"Murdered! He can't be. I was just talkin' to him."

I told him of the events since his call at the Drew house, and repeated the lame story of my actions following my discovery of the crime. He made no comment.

"How about you?" he said, turning to Parker.

"I met this young man by chance," Parker told him. "I was on my way to Mr. Drew's house, where I had been invited for dinner, and I became confused in the fog."

Riley shook his head.

"I don't mind sayin' you both sound fishy to me," he remarked. "We'll go back to the house. You jads follow me—wait a bit. Second thoughts is best. You lead the way."



He pointed with his night stick, and meekly we set out. Riley pounded along at our heels. We must have been far afield for we walked some distance, passing several corners where motor-cars honked dubiously. At last Riley halted us before the Drew house, and we climbed the steps. Finding the door unlocked we entered, with Riley close behind.

## CHAPTER V

THE life of the Drew household appeared to be at the moment centred in the great hall into which we came. Carlotta Drew was lying back on a big sofa at the left, indulging in the luxury of mild hysterics, and Mary Will bent over her, a bottle of smelling-salts in her hand. A little old woman with a kindly face, evidently a servant, was weeping silently near the stairs, and at the moment of our entrance Hung Chin-chung emerged from the dining-room with no sign of emotion on his inscrutable face.

"Mary Will," I said gently.

She lifted her head and looked at me. There was terror in her eyes, but at sight of me it appeared to give way to an intense relief.

"You've come back," she said, as though in surprise. "Oh—I'm so glad you've come back."

At the moment I did not understand the full meaning of her words. Carlotta Drew sat up at sight of Doctor Parker and abandoned her mechanical exhibition of grief. Perhaps she remembered the effect of tears on even the most careful make-up.

"Now, what's it all about?" boomed Riley. "Mrs. MacShane—" He turned to the old servant.

"The poor man!" wept Mrs. MacShane. "In there—in the dining-room—"

"Has any wan called the station?"

"Sure, I called 'em," said the old woman, evidently efficient even under stress.

"They'll be sendin' a detective over," said Riley. "No wan leaves—that's understood."

He passed on into the tragic room where the candles were burning. Hurrying to Mary Will's side I began once more the tale of my adventures since my finding of the millionaire's body. As I spoke in a low voice I thought she looked at me in an odd way. My heart sank. Was even Mary Will going to doubt my story?

Riley returned.

"It's hard to realise, Mrs. MacShane," he said. "He was a kind

man—you know that. Many's the time, on cold nights, he had me in from the misty streets for a drop—but no matter."

There was a brisk knock at the front door and a figure muffled in a huge coat stepped into the hall. Close behind came two policemen in uniform. At sight of the figure leading the way Riley was all respect.

"Sergeant Barnes—you are needed here," he said.

"Yes!" The voice of Detective Sergeant Barnes rang out sharp and alive and vital in that house of dim shadows and far memories. He slipped off coat and hat and tossed them down on a chair. I saw that he was a cool, quick little man, bald of head, unsympathetic of eye, business from the word go.

"Henry Drew?" he snapped. Riley nodded. "In the dining-room—about forty minutes ago," he said.

"Myers!" Detective Barnes turned to one of the uniformed men. "You take the front. Murphy—the back door for you." The two men left for their posts. Barnes stood, staring about the room. "Drew had a son. Mark Drew—lawyer—Athletic Club. I don't see him here."

"He's on his way, sir," said Mrs. MacShane. "I called him. Sure, I thought of him right away, though why I did I don't know, for not in five years has he set foot in this house—"

"All right," the detective cut her short.

He was still studying that odd little group: Parker, sneering, unmoved; Carlotta Drew, shaken a bit in the face of a consummation she had no doubt long desired; Mary Will, young and innocent and lovely; the old Irish woman with the tears still wet on her cheeks; and the yellow Chinaman standing patient as a beast of burden by the stairs. And finally he looked at me, whose enemy lay low at last beside the fifty candles.

"No one leaves this house until I have completed my investigation," he announced. "You stay here, Riley, and see to that."

"Yes, sir," said Riley, with a determined look about our circle. Sergeant Barnes strode into the dining-room.

"A merry party—to brighten up the old house—to get things going in a friendly way again." The words of the old millionaire spoken in his car as we rode up-town came back

to me. How different, this, from the party Henry Drew had planned! No one spoke. Each sat wrapped in gloomy thought under the glare of Riley. Only one sound broke the stillness—the voice of Time in the person of the clock, still ticking its eternal threat.

Mary Will sat not three feet from me, but I had the feeling that she was miles away. Some sudden barrier seemed to have arisen between us. She glanced towards me but seldom, and when she did it was with a look in her eyes I did not like to see. I was glad when the loud peal of the door-bell broke the stillness of the room.

Mrs. MacShane opened the door, and a brisk good-looking man of about thirty-five came in. The old woman's first words identified him. "Oh, Mr. Mark," she cried. "Your poor father!"

So this was Mark Drew. There was none of that shrewd wicked cunning that was his father's in his eyes as he gazed frankly about the room. His face was a pleasant one, wrinkled with the evidence of much smiling. No wonder this man and his cruel old father had come in time to the parting of the ways.

Carlotta Drew stepped forward and held out her hand. "I am Carlotta. Your father's wife. We have never met."

He made no move to take her hand.

"I have heard about you," he said gravely, and moved on, leaving her standing foolishly with her hand outstretched.

The wave of hatred that passed over her face was not pretty to see, but she tossed her head and with a hard little laugh resumed her seat. Mark Drew went on instinctively into the dining-room, and we heard his voice and that of the detective as they conversed together. Then the voices grew fainter, a window slammed; they had moved on into the garden.

After an interval Drew and the detective came back into the hall. The former sat down, his face in his hands, and Barnes stood in the centre of our group playing with a little pack of white cards in his hand.

"Well—let's get acquainted," he began. "How many of you were in the house when this thing happened?"

All save Parker admitted their presence.

"Was there any noise—any sound—from that room?"



"Yes," I told him. "There was a cry—a sharp, rather terrible scream. I was in the library, waiting for—er—him. I ran into the dining-room. The table was set—the cake with fifty candles on it."

Mark Drew raised his head. "Sergeant, in regard to those fifty candles—" he began.

"Yes," said Barnes. "Let that pass for now. You—go on. You went into the room. You were the first to enter."

"Undoubtedly. Mr. Drew was lying on the floor on the other side of the table, not far from the open window. He was dead—stabbed just below the heart."

"Did you notice a knife—or any other weapon?"

"I didn't look for one. The open window caught my eye, and when I stepped to it I thought I saw someone in the garden."

The moment I had been dreading had come, and I pulled myself together. Once more I must relate my story, and this time the manner of its acceptance was vital to me. I told of the figure in the garden, the footsteps on the gravel, the gate that had been slammed and locked behind me. I pictured myself lost in the fog, trying to return to the house. Though I put forth every effort to make it sound reasonable, it didn't; it sounded silly, preposterous. I felt Mary Will's eyes upon me. The detective gave no sign.

"Before I ask you how you got back here," he said, "I want to say—I don't get you. Who are you? What's your position here? A friend of Henry Drew?"

"Decidedly not. I was an employee."

"Decidedly not? What do you mean by that?"

"If I may speak," drawled Carlotta Drew. She stared at me between narrowed lids, cold, calculating, hostile. "If I may speak, I think I can throw some light on that. This young man was employed by my husband in the Yunnan mines, and he claimed he had been unfairly treated. There was some cock-and-bull story about a promise—"

"There was a promise," I said; "and it was no cock-and-bull story."

"He had quarrelled violently with my husband, who dismissed him."

"That's not true," I said. "I resigned."

"By chance they occupied the same cabin on the boat coming from China, along with Doctor Parker here," the woman went on. "I believe the quarrelling continued." She looked questioningly at Parker.

"It did," the doctor said. "For several days after they came aboard. I'll swear to that. Then they stopped speaking to each other."

"And yet"—Barnes turned to me—"you were a guest at dinner?"

"Yes," I said. "I believe that for some reason Drew wanted to smooth the matter out. He suggested I come here to meet his partner in the mines, Doctor Su Yen Hun, a Chinese merchant in this town. I agreed to come, but I told him I'd rather not discuss business."

"If you didn't want to talk business, why did you come?"

"I came because—" I stopped. But I was resolved to tell the truth from start to finish. "I came because I wished to see again Mrs. Drew's companion, Miss Tellfair."

The detective's eyes followed mine and rested on Mary Will. "Huh! You're interested in the young lady?"

"I've asked her to marry me," I told him.

"Yeah. You admit, then, that there had been bad blood between you and Henry Drew over business matters? You claim he cheated you?"

"I do."

"We left you wandering in the fog, trying to get back to this house, you say. You got back. How?"

"I met this gentleman—Doctor Parker. He had been invited here to dinner and was walking up from his hotel. He claimed that he, too, was lost."

"Doctor Parker?" Barnes turned and surveyed him.

"Yes," said the doctor, smiling his devilishly mean smile. "I met this young man wandering in the fog. I must say he had a wild look about him—but that, of course, is unimportant. Truth compels me to add that he was going at a rather rapid gait away from the house."

"How did you know, if you were lost yourself?" Barnes asked.

"It was later proved when we met Officer Riley and he showed us the way."

I saw the eyes of Parker and Carlotta Drew meet then, and I knew without further proof that a partnership had been formed to fasten this crime on me, if possible. But why? There could be but one reason, and I was startled as it flashed into my mind. Where was Doctor Parker at a little before seven-thirty? Lost in the fog—alone.

Detective Barnes turned again to Carlotta Drew.

"Now, Mrs. Drew," he began, "please tell me what you were doing at half-past seven o'clock?"

"I was in my room, dressing for dinner," she said. "Miss Tellfair, my companion, was with me. I have no maid at present, and I had called her up to assist me with some troublesome hooks in the back. We were together there when we heard the cry."

"You heard a cry. What then?"

"My heart stood still. I tried to speak, but I couldn't."

Mary Will turned suddenly and faced her.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "Your memory is slightly at fault. You had no difficulty in speaking. In fact, you spoke distinctly."

"Nonsense! I don't remember."

"I do," replied Mary Will firmly. "You said quite clearly, 'He's done it! He's done it!' You said it twice."

"He's done it?" repeated Barnes. "Just what, Mrs. Drew, did you mean by that?"

"If I said it at all," answered Carlotta Drew icily, "which I doubt, I do not know what I meant. I was beside myself with terror."

"But why should you be beside yourself with terror, as you say? You had no means of knowing what that cry meant."

"I knew only too well. My dear husband's life had been threatened only recently, as a matter of fact—by Mr. Winthrop here."

"I deny that," said I.

"Did you hear Mr. Winthrop threaten your husband—my father?" asked Mark Drew sharply.

"No-o," said the woman. "Not precisely. But Henry—Mr. Drew—had told me he was afraid of Mr. Winthrop. He was very much upset when he found himself in the same stateroom with him. He tried to be moved."

"Then when you cried out 'He's done it,'" suggested Doctor Parker, "you were—almost unconsciously—thinking of Winthrop?"

"That must have been it."

"Doctor—you're invaluable," said Mark Drew with a strange smile.

"Come, come!" broke in Barnes. "Let's get on. You heard the cry?"

"Miss Tellfair ran out of the room," went on Carlotta Drew.

"I started to," corrected Mary Will, the color rising in her white cheeks. "But you held me back. You clung to me—"

"I tell you I was beside myself. I didn't know what I was doing."

"You take it up," suggested Barnes to Mary Will.

"I managed to get away," Mary Will said, "and ran downstairs. I looked in the library; it was empty. The dining-room door was open. I went in—"



"You were, then, the second person to enter the room?"

"Very likely," Mary Will's voice was low now—little more than a whisper. "I thought the room empty at first. The window stood open. I went round the table, and there—on the floor—I saw him—Mr. Drew."

"Yes—go on."

"I—I screamed and ran from the room."

"Ah, yes!" said Barnes. "Did you by any chance see a weapon of any sort—a knife—near Mr. Drew's body?"

"I scarcely looked," answered Mary Will, her lovely eyes full on the detective's face. "I was so frightened, you understand—"

"Of course, of course. No matter," Barnes said. "You screamed and ran from the room."

"Yes. In the doorway I met Mrs. MacShane. Mrs. Drew was coming down the stairs. She followed Mrs. MacShane into the dining-room. In a moment she, too, screamed—and I believe she fainted in Mrs. MacShane's arms."

"It was almost a faint," said the old woman.

"Miss Telfair, please," Barnes insisted.

"I knew where Mrs. Drew kept a bottle of smelling-salts," Mary Will continued. "She had used them on the boat, and I'd packed them for her. I ran up and got them—and brought them down. That's—that's all, I think." I fancied that Mary Will was near a faint herself.

"And now, Mrs. MacShane," said the detective, "we'll listen to you."

"Officer—my story's soon told," said the old woman. "I hears the cry, and bein' busy with dinner, ordered at the last minute, as ye might say, I didn't pay no attention. I'm no cook, I'm a caretaker, an' I was doin' the cookin' as a favor to poor Mr. Drew, who snt me the word by wireless to-day. I havin' looked afther the house while he was away. 'Sure,' says I, 'that's a keen cry, an' a bitter wan, but my business is here.' Thin I got to thinkin', so I took a minute to come trottin' in; afther that it was as the young lady says, I found what I found—poor Mr. Drew—God rist his soul!"

The quick eye of Barnes once more travelled around that little group.

"Doctor Parker, I believe, was lost in the fog at half-past seven, on his way to the house," he said. "That leaves nobody but this stony-faced Chinink. I'd as soon go out in the Sahara Desert and have a chat with the Sphinx as question one of 'em. Come here, you!"

Hung Chin-chung stiffened, and a dignity that was ever part of him shone from his strange eyes as he crossed the room and stood before the detective.

"What's your name?" roared Barnes. He was one of those Americans who believe all foreigners are deaf.

Hung stared at him in amiable contempt. Mark Drew spoke up.

"If I may make a suggestion," he said, "Hung was almost one of the family. He was my father's body-servant, for twenty years his best friend, and in these later years, I am afraid, his only friend. Hung's personal name, Chin-chung, means completely loyal, and he was all of that. He has never been known to refuse any request my father made of him, and I am sure my father was extremely fond of him. So was Hung fond of my father, and I am very much mistaken, if, despite the lack of evidence in his face, Hung is not the sincerest mourner among us here to-night."

The Chinaman bowed.

"It is sweet indeed," he said, in precise, perfect English, "if I have found such honor in the eyes of my employer's son. You are a policeman," he added, turning gravely on Barnes, "and you wish to know of my movements in this house to-night. When this matter under discussion was in progress I was in my room, whither I had gone with my master's permission. This young man"—he nodded towards me—"was in the room when that permission was granted."

"That's right," I said.

"I am no butler, no house man," Hung went on. "But we had only to-day arrived from China, and there was not yet time to engage a servant of that class. Mr. Drew had asked me to serve the dinner to-night, and I had agreed to do so, as I agreed to all his wishes, always. I was in my room making certain changes in my attire, that I might bring honor to my master and my master's house in the eyes of his friends."

"Did you hear anything?"

"My room," said Hung, "is on the fourth floor, at the rear. No sound of any disturbance reached my ears. I came down, prepared to serve dinner, and found the house in an uproar. My master, who was as dear to me as the bones of my honorable ancestors, was dead beside the table where dinner was prepared."

"There's a back stairs?" suggested Barnes.

"Ah, yes," replied Hung, "a back stairs, leading through the kitchen

of Mrs. MacShane. If I had passed that way—"

"He didn't," said the old woman. "I never left the kitchen from five this afternoon till I come in here. I saw nothing of Hung. He speaks the truth."

Barnes stood staring at Hung through his vivid little eyes, but the beady eyes of the Chinaman gave back no answering gleam. Still the detective played with the pack of white cards in his hand.

"We're getting nowhere," pouted Carlotta Drew. "I must say I feel faint and weak. Surely we may be excused now."

"Not yet!" snapped Barnes. "I'm sorry. I believe you've had no dinner. If Mrs. MacShane here could make us all a cup of coffee—"

"I can that," said Mrs. MacShane.

"Go and help," said Barnes to Hung, and the latter, after a moment of open defiance, turned slowly on his velvet-shod feet and followed the old woman to the kitchen.

Barnes stood in deep thought, looking from one to another of the group that remained. His eye as it met mine was cold and calculating, and I knew that if he could fix a semblance of guilt on my head he would do it.

A man prominent in San Francisco life was murdered, there would be an outcry in the newspapers, and an arrest must be made to save the face of the police—the guilty man if possible; if not, someone who seemed guilty.

"Let's go back," he said with sudden decision. "Henry Drew was giving a birthday party to-night. I noticed, Mr. Drew, that when you saw the cake with the fifty candles you appeared surprised. I take it this was not your father's birthday."

"It most certainly was not," Mark Drew replied. "If you will consult the family Bible in the library you will find that my father was born, not in December but in March. He was sixty-nine years old last March."

"Sixty-nine," mused Barnes. "Yet this was somebody's fiftieth birthday—somebody Henry Drew thought highly enough of to honor with a party. Whose birthday was it? Mrs. Drew—do you know?"

"I do not," said Carlotta Drew. "My husband confided few of his affairs to me."

"Yes? Well, I guess we can take it for granted that the person in whose honor the party was given was to be among the guests." Barnes held up the little pack of white cards. "I've got here the place-cards for the party, which I gathered up from the



table." He began to read. "Mr. Winthrop you're not fifty. Miss Telfair—I don't need to ask. Doctor Parker—er—how about you?"

"Not guilty," Parker said. "It's not my birthday, and Mr. Drew wouldn't have given me a party if it were."

Barnes held up another card, and for a long moment gazed at the face of Carlotta Drew. He must have seen the lines and wrinkles that even the best of make-ups could not completely hide.

"If you will pardon me, Mrs. Drew—"

"I have already told you," answered Carlotta Drew angrily. "I do not know whose birthday it is."

"Well, no offence," smiled Barnes. "That leaves me just one card—the card of the guest who for some reason or other has not come to the party, Doctor Su Yen Hun. The other partner in the Yunnan mine, I believe."

"So I understand," said I.

"Do you know him?"

"I met him four years ago—in Shanghai."

"He was a partner in the fraud you claim was practised on you?"

"I understand he was a partner in all of Drew's shady deals."

"An interesting guest. I'd like to see him," Barnes turned to the patrolman, who was still waiting. "Riley, before I let you go back to your beat, do this for me. Go to Su Yen Hun's house—you know, the big Chinese millionaire—it's just round the corner on Post Street. Give Su my compliments and ask him to step over here a minute."

"Yes, sir," said Riley, and promptly disappeared.

"I can tell you in advance—this is not Su's fiftieth birthday," Mark Drew said. "He's a very old man—eighty or more."

"I know he is," Barnes answered, "but he's worth a question or two anyhow. Now while you people are waiting for your coffee I'll have a look about the upstairs." He paused at the foot of the stairway. "Myers is in front, and Murphy's in the garden," he smiled. "Good men, both of them. So keep your seats."

As the detective walked briskly up the stairs I was startled to see Mary Will's eyes following him, wide and frightened. I went quickly to her side, but before I could speak Doctor Parker cut in.

"That is an outrage!" he cried. He rose and walked angrily up and down. "Why should I be held here? I came to this house for a party, not an inquest. When that

fool detective comes back I'm going to demand that he let me go."

Mark Drew answered in a low, surprisingly hostile tone. "I would not call that fool detective's attention to myself if I were you."

"What do you mean by that?" snarled Parker, turning on him.

"Lost in the fog," smiled Drew. "Not much of an alibi, Doctor, if you ask me."

"Do you dare to insinuate—?" "That you would injure my father? When have you ever done anything else?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, don't you? I mean you are too eager, my dear Doctor—you and this woman here—to fasten the crime on the head of a young man who may or may not be guilty. Don't think you can fool me. Don't think I can't read you—the pair of you. You have made the last years of my father's life a hell. And what does his death mean to you? This woman with a big share of my father's money—and no more need of secrecy. Take care, Doctor Parker. Lie low. I'm telling you—the fog is a rotten alibi."

"You're a lawyer," Parker cried. "You know I could have you in court for talk like that."

"Don't worry," said Drew. "Before this affair is ended you'll have me in court—or I'll have you!"

They faced each other, evidently on the verge of blows. But over Drew's shoulder Doctor Parker caught a look from the eyes of Carlotta Drew, and backing away he stepped to the window. I turned to Mary Will. She seemed to have heard nothing; her gaze had never left the head of the stairs.

"Mary Will—what is it—what's the matter?" I said softly.

"Oh—go away—please go away!" she whispered. "They mustn't see us talking together—now."

Without question I did as she asked. But I was filled with amazement. How was Mary Will involved in the murder of Henry Drew?

#### CHAPTER VI

WHILE Detective Barnes was upstairs fifteen or twenty minutes passed, duly recorded by the busy clock in the hall. Gloomy with foreboding, I sat staring at a Chinese print on the wall. It was a cheery little thing, representing an execution. I wondered about the most vitally interested party, who appeared to have completely lost his head. Was he guilty? Or had he, an innocent man, been caught up in

a net of circumstantial evidence while the real culprit went free? It was for me a most interesting question.

The bald little detective was coming down the stairs. His face was very serious; he held one hand behind his back. Mary Will was staring at him, fascinated, and to my surprise he walked straight up to her.

"If you don't mind, Miss Telfair," he said, "we will go back to your story for a moment."

"Yes," breathed Mary Will. All color was gone from her face.

"Your room upstairs—it's the blue room to the left, on the second floor?"

"It is."

"When you went up to get the smelling-salts for Mrs. Drew—you took the time to go first to your own room—didn't you?"

"I—I did."

"You wanted to hide something?"

"Yes."

"Something you had picked up from the side of the dead man in the dining-room?" Mary Will nodded; her face was the color of that tablecloth old Drew had seized in his last moment of life. "You don't seem to be up on this sort of thing, my girl," Barnes went on. "Under your mattress was a pretty obvious place."

He brought his hand round from behind his back, and when I saw what the hand held I had difficulty repressing the cry that rose to my lips. For the detective held a small Chinese knife, with a handle of grape jade, carved in the shape of some heathen god. It was unique, that knife, there could hardly be another like it in the world. I had bought it from a merchant far in the interior of China, and on the boat coming over I had shown it to several people, Mary Will included.

"It was the worst thing I could have done," Mary Will was sobbing now. "But I was so excited—I had no time to think."

Out of the murk of tale-fog and hatred and murder one dazzling thing flashed clear—and nothing else mattered. I was a happy man. "You did that for me!" I cried. Mary Will—you're wonderful!"

"Then this is your knife?" Barnes broke in, holding it before me.

"No question about it," said I.

"How do you account for the fact that it was found beside the dead man?"

I turned in time to catch the look that passed between Parker and Carlotta Drew, and hot anger filled my heart.



"It was stolen, of course," I said.  
"Of course," smiled the detective.

"I had not missed it yet," I went on, "but it must have been taken from my luggage, in the stateroom, some time to-day. There were just two men who had access to that luggage. One was the dead man, who could hardly have taken it."

"And the other?" cried Mark Drew suddenly.

"The other," said I, "was Doctor Parker, who at seven-thirty to-night claims he was lost in the fog."

"Nonsense!" said Parker. "What motive—"

"Motive enough!" cried Mark Drew angrily. "A secret love affair with my father's wife that has been going on for more than a year. A lust for money that is famous on the China coast—along with your well-known lack of scruples in stopping at nothing to get it. Motive, my dear Doctor—"

"You think," sneered Parker, "that I would paw over this man's luggage—that I would steal his silly knife?"

"Why not? A man who would steal another's wife would hardly stop at the theft of a little weapon like this!" Drew turned to the detective. "Sergeant Barnes, this man claims that at the time the crime was committed he was walking from his hotel to this house. There are good pavements, good sidewalks, all the way. Let me call your attention to his shoes. They are unbelievably wet; they are muddy."

"Rot!" snarled Parker. "That means nothing. The sidewalk was torn up before a new building. I couldn't see where I was going. I got rather deep into the water and mud."

"You are in rather deep, my friend," cried Drew. "I'll grant you that."

Other hot words passed between them, but I did not listen. I had turned to Mary Will. "Whatever happens," I said, "I shan't forget what you tried to do for me."

"Oh—it was all wrong," she whispered. "I see that now. I have harmed you dreadfully—and I only meant to help. I did it on the spur of the moment. Why I did it I can't imagine."

"Can't you? I can. Your first instinct was to protect the man you love."

"No—no," she protested.

"Poor Mary Will. All your denials won't avail now. The deed is done.

You supposed that I had lost my head—and killed Henry Drew."

"It was silly of me—I didn't stop to think. And everything looked against you—I saw you running out of the window."

"Everything is still against me. Are you, Mary Will? Look at me." She raised her eyes to mine. "Mary Will—I did not kill Drew. You believe that—don't you?"

"I believe it," she answered. "Nothing will ever make me change." "That's all I wanted to know," I cried.

All my depression, my gloom, was gone, and it was in almost a gay mood that I turned to face the detective. He had waved aside Mark Drew's insinuations against Parker and was standing before me.

"Mr. Winthrop," he said, "you had quarrelled with the dead man. You claim that he and his partner, Doctor Su, had defrauded you. You admit all that. You admit that this is your knife which your sweetheart—this young woman—found by the body."

"Yes," I replied, "that's all true. I admit also that things look rather badly for me. But in spite of all you have discovered, I did not kill Henry Drew. As you go further into the matter you must find that out yourself. Surely there must be some other evidence—I don't know what it can be. Perhaps when you have talked with Doctor Su Yen Hun he can throw some light—"

The door opened and Riley came into the room. His great red face proclaimed him the bearer of news.

"Sergeant," he cried, "I went to Doctor Su's house, as ye told me to—"

"Yes, Riley."

"The place was dark. I rung the bell—four times—maybe five—nobody answered. I knew it was important, so I went round to the back. The kitchen door was open—"

"Go on."

"I went inside, Sergeant—there wasn't a livin' thing in the house. Not wan. But he was there. Doctor Su Yen Hun, I mean. He was layin' in the middle of the library floor—dead. Somebody'd got to him an' stuck a knife between his ribs!"

My heart seemed to stop beating. A moment of dreadful silence fell.

"Did you examine the wound?" Barnes inquired.

"I did," said Riley, proud of himself. "An' it was exactly like the wan poor Mr. Drew got. Yes, Sergeant—if you ask me—the same hand done

for 'em both. I waited till Detective Curry arrived, an' thin—"

"Yes, Riley. Thanks. You'd better go back to your beat." As Riley went out Barnes turned to me. "This was Drew's partner in the Yunnan mine," he said. "The other man you say had cheated you?"

I tried to speak but the words would not come.

"Mr. Winthrop," the detective went on, "I'm sorry, but I have no other course—"

"Wait a minute." It was Mark Drew who spoke. "I beg your pardon, Sergeant. You are conducting this case, I know, but naturally my interest is keen. I tell you flatly I do not believe this young man is guilty of my father's murder."

"Thank you, Mr. Drew," I said.

"It's an old saying and a true one," Barnes remarked, "that there's a motive behind every killing. Find that motive and you've got your man. The motive in this case is clear—revenge."

"But there's another one of us who may have had a motive," said Drew. His eyes were on Parker.

"I can't arrest a man because his shoes are muddy," replied Barnes peevishly. "You know that. No—everything points to this young fellow. He had the motive. His story of his actions after the crime is ridiculous. His knife was found—"

"But before you arrest him," pleaded Drew, "there are so many matters still unaccounted for—"

The voice of Barnes was very cool and unfriendly.

"I recognise your interest," he said. "If there is any clue I have not considered—any matter you think I should investigate further—"

Mrs. MacShane came into the room, bearing a tray of steaming coffee cups. She placed her burden on a table.

"I—I hardly know," stammered Drew. "I'm not criticising you, Sergeant, but—there are the fifty candles. Yes—by heaven—the fifty candles! There's mystery in them. Whose birthday is this?"

Mrs. MacShane suddenly lifted her head and came over into the centre of the group.

"I know whose birthday it is," she said.

"You know?" cried Drew. "Then in heaven's name tell us!"

"Your father explained it to me to-night," the old woman went on. "He come into my kitchen with the fifty little pink candles in his hands,



an' he asked me to put them on the cake. 'If I may make so bold, sir,' I says to him, 'whose birthday is it to-day?' An' he says to me, 'It's the Chinaman's,' he says. 'It's Hung Chin-chung's.'"

"The Chinaman's!" Mark Drew cried.

"But why should my husband give a birthday party for Hung Chin-chung?" asked Carlotta Drew, amazed.

"Just what I asks myself, ma'am," Mrs. MacShane went on, "but Mr. Drew didn't tell me. He just repeated that it was Hung's birthday. 'Yes, Mrs. MacShane,' he says to me, 'Hung was born fifty years ago to-day in a little house near some queen's yard in Honolulu—out on that beach'—what is it now, the wan there's all the songs about? Oh, to be sure!—'out on the beach at Waikiki.'"

#### CHAPTER VII

ON the beach at Waikiki! Mrs. MacShane's unexpected bit of evidence had a fantastic ring. I had never been to Honolulu, but instantly I heard the tinkle of ukuleles, the murmur of breakers pouring in over a coral reef. I saw coconut palms outlined against a vivid sky, the brown boys riding in, erect and slender, on their surf-boards. By what stretch of the imagination could all this be connected with the murder of Henry Drew?

I looked about that strange little group gathered in the gloomy room of the house on Nob Hill. Evidently they were all asking themselves the same question. Carlotta Drew and Doctor Parker exchanged a glance of surprise. In Mary Will's eyes I saw the light of romantic memory; stopping off on her way to China she had known Waikiki Beach in the moonlight when the Southern Cross hung low. Detective Barnes stood blinking at Mrs. MacShane with what was, for him, a rather stupid expression. Suddenly Mark Drew leaped to his feet and began excitedly to pace the floor. Barnes turned towards him.

"Well, Mr. Drew—and where does this get us?" he inquired.

"I don't know," said Drew. "But it may get us quite a distance—before we're finished."

"I can't follow you," the detective replied. "Though it is a startling bit of news—I'll admit that. The birthday of Hung Chin-chung! Born fifty years ago in Honolulu. Your father thinks so much of him he de-

cides to give him a birthday party. He goes to a lot of trouble to get candles, and—say, how long was the Chink with your family?"

"Twenty years," said Mark Drew.

"That explains it," Barnes replied. "Twenty years! If we could keep a servant twenty years we wouldn't stop at a birthday party. We'd give him a deed to our house and lot. Well—Mr. Drew gives the Chinaman a party; an eccentric thing to do, but then, he always was—er—different. And what of it? We can't argue that Hung picked this occasion to kill his master. Unless he was dissatisfied with the thickness of the frosting on the cake—or peeved because Mr. Drew made a mistake about his age."

The hour was late, and Sergeant Barnes seemed a bit peeved himself. He turned again to me. "No," he said firmly, "it all comes back to this young man. He had a grievance not only against Henry Drew but against the other murdered man, Doctor Su Yen Hun. His knife has been found. He was caught running away in the fog—"

Mary Will was on her feet facing the detective, her eyes flashing, her cheeks aflame.

"How dare you!" she cried. "How dare you insinuate that Mr. Winthrop is capable of killing a man! You should know better."

"How should I?" asked Barnes.

"Why—just by looking at him," said Mary Will.

Barnes smiled.

"My dear young lady, I'm mighty sorry for you," he said, "but all the evidence—"

"Once more," put in Mark Drew, "I'm going to ask you to wait."

Barnes said nothing, but turned and stared at him with annoyance plainly written on his face. Mary Will sat down again, and I gave her hand a grateful squeeze. Mark Drew went over to his father's wife.

"As you know," he said, "I have been out of touch with my family for the past five years. During that time what should you say was the nature of the relations between Hung and my father? Were they as friendly as ever?"

Carlotta Drew stared at him coldly. She had not forgotten his recent snub of her; she never would.

"Your father and Hung were master and servant," she said. "That's all I know. I made no effort to pry into your father's private affairs. I felt that the details would be too—unsavory."

"Mr. Winthrop"—Drew turned to me—"you said a while ago that there were only two men who had access to your luggage in the stateroom of the China boat—my father and Doctor Parker. On second thoughts—wasn't there one other?"

"Yes," I nodded. "It had not occurred to me before, but Hung—Hung was frequently there. He spent the morning there to-day, packing your father's bags."

"Nonsense!" said Detective Barnes decisively. "This birthday party is a false lead. If it means anything at all it means that Mr. Drew was fond of the Chinaman. And it must mean, too, that the Chink was fond of the old man."

"Fond of him?" repeated Mark Drew. "He ought to be, that's sure. My father saved his life!"

The detective stared at Mark Drew in surprise.

"Saved his life? When? Where?"

"Twenty years ago—in Honolulu. Let's see—this is the fifth of December—yes, of course, twenty years ago to a day."

Barnes sank wearily into a chair.

"Well, if you can make it short and snappy—I suppose I ought to hear about it," he said. "Though if the old man saved Hung's life it doesn't stand to reason that the Chinaman would—oh, well, go ahead."

Mark Drew leaned against a table and folded his arms.

"I'll try to be brief," he began. "As I say, it happened twenty years ago, in December, 1898. I was a kid of twelve then. I'd gone to the Islands with my father aboard his barque, the Edna-May; he owned a fleet of sailing vessels that made Honolulu from this port. Every detail of that trip stands out in my memory, clear-cut to this day. And no wonder, for I was an imaginative boy, a great reader, and I was standing for the first time on the threshold of the South Seas."

"The day of which I speak was to be our last in port. Late in the morning my father invited me to go ashore with him for lunch. We went from the dock to King Street, and I was all eyes, drinking in Honolulu for the last time. Even in those days it was the melting-pot of the Pacific; a dozen races mingled on the pavement. But you don't want a description of the town. However, the picture returns and thrills me even now. We turned off King Street, into Fort. In front of a building that housed the United States



District Court we met a man named Harry Childs coming out. Childs was a lawyer out there, somewhat shady, I imagine, but useful to my father, who travelled much in the shade himself—I make no secret of it. Childs carried a few law books under his arm as I recall, and he looked warm and depressed and rather sullen.

"Well, Harry," my father said, "how did your case come out?"

"Lost it, of course," said Childs. "That man Smith has it in for me. Oh, well—it's all in the day's work. But I'm sorry for poor Chang See. Shipped back to China—they'll put him on the Nile to-night. It's his death sentence, Mr. Drew!"

"Too bad," my father said. "As I told you, I could have used him. Hung Chin-chung died on the way over—there's all his clothes waiting for someone to wear them—and his name too. I could have landed your man in San Francisco with no trouble at all. Too bad."

"Childs looked at my father in a queer way."

"When are you sailing?" he asked.

"About six," my father said.

"The Nile sails for China about dusk," Childs said. "If I were you I'd wait until it goes out. I'd wait—about an hour—or as long as may be necessary."

"I'll do that, Harry," said my father. He smiled.

"You might have a visitor," Childs said, and went on his way down the hot street. My father and I went to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and had lunch.

"Of course, at the time I had no idea what this conversation between Childs and my father meant. I remember standing that evening at the rail of the Edna-May, just before we sailed. The quick tropic dusk had fallen, Tantalus and Punch Bowl Hill were blotted out. From the row of shacks along the waterfront came yellow light and laughter and the voices of men singing."

My father happened along and ordered me to bed. He was robbing me of those last precious moments in port, and I resented it, but I dared not disobey. I went to his cabin and climbed to the upper berth, which was mine. In about half an hour the Edna-May got under way. My wonderful journey was entering its final stage—

"Please," broke in Detective Barnes, glancing at his watch.

"I know," said Mark Drew, smiling. "I'll hurry on. Pretty soon my father came to the cabin, sat down

at his table and began to look over some papers. I dozed off—and woke up with a start. A lean, solemn Chinaman was standing just inside the cabin door. It was my first sight of the man whose birthday my father was celebrating here to-night.

"You are Chang See," said my father, "and the Nile sailed without you."

"The Chinaman bowed, and something resembling a smile flitted across his impassive face."

"I see you've got dry things," my father went on. "Hung's clothes suit you all right—eh? Again the Chinaman bowed. 'Well—listen to me,' said my father. 'I have called you Chang See for the last time. From now on you are Hung Chin-chung, the same servant I took with me when I left the Gate.'"

"I understand," said Hung—I may as well call him that, for I have never known him by any other name. He spoke good English, even then. 'You have saved my worthless life,' he went on, and drifted off into a flowery sentence intended as an expression of gratitude. My father cut him short.

"Yes," he said, 'I've saved your life. And I expect something in return.' Of course he did. I was only twelve, but I knew he would, even then."

"Anything you ask—" began the Chinaman.

"I want a confidential servant—one I can trust—absolutely," my father told him. "A man who will stick by me day and night, make my interests his, guard my safety. There are certain matters—my life has been threatened—Lie down, Mark, and go to sleep!" he added sharply, for I was leaning over the side of my bunk, wide-eyed. 'I've given you your life,' he finished to the Chinaman. 'Now I ask that you devote it to me.'"

"Hung—or whatever his name was—thought for a moment. To his Oriental mind a promise was a promise, and not to be lightly given, even under such extraordinary circumstances. I am trying to be brief, Sergeant Barnes. I'll sum up the discussion that followed in a few words. Hung was willing to serve my father—but for how long? He said something about returning to China to spend his last days there. There should be a limit, he thought. After a time they set it at twenty years. This was the fifth of December, the anniversary of Hung's birth at Waikiki thirty years before. From that moment on to his fiftieth

birthday, he agreed to do—as my father wished.

"I was pretending to be asleep. My father came over and shook me. 'Wake up, Mark,' he said. 'This is Hung Chin-chung. He has agreed to act as my servant for the next twenty years, if we both live that long. My friends will be his friends, my enemies his enemies; he will guard my life as his own, and every request I make of him, no matter how trivial, he will comply with. Is that right, Hung?'"

"Hung promised on his honor and the sacred honor of his ancestors."

"When he reaches his fiftieth birthday I will release him from his promise," my father said. "You are a witness, Mark. Don't forget." He turned to the Chinaman. "Now, go to your bunk. I'll have a talk with you in the morning."

"How well Hung kept his word I know probably best of all. He became my father's shadow. Into what unsavory paths his devotion led him I don't know. My father's activities were many—there was talk of the opium trade in those days. No doubt Hung was a useful go-between. Twice he saved my father's life when it was attempted by revengeful members of Hung's own race."

"To-day, on his fiftieth birthday, as you can see, his long period of slavery—there is no other word—was ended. I know my father had grown very fond of Hung, and there was in his nature an odd sentimental streak that no doubt led him to hit on the birthday party as a fitting climax to all those years of devotion. Probably it was not so much to honor Hung that he lit the fifty candles on the cake; he wanted to call the attention of the world to the remarkable loyalty that he had inspired and, in honoring Hung, honor himself." Mark Drew paused.

"That's all, Sergeant. I'm afraid I haven't helped you much, at that."

"Very interesting, Mr. Drew," said the detective. "But it gets us nowhere—nowhere at all. It establishes beyond question that Hung was under an obligation to your father, that he was always very devoted to him—"

"Yes," said Mark Drew sharply. "But you forget that the obligation has been paid. To-day Hung was released from his promise—he was a free man again. What has been going on in his mind these twenty years? You and I don't know—we can't know. What white man could?"



"You mean to say," Doctor Parker put in, with what seemed to me a quite hopeful look in his eyes, "that you think Hung's first act as a free man was to murder his benefactor?"

"There's a bare chance of it," Drew replied. He turned again to the detective. "After all, there is a very thin line dividing gratitude and hate. If you saved my life to-night I should be grateful. To-morrow, next week, possibly next year, I should still be grateful. But after twenty years—if you had reminded me of it every day—ain't it quite likely—"

A door at the rear of the room opened suddenly and Hung Chin-chung came in. Noiselessly, on his padded slippers, he crossed the polished floor to the long table on which Mrs. MacShane had put the coffee. His yellow face might have been hidden behind the curtain of a tulle-dog for all the expression one could read there. He gathered up the stray coffee cups and piled them on the tray.

No one moved or spoke. Deliberately Hung lifted the tray to his shoulder, swung on his heel, and strode to the door through which he had entered.

"Hung!" said Barnes sharply. Hung paused, turned so we could see his face, and waited.

"This was your birthday, eh, Hung?" said Barnes.

"Yes."

"The fifty candles—the cake—all for you?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Drew was very fond of you. Why?"

"Why not?"

"Answer my question!" The detective reddened with anger.

"I have served Mr. Drew with honor for many years," said Hung.

"And you were about to leave his service. Where are you going? What are your plans?"

"I return to China."

"On what boat?"

"I have not yet decided. That is all. Thank you—"

"Wait a minute! Tell me—you were very fond of Mr. Drew?"

"Why not?" Hung's hand was pushing open the door.

"I want an answer!" shouted Barnes.

"For one word," said Hung, "a man may be adjudged. And for one word he may be adjudged foolish. I have spoken enough."

"Hold on there!" Barnes cried, for Hung was going out.

"Let him go," said Mark Drew quickly, and the Chinaman disappeared.

Barnes threw up his hands.

"All right—if you're handling the case," he said angrily.

"I should like to, for a few moments," said Drew, smiling. "Where the mind of an Oriental is concerned, one man's efforts are as good as another's."

"I was on the Chinatown squad ten years," Barnes retorted. "But if you know more than I do—"

"I know more about Hung perhaps. Mrs. MacShane—go to the kitchen. If Hung starts to come upstairs by the back way let Sergeant Barnes know at once. He will pass the word on to me. Now, Sergeant, if you will lend me that flashlight you had in the garden—"

With surprising meekness Barnes handed it over.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Explore," smiled Drew. "We all have our pet theories. Yours inclines to this young man." He nodded towards me. "Mine, up to the time I understood the matter of the candles, favored our friend, Doctor Parker. I'm sorry to say I believe I was mistaken. I'm going up to find out."

"Hold on," said Barnes. "During those twenty years Hung served your father, do you know of anything that occurred—anything that might account for what happened here to-night?"

"A fair question," Drew said. "I'll answer it when I've had a look about Hung's room."

He went quickly up the stairs, and again silence fell in that cold and musty room. Mary Will moved closer to me on the sofa. Doctor Parker rose and lighted a cigarette, then with an air of assumed carelessness drifted to the side of Carlotta Drew, who sat near the stairs. They talked eagerly in low tones; evidently they had much that was important to say to each other. Ignoring us all, Barnes sat staring gloomily into space. He seemed for the moment a discouraged man.

The bell of the telephone, which was in a closet under the stairs, rang sharply. Barnes jumped up and entered the closet, shutting the door behind him. We could hear his voice, faint, far away.

"Hello, Riley! . . . Yes. What is it? . . . Yes . . . That's good . . . Fine work, Riley . . . Better take her to the station. Wait a minute

—bring her up here first. Yes. Good-bye."

When Barnes emerged from the closet his face was beaming. He said nothing, but ran up the stairs two at a time.

#### CHAPTER VIII

MARY WILL put her hand on my arm. "What now?" she asked, wide-eyed.

"I wonder—"

"I'm so worried. That horrid detective still suspects you."

"Nonsense! He can't entangle an innocent man."

"Yes, he can," said Mary Will seriously. "And he will, too, unless he finds the guilty one at once."

"Then let's hope he does. But—who is the guilty man? My choice is Doctor Parker."

Mary Will's forehead wrinkled in deep thought.

"No," she said. "I don't believe it was Parker."

"Then why did he try so hard to put the thing on me?"

"For the same reason Carlotta Drew tried to put it on you. They both honestly believe you did it."

"Mary Will—you talk like an oracle. How do you know all this?"

"Oh—I just know it. When Mrs. Drew and I were upstairs and we heard the scream, I'm sure she suspected Doctor Parker. But the minute he reached the house, with you and the policeman, he took her aside and assured her he was innocent. I was watching them and I saw the look of relief on her face."

"Well," I said helplessly, "I'm all at sea. If Parker didn't do it—"

"Then Hung did," said Mary Will firmly. "Can't you see that?"

"Hung? Nonsense! Why, there's not a shred of evidence against him. He was in his room. Much more reason to suspect me. Oh, I certainly got tangled in a pretty mess when I came up here to-night."

"I meant to speak about that. You disobeyed me. I told you on the boat—"

"Tut, tut! Maidenly reserve, and all that sort of thing. I'm mighty glad I didn't pay any attention to it. Because, however it ends, this evening has taught me one wonderful thing. You love me."

"I haven't said so."

"You don't need to. Your actions have proved it."

"Don't be too sure. Maybe I pitied you. Have you thought of that? And pity—pity isn't love."

I have said that Mary Will could be annoying at times. Loving her,



I perceived, would never grow monotonous.

"If I hear any more about pity," I said fiercely, "I'll kiss you."

"Then you won't hear any more about it," she answered quickly; and added, very softly, "Not just now."

At that instant we heard Mark Drew and the detective coming down the stairs. Doctor Parker rose and walked to the table; when they came into view he was lighting another cigarette. Sergeant Barnes carried a little bundle of something or other, which he placed beneath the cushion of a chair. Then he walked solemnly up to where I sat.

"Well, my boy," he said, "I'm going to arrest you for the murder of Henry Drew!"

Mary Will gave a little cry, and her hot hand grasped mine. I was stunned—the thing was so sudden.

"This—this is ridiculous," I stammered.

Mark Drew came up and stood by the side of Barnes.

"The sergeant is a bit crude in his methods," he remarked. "What he should have said was that, with your permission, he is about to place you under arrest, as an experiment. You'll understand later. Do you mind?"

"Well, I—can't say I fancy it."

"It was my suggestion," said Mark Drew.

"Oh, well—in that case—" I agreed, somewhat less alarmed.

"Call Mrs. MacShane and Hung from the kitchen," said Barnes. "Get Murphy in from the back and Myers from the front." Mark Drew began to carry out these orders. "Now, my boy, if you'll put these on—"

He held out a pair of handcuffs which glittered wickedly in the dim light. I saw that Mary Will was very pale and frightened, and I wasn't feeling any too cheery myself. But I held out my hands. The lock clicked shut on my wrists just as Hung came in from the kitchen, and I thought that he stared at me with unusual interest.

"My investigation is at an end," said Barnes loudly. "You are free to go, you people. You'll all be wanted as witnesses, of course."

Mrs. MacShane went slowly up the stairs. Doctor Parker had found his overcoat and was putting it on. Hung stepped forward to assist him, when Mark Drew spoke.

"All right, Hung," he said. "Go to your room. I'll wait here to look after things. You've passed your fiftieth birthday—I've not forgotten—you are your own master now. Good night, and good luck!"

For a long moment Hung looked at him. Then he bowed.

"Thank you," he said. "Good night."

He went silently up the broad stairs. Mark Drew waited about two minutes, then followed just as silently. I could see him stop in the shadows at the top, and stand there, as though on guard. Barnes turned to the two patrolmen.

"Come on," he whispered hoarsely. "Quick! Don't make a sound. Come with me." He led them into the dining-room, while we waited, completely at sea. In a moment he returned to the hall, where he stamped noisily about for a few moments. He opened and shut the outer door several times.

"Now follow me," he directed, still in a whisper. "We'll all go back to the drawing-room and wait."

He led the way; Mrs. Drew, Mary Will, Parker and I followed. As we entered, Barnes turned down the lights.

Thus I came back to the room I had not seen since I left it to answer Henry Drew's pitiful cry. The fire had burned low, but the dying logs still sent forth a warm red glow. Again they were staring down on me, those stern Drews on the wall. I was acutely conscious of the handcuffs on my wrists.

We waited. From where I sat I could see that the yellow fog from the tulle-fields no longer pressed against the window panes. By straining my eyes I fancied I could make out the dim outlines of an apartment-house across the street. Was the tulle-fog lifting?

The glint of firelight on my pretty bracelets must have caught the eye of Barnes, for he came over and, grinning, set me free.

"Thanks," I said gratefully.

"Temporarily, at any rate," he spoiled it all by adding.

He returned to his seat. Mark Drew came down the stairs and entered the room on tiptoe. He, too, found a chair. Our wait seemed endless.

"I don't think much of your scheme, Drew," growled the detective at last. "Silly play-acting, if you ask me."

He was interrupted by the sound of heavy footsteps in the dining-room. In another moment in the big door of the drawing-room Myers and Murphy appeared. Between them stood Hung Chin-chung.

"You win, Drew!" Barnes cried. He leaped to his feet, brisk, alive, de-

lighted, and turned up the lights. "Hello, Hung—glad to see you," he chortled.

"He was makin' his getaway by a rope from his window," Myers explained. "We grabbed him the minute he landed."

"Sure—sure," said Barnes. "Well, Hung—that's the second time to-night the old fire-escape proved a handy invention, eh?"

Hung did not speak. He faced the detective with a dignity that was somehow pathetic and hopeless.

"Don't try that stony-stare stuff on me," Barnes warned. "I know you came down that way before. I—that is, we—I mean Mr. Drew here and I—found a few strands of the rope caught in the rough ledge of the window-sill." He passed round Hung into the hall, and returned with the bundle he had hidden beneath the cushion of a chair. As he now unrolled it I perceived that it was a pair of Hung's trousers, wrapped about a pair of cheap American-made shoes. "You're getting awful careless where you put your clothes, aren't you, Hung?"

The Chinaman shrugged his shoulders.

"You are searching the lake for the moon," he said scornfully.

"Maybe we are," answered Barnes. "And maybe we'll find it, too. Maybe the moon's dropped down from heaven—by way of a rope fire-escape." He went close to the impassive face of the Chinaman. "I've got you tagged, son, from the minute you left here to go to your room just before dinner. Wanted to change your clothes, eh? To bring honor to your master, and your master's house. Was that the reason? I don't think so. Now listen to me—and correct me if I'm wrong: You went to your room. You put on these white man's shoes in place of those velvet slippers. You took the knife you'd snatched from Mr. Winthrop's luggage when you were in the state-room packing Henry Drew's bags. You let out the rope of the fire-escape and dropped down into the fog. It wasn't two minutes to Doctor Su's place, by the back way. He was alone there. Did you fix that? You put the knife in him. When you came back you saw Henry Drew in the dining-room. You slipped through the window and did for him. Before you could get back up by the rope route Mr. Winthrop was with you in the fog—"

"I remember," I cried. "Something struck me in the face when I



was close to the wall of the house. It must have been the rope."

"Sure," said Barnes. "It was. Well, Hung, you and Mr. Winthrop played hide-and-seek in the fog. When he went out into the alley you locked the gate after him. Then you climbed to your room. You drew up the rope and put it back on the hook. You took off these shoes, all wet and muddy, and the trousers, wet and stained round the bottom from walking in the tall grass. From your window you could step out on the roof; you hid these things in a dark corner out there. But you overlooked the mud on your window-sill, the mud on the floor. You put on fresh clothes and waited for the time when you were due to meet somebody—a friend. Where were you going—you and your friend? I'll gamble there's a boat waiting for you down at the dock; faked passport, maybe none at all; a bribe here and there—money will do a lot, eh? Well, Hung, I'm sorry. I can't let you go to meet your friend. But don't worry—it's all right. Your friend will be here in a minute to meet you?"

Even at that startling bit of information Hung allowed himself no look of surprise or of distress. Again he shrugged his shoulders.

"It's all up, Hung," the detective was saying. "You haven't got a chance in the world. It's as clear as day. Your first free evening in twenty years, and you spend it killing your master and your master's best friend. Is that your idea of a pleasant night off? Now that's all from me. What have you got to say?"

"Nothing," answered Hung Chin-chung.

Mark Drew came over and stood before the Chinaman. For a long moment the beady little eyes looked straight into those of the dead man's son. Then, amazingly, they faltered, and Hung's chin fell upon his breast.

"Hung," said Drew, "I'm sorry—you must know that. But after all, Henry Drew was my father, and I was bound to find out who killed him if I could. Then, too, you had tried to involve an innocent man. I'm all at sea. I thought you were loyal to my father—I spoke of your loyalty here to-night. There can be no question of your guilt, but that does not solve the mystery for me. It only increases it. What, in heaven's name, was the motive behind all this?"

We heard the front door open and the sound of footsteps in the hall. Riley, huge, red-faced, triumphant, came into the drawing-room. By one arm he led an amazing little captive, a Chinese girl who seemed not more than twenty. She was beautiful in her way; at least there was something intriguing about the sleek lustre of her black hair, about her crimson mouth, and her figure, alluringly slender and lissom. Her face was very frightened; the dark eyes held a hunted look as they glanced hurriedly about the room—and then one of relief as they fell on Hung Chin-chung.

"Well, Riley," said Barnes, "where'd you pick this up?"

"It's as I told you over the phone," said Riley. "When I left this house to go back on my beat the fog was lifting. I went down California. Ahead of me, standing near the corner of Grant, I see a big touring car. I hurried up to it. When he seen me coming the driver, a snappy little Chink, tried to start his motor. It stalled. I come up with him. I thought the tonneau was empty, but under a couple of robes I finds this bit of a girl. Just as I drags her out the car started an' the driver beat it. I thought you'd like to meet the lady."

"Delighted," said Barnes. He went close to the girl. "Who are you? What's your name?"

She shrank from him and said nothing.

"I know her," Mark Drew put in. "I was at her wedding ten years ago. She was only a child then—but there's no mistaking her. Her name is Mah-li, and she is the wife of Doctor Su Yen Hun."

"Doctor Su's wife!" cried Barnes. "Now we are getting on! A Chinese triangle—by all the yellow gods! I didn't know they had 'em. It's all up, kid," he said to the scared little figure. "Hung here has told us everything."

"That is a lie," said Hung in a voice like ice.

"Your husband's been murdered. You know that?" roared Barnes.

"I know nothing," the girl answered faintly.

"Where have you been to-night?"

"At the house of my father, Yuan-shui, on Grant Street. Since early afternoon I was there. My brother was taking me home in his car."

Taking you home? That's a lie. Taking you to the corner to wait for somebody—somebody who was going to smuggle you on board a boat bound for the treaty ports. Come

on!—the detective seized one white slender wrist—"who were you waiting for on that corner? Who were you waiting for—tell me—and tell me the truth, or, by Heaven—"

He gave her arm a brutal twist.

"Let the woman alone!" said Hung Chin-chung, and his voice sent shivers down my spine. "She was waiting for me."

"Sure, she was," said Barnes, dropping the girl's arm. "Now tell me all about it."

"To you," said Hung scornfully, "I will tell nothing." He walked up to Mark Drew. "To you—everything," he said. "Only to-night in this house you spoke of my loyalty, my devotion to your father, and my heart was heavy within me. And why? . . . Because, but a little while before, I had slain both your father and his friend." He turned to the girl, Mah-li. "All this was to be," he explained, as though to a child. "Long ago the gods arranged it. And who is man that he should struggle against the gods?" Again he faced Mark Drew. "But because you have believed in me, have trusted me, you must know that I had good and sufficient cause."

For a moment he was silent while we waited, tense with interest. In the hallway the great clock struck the hour of three.

"Ten years ago," the Chinaman continued to Drew, "I first saw this woman, Mah-li. In the doorway of her father's shop in Grant Street—the shop of Yuan-shui, merchant of curios. A girl of fourteen, slender as the bamboo is slender, dainty as the blossom of the plum, beautiful as a jewel of pure jade. I saw her there, and it came to me that the best in life was evading me—a wife, sons to worship at the graves of my ancestors."

He stepped nearer to Mark Drew.

"What you call love—that came to me. In my thoughts the slim figure of Mah-li was always swaying gently, like a bamboo touched by the breeze. I saw myself her husband. I heard the cry of my first-born son. Yuan-shui, whom I approached, thought it could be honorably arranged. But, as you know, I was not my own master. There was my honorable promise to your father. In this room with the firelight like two torches in his evil eyes, he listened to me while I told him how Mah-li had caught up my heart, and held it in her slender perfumed hands. I asked his permission to marry. And why not? Could I not serve him as faithfully, even though



Mah-li were also mine to care for? He did not speak. He was not pleased.

"Vanity! Vanity was the secret flame at which he warmed his hands, grown cold with many wicked deeds. He was vain of my loyalty to him; that cake with the candles is a symbol, a boast. Selfish, cruel, he would not share me with the woman—he must have all my time, all my care, all my devotion. He thought I did not know. He was often a fool. He called into consultation his partner in evil, Doctor Su Yen Hun, an old man from whom the years had sucked all blood, leaving him a dry, unlovely husk. Between them they arranged it, Doctor Su had no wife living in San Francisco at the time. Your father took me on a journey to the south. When we came back it was Mah-li's wedding-day. She had been given to Su Yen Hun."

"Henry Drew made merry at the wedding. That night in this room I saw his triumph blazing deep in his eyes. I hated him. I hated Su, his partner. Evil men, both of them, as like in their wickedness as the twin blossoms of the pear are like in beauty. Between them they had robbed me, and I swore that the instant I was free I would kill them both. To-day brought my freedom, and to-night I kept my oath."

"You waited ten years!" said Mark Drew softly.

"Why not?" said Hung. "Was I not bound by the chains of my honorable promise?"

Detective Barnes was reaching for those chill cuffs of steel that had lately been on my wrists. Hung stepped to the side of Mah-li and laid a hand on her arm.

"Do not grieve, little disappointed one," he said. "We are not to dwell together in the great house by the broad river in the village of Sun Chin. It is the decree of the gods. For you—after you have put off the white garb of your mourning—there may be another, and a younger, husband. For me—"

"Put out your hands," growled Barnes, coming nearer.

"Once," said Hung, "in Honolulu, the city of my birth, I stood in the foreigner's court. It is a humiliation not to be endured a second time."

With a swift movement he turned his back on the detective. I alone stood between him and the fireplace and could see what followed.

I had last noted my knife on the table; how he got it I do not know,

but now it flashed from his sleeve. The firelight glinted on the blade as, holding the handle in his two lean hands, he turned the point towards his heart. He took one dazed, uncertain step, then fell, his black hair close to the dying fire, while from her tarnished frame above Henry Drew's first wife stared down at him. For an instant, held by this latest decree of the gods, no one moved.

Then without a sound Mah-li dropped to the dead man's side. It was Mark Drew who snatched the knife from her hand and left her there on her knees, gazing at the motionless figure on the hearth.

He was at the end of the path at last, that Chinese boy born near Queen Emma's yard, on the beach at Waikiki. Looking down at him I was conscious of a feeling of pity—until I recalled the knife he had taken from my luggage. Then for the first time I realised all I had escaped. And quicker than the tule-fog lifting from San Francisco all gloomy apprehension vanished from my heart.

Henry Drew's party broke up in a sort of silent awed confusion. Under the flickering gaslight in the dim old hall Mary Will held out her hand.

"Good-night," she said.

"Good-morning," I answered, pointing to the clock. "Where do you imagine you're going?"

"To bed, of course."

"You could never sleep in this house. Go up and get your hat."

"Get my what?"

"Your hat. We'll come back for your luggage later in the day. Just now I propose to take you somewhere to breakfast."

"Nonsense! I can't eat breakfast with you."

"Why not?"

"It simply isn't done—that's all," argued Mary Will.

"But it will be done this time. After breakfast I'm going shopping, and you may as well come along."

"Going shopping! For what?"

"For a wife. I understand the town is filled with beautiful possibilities. And I don't want to get your hopes up too far, but I may say that I'm considering you—very seriously."

"Don't be silly. It's three o'clock in the morning."

"And I love you just as I did at three yesterday afternoon. Peculiar, isn't it? Yes—I rather think I'll marry you."

"Not without looking around?"

"I'll glance the other girls over

on our way to the licence bureau. If I change my mind I promise to let you know at once. Now how about the hat?"

Mary Will hesitated. The hour was not much of a help to her in her delightful stubbornness.

"I'll—I'll have to change my dress too," she said and ran upstairs.

In the brief space of half an hour she returned. Though the fog was gone San Francisco was still a hidden city as we walked gingerly down the steep side of Nob Hill. The sidewalk was wet and slippery. It was absolutely necessary to hold hands.

When we came out of an all-night lunch-room near Union Square dawn was breaking over the silent town. A policeman stood on a corner.

"How soon can we get a marriage licence?" I asked him.

"Office won't be open till nine," said he. "Three hours and more."

"That's a long time to wait," I told him.

"I was that way once myself," he smiled.

I bought a couple of morning papers and we strolled into Union Square. There were great headlines concerning the double murder on Nob Hill. Mary Will caught a glimpse of them.

"It all seems a thousand years ago," she said. "Let's not read about it."

"Certainly not. I bought the newspapers to sit on," said I.

I spread them over a wet bench. They served the purpose excellently. We sat close; Mary Will's lovely eyes were heavy with sleep. Gradually her head slipped down on my shoulder. The hat she had put on was small and did not interfere. It seemed the hand of Providence.

The policeman ambled by, still smiling. "She's a pretty little thing," he said softly. "Good luck to the both of you!" And he went on his way, whistling Annie Laurie.

Day came. The square filled with sunshine. Busy workers hurried by—not one of them too busy for a curious glance towards our bench. Across the way, before my hotel, the carriage starter took up his position. He was fresh and gorgeous as the morning. The voices of newsboys became more insistent. I leaned over and kissed Mary Will's warm lips.

"Wake up," I told her. "It's your wedding-day."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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OF NEWCASTLE

# KNITTING FOR 1939

JUMPERS  
PULLOVERS  
CARDIGANS  
FOR MEN  
& WOMEN

"JUDITH"  
see Directions  
Page 2

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN  
WOMEN'S WEEKLY, 25/3/'39.

• ALSO FREE NOVEL INSIDE



## DIRECTIONS for Judith DESIGN

HERE ARE THE DIRECTIONS FOR KNITTING THE DESIGN SHOWN ON THE FRONT COVER OF THIS SUPPLEMENT.

**Materials:** 10 ounces of Ramada Super Fingering wool, 3-ply. 1 ounce in contrasting color for tie. 1 pair each of No. 12 and No. 10 Vinyella knitting pins. 2 press studs.

**Tension:** 8 sts. to 1 inch on No. 10 needles. 9 rows to 1 inch.

**Measurements:** To fit a 36/38-inch bust. Shoulders, 4 inches. Length, 20 inches from shoulder to lower edge.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog, together; \* . . . \* marks portion of pattern to be repeated; st-st, stocking-stitch (1 row plain, 1 row purl).

**Back:** Cast on 120 sts. on No. 12 needles. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ inches.

**Next Row:** \* k 9, k twice into next st. \* Repeat from \* to \* to end of row (133 sts.).

**Change to No. 10 needles and work in pattern.** The first row is outside of work:

**1st Row:** \* p 1, k 1, p 3, k 1, p 2, k 1, p 1. \* Repeat to end of row.

**2nd Row:** \* k 1, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 1. \* Repeat to end of row.

**3rd Row:** \* p 2, k 1, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 1, p 2. \* Repeat to end of row.

**4th Row:** \* k 2, p 1, k 1, p 3, k 1, p 1, k 2. \* Repeat to end of row.

**5th Row:** \* p 2, k 7, p 2. \* Repeat to end of row.

**6th Row:** \* k 2, p 7, k 2. \* Repeat to end of row.

**7th Row:** As 5th row.

**8th Row:** As 6th row.

**9th Row:** As 5th row.

**10th Row:** As 6th row.

**11th Row:** \* p 3, k 5, p 3. \* Repeat to end of row.

**12th Row:** \* k 3, p 5, k 3. \* Repeat to end of row.

**13th Row:** \* p 4, k 3, p 4. \* Repeat to end of row.

**14th Row:** \* k 4, p 3, k 4. \* Repeat to end of row.

This completes the pattern. Now working in pattern, start increasing each end of every 5th row. When back measures 11 inches in length with welt, work all sts. in rib of k 1, p 1 to top, still increasing each end until you have 162 sts. on the needle, and work measures 13 inches in length.

**Shape Armholes:** Cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, and k 2 tog. each end until you have only 112 sts. left and work measures 16 inches in length. Now work until 20 inches in length and:

**Shape Shoulders:** Cast off 12 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows, and then cast off centre 40 sts. straight across.

**The Front:** Work exactly as for back until 11 inches in length. Now work centre 88 sts. in pattern, leaving sts. on either side on spare needles, thus working in 3 sections to form slits for pockets. Work centre 88 sts., decreasing 1 stitch at each end of every row until you have 42 sts. left. Now work first side group of stitches in k 1, p 1 rib, increasing 1 stitch at centre edge every row until you have increased 23 sts. (also increasing for one inch more at outer edge and then decreasing for armhole as at back). Now work set of stitches on the other side of centre panel to match.

Now work all sts. together and keep working 2 more stitches in rib each side of centre pattern every alternate row, until 33 sts. are left in centre pattern, to be worked in pattern to top with rib of k 1, p 1 each side, until 17 inches in length. Now part work in the centre.

**Left Side:** Cast on 8 sts. garter-st. for underlap at centre edge. Work until 19½ inches in length, then cast off 16 sts. at neck edge, and k 3 tog. at beginning and end of rows at neck edge until 39 sts. are left and work measures 20 inches in length.

**Shape Shoulders:** Cast off 12 sts. on next 3 rows, beginning at armhole edge.

**Right Side:** Work to match left side, but do not cast on sts. at centre edge, and cast off 8 sts. only for neck.

### STAND UP TRIMMING FOR POCKET EDGE

Pick up 25 sts. on No. 10 needles on outside edge of slit for pocket and work in pattern for 3 rows.

**Next Row:** Pattern 11 sts., cast off 3, pattern 11 sts.

**Next Row:** Pattern all along, cast on 3 sts. where cast off in previous row.

Continue working in pattern until 14 rows have been worked (one complete pattern). Cast off.

Pick up 25 sts. on slit at other side and work to match.

### POCKET LINING

Cast on 25 sts. on No. 10 needles and work in st-st. for 2½ in., then k 2 tog. at one edge on every row (i.e., at beginning of one row and end of next alternately) working until you have a piece large enough to fit pocket opening. Make another piece to fit pocket opening on other side, reversing the shaping. Stitch pieces neatly inside jumper at pocket openings.

### SLEEVES

Cast on 48 sts. on No. 12 needles. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ inches. Now change to No. 10 needles and keeping to same rib increase 1 st. each end of every 6th row until you have 98 sts. Work straight until sleeve measures 19½ inches in length, then cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows and k 2 tog. each end of every row until 30 sts. remain and work measures 25 inches in length. Cast off.

### STAND-UP COLLAR

With outside of work towards you, pick up 110 sts. from edge to neck to within underlap sts., work in pattern for 2 in. and cast off.

### TIE

Cast on 50 sts. on No. 12 needles and contrasting wool, work in ribs k 1, p 1 for 4½ inches, then k 2 tog. each end of every alternate row until 30 sts. remain. Work for 12 inches, then increase 1 stitch each end of every alternate row until you have 50 sts. Work for 3½ inches. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Back-stitch, side, sleeve, and shoulder seams. Sew sleeves into armholes very firmly. Sew pocket linings flat inside and pocket flaps flat on top. Sew underlap at neck down on wrong side. Slip-stitch tie to back of neck. Fasten neck with 2 press-studs.

### KNITTED BUTTONS

Cast on 8 sts. in contrasting wool and knit in st-st. for 10 rows, cast off and make another one to match. Make a tiny ball of wool and sew button cover over it, making it a good, round shape.

**Alternative Measures for a 38/40 in. Bust:** Cast on 130 sts. on back and front. Increase at top of welt to 143 sts. Increase to 162 sts. for bust, and decrease to 116 sts. between shoulders.



CLYDE: A pullover he'll be proud to wear, done in the square stitch that is so effective, yet is easy to do.

## JUST the thing FOR SPORTS

**GREY** polo-necked pullover that has a rugged appeal for the out-of-doors man who has an eye for style.

**Materials Required:** 11 oz. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 347 (grey). 1 pair No. 9 needles. 1 set of 4 No. 11 needles.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 34½ inches. Chest, 38 in. Length of sleeve seam, 21 inches.

**Abbreviations:** K knit, p purl, st stitch, tog, together.

**Tension:** 6 sts. 1 inch. 8 rows 1 inch.

### BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 114 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 9 needles.

**1st Row:** K 6, \* p 6, k 6, repeat from \* to end of row.

**2nd Row:** P 6, \* k 6, p 6, repeat from \* to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows twice.

**7th Row:** P 6, \* k 6, p 6, repeat from \* to end of row.

**8th Row:** K 6, \* p 6, k 6, repeat from \* to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows twice. These 12 rows complete 1 pattern. Continue in pattern and when work measures 16½ inches, shape armholes by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 8 inches, shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

(Continued on Page 3)



## DISARMINGLY YOUNG

A Glamorous Style For  
'Tween Seasons

**F**ASHION shifts towards charm,  
so here is a frankly sentimental  
jumper to add to your enchantment.

**Materials Required:** 7ozs. "Sun-Glo"  
Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No.  
2137 (green); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and  
12; 1 press stud.

**Measurements:** Length from top of  
shoulder, 19½ inches; bust, 22-24 inches;  
length of sleeve seam, 5½ inches.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch;  
tog., together; sl, slip; m, make; pss., pass  
slip stitch over.

**Tension:** 7 sts. 1 inch; 9 rows 1 inch.

### BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 116 sts. Work  
in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ inches (working  
1st row into back of sts.). Change to No.  
10 needles, increase 1 st.

**1st Row:** K 2, \* (m 1, k 2 tog.) twice, m 1,  
k 2, sl 1, k 1, pss., k 5, sl 1, k 1, pss.,  
k 5, m 1, k 1, repeat from \* to last st.,  
k 1.

**2nd and Alternate Rows:** P.

**3rd Row:** K 3, \* (m 1, k 2 tog.) twice,  
m 1, k 2, sl 1, k 1, pss., k 3, sl 1, k 1, pss.,  
k 3, m 1, k 3, repeat from \* to end of row.

**5th Row:** K 4, \* (m 1, k 2 tog.) twice, m



**APRIL:** A beguiling young jumper in soft green. It's cool  
enough for summer yet makes a grand start for autumn.

## CLYDE (Continued from Page 2)

### FRONT

Work the same as for back until arm-  
holes measure 5 inches.

**Next Row:** Work 37 sts. (leave on spare  
needle) cast off 8 sts., work 37 sts. Con-  
tinue on last 37 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck  
edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd  
row until decreased to 28 sts. When arm-  
hole measures 8 inches, shape shoulder by  
casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd  
row, 4 times. Join wool and work other  
side to correspond.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 66 sts. Work  
in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ inches (working  
1st row into back of sts.). Change to No.  
9 needles and work in pattern, increasing  
1 st. each end of every 12th row until in-  
creased to 78 sts., then every 8th row until  
increased to 92 sts. Work 8 rows. K 2 tog.  
each end of every row until decreased to 18  
sts. Cast off.

### NECK

Join shoulder seams. With right side of  
work towards you, using 4 No. 11 needles,  
pick up and k about 120 sts. around neck.  
Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4½ inches. Cast  
off loosely.

### TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth.  
Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam  
to seam.

### FRONT

Work the same as for back until armhole  
shaping is complete.

**Next Row:** Work 39 sts. in pattern (leave  
on spare needle), cast on 3 sts., work in  
pattern to end of row.

Continue to work last 39 sts. in pattern  
and when armhole measures 4½ inches cast  
off 6 sts. at neck edge of the next row.  
K 2 tog. at neck edge every 2nd row until  
decreased to 28 sts. When armhole measures  
7 inches shape shoulder by casting off 7  
sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times.  
Join wool at neck edge and work other side  
to correspond.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 92 sts. Work  
in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ inches (working 1st  
row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10  
needles, increase 1 st., and work in pattern  
for 4 inches. Continue in pattern and cast  
off 3 sts. at the beginning of every row until  
decreased to 21 sts. Cast off.

### COLLAR

Join shoulder seams. With wrong side of  
work towards you, using No. 12 needles,  
pick up and k 124 sts. around neck. Work  
in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ inches. Cast off.

### TIE

Using No. 10 needles cast on 12 sts. Work  
in rib of k 1, p 1, for 40 inches. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth.  
Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam  
to seam. Sew press stud at neck edge. Work  
1 row of D.C. down front opening. Sew  
bow at neck edge.



## SIMPLICITY at its EFFECTIVE BEST

A JUMPER that looks as right above a typewriter as it does above a luncheon table because it's trim and feminine.

**Materials:** 13oz. "Netta" knitting wool; two No. 9 and two No. 11 "Beehive" knitting needles; a "Beehive" stitch-holder; a zip-fastener (7 inches long).

**Actual Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 19in.; width all round at under-arm, 37in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 17in.

**Tension:** To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 6½ stitches to the inch in width (an average knitter, using the size of needles recommended, will achieve this result. One who knits more tightly will require a size coarser needle, while a looser knitter should use a needle a size finer).

### FRONT

Using the No. 11 needles, cast on 98 stitches.

1st Row: K 2, \* p 1, k 1, repeat from \* to the end of the row.

Repeat this row forty-six times.

48th Row: K 2, \* (p 1, k 1) twice, increase once in the next stitch, k 1, (p 1, k 1) three times, repeat from \* to the end of the row (there should now be 106 stitches on the needle).

Using the No. 9 needles, proceed as follows:—

1st Row: Knit plain.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1. Repeat these two rows six times.

Continue in plain, smooth fabric, increasing once at each end of the needle in the next and every following 8th row until there are 118 stitches on the needle.

Work 13 rows without shaping.

In the next row k 59, turn.

Work on these 59 stitches as follows:—

1st Row: K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

2nd Row: K 25, p 1, (k 1, p 1) nine times, k 15.

3rd Row: K 1, p 14, k 1, (p 1, k 1) nine times, p 24, k 1.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows once.

6th Row: Cast off 8 stitches, k 17, p 1, (k 1, p 1) nine times, k 15.

7th Row: K 1, p 14, cast off 19 stitches in rib, p 16, k 1.

Leave these stitches on a stitch-holder until the pocket has been worked.

### POCKET

Using the No. 9 needles, cast on 19 stitches.

1st Row: Knit plain.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1. Repeat these two rows fourteen times.

Commencing again on the stitches of the front, work across the row and working across the pocket stitches in place of the cast-off stitches k 1, k 2 tog, knit plain to the end of the row.

Continue in plain, smooth fabric, decreasing once at the armhole edge in every alternate row until 41 stitches remain.

Work 30 rows without shaping.

Proceed as follows:—

1st Row: Cast off 7 stitches, k 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

2nd Row: Knit plain to the last 3 stitches, k 2 tog, k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1. Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows seven times, then the 2nd row once.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:—

1st Row: K 1, p 15, turn.

2nd Row: K 17.



PRISCILLA: Here is a new sports jumper with slick zippered neck. It will make a delightful addition to your winter wardrobe.

3rd Row: K 1, p 8, turn.  
4th Row: K 9. Cast off.  
Join in the wool at the neck edge and knit across the remaining 59 stitches. Proceed as follows:—

1st Row: K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

2nd Row: K 15, p 1, (k 1, p 1) nine times, K 25.

3rd Row: K 1, p 24, k 1, (p 1, k 1) nine times, p 14, k 1.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows once, then the 2nd row once.

7th Row: Cast off 8 stitches, k 1, p 16, cast off 19 stitches in rib, p 14, k 1.

Leave these stitches until the pocket has been worked.

Work a pocket as given for the first half.

Commencing again on the stitches of the front, work across the row and working across the pocket stitches in place of the cast-off stitches, knit plain to the last 3 stitches, k 2 tog, k 1.

Continue in plain, smooth fabric, decreasing once at the armhole edge in every alternate row until 41 stitches remain.

Work 31 rows without shaping.

Proceed as follows:—

1st Row: Cast off 7 stitches, k 1, k 2 tog, knit plain to the end of the row.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, k 2 tog, knit plain to the end of the row.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows six times, then the 2nd row once.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:—

1st Row: K 1, k 2 tog, k 15, turn.

2nd Row: P 16, k 1.  
3rd Row: K 9, turn.  
4th Row: P 8, k 1.  
5th Row: Knit plain to the end of the row. Cast off.

### BACK

Using the No. 11 needles, cast on 98 stitches.

Work exactly as given for the front, until there are 118 stitches on the needle.

Continue without shaping until the work measures the same as the front to the under-arm, ending with a purl row.

Cast off 8 stitches at the beginning of each of the next two rows.

Decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 82 stitches remain.

Work 41 rows without shaping.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:—

1st Row: Knit plain to the last 8 stitches, turn.

2nd Row: Purl to the last 8 stitches, turn.

3rd Row: Knit plain to the last 16 stitches, turn.

4th Row: Purl to the last 16 stitches, turn.

5th Row: Knit plain to the last 25 stitches, turn.

6th Row: Purl to the last 25 stitches, turn.

7th Row: Knit plain to the end of the row. Cast off.

### SLEEVES

Using the No. 9 needles, cast on 24 stitches.

1st Row: Knit plain to the end of the row, cast on 2 stitches.

(Continued on Page 5)



## NEW moulded SILHOUETTE

ONE of those do-a-lot-with-it jumpers—classic in its simplicity.

**Materials:** 9ozs. 3-ply "Ramada" super-fingering wool. Shade 2022 (red), 1 fine crochet hook, 1 pair No. 21 "Vivella" pins.  
**Measurements:** To fit 34-inch bust. Length, shoulder to hem, 30 inches. Sleeve seam, 19 inches.

**Tension:** 9 stitches to 1 inch. 12 rows to 1 inch.

**Abbreviations:** K knit, p purl, st, stitch, tog together, d.c. double crochet.

Work into back of all cast on stitches.

### BACK

Cast on 132 sts. Work k 1, p 1, rib for 31 inches, working twice into the last st. of last row (132 sts.).

Next Row: \* k 2, p 2, \* repeat \* to \* to last st. K 1. This row forms the pattern.

Repeat pattern 10 times.

Increase 1 st. at each end of next and every 12th row until 151 sts. are on pin, keeping the continuity of the fancy rib by working the extra sts. into pattern.

Continue on 151 sts. until work measures 12 inches from cast on.

Shape armholes: Cast off 2 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 137 sts. remain.

Continue on 137 sts. until armholes measure 5½ inches measured straight up.

With right side of work facing, commence ribbing for shoulders.

Right side of work has the k rib in an unbroken line from cast on.

Work 10 rows in k 1, p 1, rib, still keeping the k rib in an unbroken line.

Shape shoulders: Cast off 8 sts. in rib at beginning of next 8 rows.

Cast off in rib.

### FRONT

Cast on 148 sts. Work k 1, p 1, rib for 31 inches, working twice into last st. on last row (148 sts.).

## PRISCILLA

2nd Row: K 1, purl to the end of the row, cast on 2 stitches.

3rd Row: Knit plain to the end of the row, cast on 1 stitch.

4th Row: K 1, purl to the end of the row, cast on 1 stitch.

Repeat from the 1st to the 4th row five times, then the 3rd and 4th row seven times (there should now be 74 stitches on the needle).

Continue in plain, smooth fabric, decreasing once at each end of the needle in the 29th and every following 8th row until 54 stitches remain.

Continue without shaping until the work measures 18½ inches from the commencement, ending with a purl row.

In the next row k 1, \* k 4, k 2 tog., repeat from \* to the last 5 stitches, k 5.

Using the No. 11 needles, in the following row k 2, \* p 1, k 1, repeat from \* to the end of the row.

Repeat this row for 3 inches. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

### COLLAR

Using the No. 9 needles, cast on 85 stitches.

1st Row: K 1, increase once in the next



ALWYN: You'll find this jumper so easy to make—and when finished you'll adore it for its casually-tailored air and fluttering neckline.

Continue in pattern as on back, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 12th row until 167 sts. are on pin.

Continue in pattern on 167 sts. until work measures 13 inches from cast on.

Shape armholes: Cast off 10 sts. at the beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 137 sts. remain.

Continue in pattern on 137 sts. until armholes measure 5½ inches, measured straight up.

Commencing on right side of work, work k 1, p 1, rib for 10 rows as on back.

Shape shoulders: Cast off 8 sts. in rib at beginning of next 8 rows (73 sts.).

Work 2 rows k 1, p 1, rib.

Cast off 2 sts. in rib, rib to last 2 sts., take 2 tog.

Repeat last row until 37 sts. remain on pin.

Cast off 3 sts. in rib, rib to last 2 sts., take 2 tog.

Repeat last row until 13 sts. remain.

Cast off in rib, taking 2 sts. tog. each end.

### SLEEVES (Both Alike)

Cast on 68 sts.

Work k 1, p 1, rib for 31 inches, working twice into last st. on last row (69 sts.).

Continue in fancy rib as for back, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 10th row until 103 sts. are on pin.

Continue on 103 sts. until work measures 19 inches from cast on.

Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 49 sts. remain.

Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows.

Cast off in pattern.

### TO MAKE UP

Press all fancy ribbing widthways on wrong side.

Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams.

Sew sleeves into armholes, taking care to place right side of sleeves to right side of garment.

Work 1 row d.c. round shaped edge of collar, working 1 d.c. into each st. of knitting.

(Continued from Page 4)

stitch, \* k 1, p 1, repeat from \* to the last 3 stitches, increase once in the next stitch, k 2.

2nd Row: K 1, \* p 1, k 1, repeat from \* to the end of the row.

3rd Row: K 1, increase once in the next stitch, \* p 1, k 1, repeat from \* to the last 3 stitches, increase once in the next stitch, k 2.

4th Row: K 1, p 1, \* p 1, k 1, repeat from \* to the last 3 stitches, p 2, k 1.

Repeat from the 1st to the 4th row five times, then the 1st and 2nd rows once. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP THE JUMPER

With a damp cloth and hot iron press carefully. Sew up the side, shoulder, and sleeve seams, joining the seams of each piece by sewing together the corresponding ridges (formed by the stitch knitted at each end of every row). Sew in the sleeves, placing the seam 3 stitches to the front of the side seam. Sew the collar in position, placing the ends to the edges of the front opening. Sew the pocket linings in position on the wrong side. Sew the zip-fastener in position at the centre-front.



## FRISKY *little* SPIRIT-LIFTER . . . . .

**STRESSING** the suave, smooth fitted look . . . the romantic poured-in outlines. A plain style with an intriguing yoke treatment.

**Materials:** "Paten's" super Scotch fingering wool, 2-ply (shade white), 41oz.; "White Heather" embroidery wool, red, 1 skn., navy, 1 skn.; "Beehive" knitting needles, 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12; 1 red button, 1 small glass button.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 19½ inches; width all round at under-arm, 32 inches; length of sleeve from under-arm, 7½ inches.

**Tension:** To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 8 stitches to an inch.

### THE BACK

Using the No. 12 needles, cast on 100 stitches.

Work 3 inches in rib of (k 1, p 1).

Using the No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:

1st Row: Knit plain.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

Continue in plain, smooth fabric, increasing once at both ends of the needle in every 6th row until there are 128 stitches on the needle.

Cast off 8 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Continue without shaping until the work measures 12½ inches from the commencement.

Decrease once at each end of the needle in every alternate row until 100 stitches remain.

Work in rib of (k 1, p 1) without shaping until the work measures 16 inches from the commencement.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Work 50 stitches in rib, turn, place the remaining 50 stitches on a spare needle.

Continue without shaping for 3 inches, ending at the neck edge.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:

1st Row: Work in ribbed pattern to the last 13 stitches, turn.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Work to the end of the row.

3rd Row: Work to the last 26 stitches, turn.

5th Row: Work to the last 39 stitches, turn.

6th Row: Like the 2nd row.

Cast off.

Join in the wool at the neck edge and work on the remaining stitches to correspond.

### THE FRONT

Using the No. 12 needles, cast on 110 stitches.

Work 3 inches in rib of (k 1, p 1).

Work in plain, smooth fabric, increasing once at each end of every 8th row until there are 130 stitches on the needle, and work measures 9 inches from the commencement, ending with a purl row.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 6½, p 1, k 1, p 1, knit plain to the end of the row.



ALISON: A sporty little jumper you'll need, no matter what your outdoor forte. In modish white with red and blue accents.

2nd Row: K 1, p 62, p 1, k 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

3rd Row: K 62, (p 1, k 1) three times, p 1, knit plain to the end of the row.

4th Row: K 1, p 60 (k 1, p 1) three times, k 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

5th Row: K 60 (p 1, k 1) five times, p 1, knit plain to the end of the row.

6th Row: K 1, p 58 (k 1, p 1) five times, k 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

Continue in this manner, still increasing at each end of every 6th row until the work measures 12½ inches from the commencement (138 stitches).

Cast off 8 stitches at the beginning of the next two rows. Still working extra stitches in rib each side of front as before decrease once at each end of every alternate row, until 110 stitches remain, and all the stitches are in ribbed pattern.

Continue without shaping until the work measures 17½ inches from the commencement.

In the next Row: Work 55 stitches in

ribbed pattern, turn, cast off 10 stitches, place the remaining stitches on a spare needle.

Decrease once at the neck edge in every alternate row until 39 stitches remain. Continue without shaping until work measures 19 inches from the commencement.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:

1st Row: Work in ribbed pattern to the last 13 stitches, turn.

2nd Row: Work to the end of the row.

3rd Row: Work to the last 26 stitches, turn.

4th Row: Like the 2nd row.

Cast off.

Join in the wool at the neck edges, work on the remaining stitches to correspond.

### THE SLEEVES

Using the No. 12 needles, cast on 86 stitches, and work in rib of (k 1, p 1) for 1½ inches.

Continue in plain, smooth fabric, increas-

(Continued on Page 7)



## It Plays THE GAME

**GUARANTEED** to make you  
feel young and bright and  
attractive.

This jumper will fit sizes 32-inch to 36-  
inch bust, since the rib is equally successful,  
either open or closed.

**Materials:** Soft "Ramada" Super Fingering  
wool, 4-ply. 4 No. 9 and 4 No. 12 "Vivella"  
knitting pins, pointed at both ends.

**Measurements:** Length from shoulder to  
lower edge, 18½ inches. Bust, 32 inches.  
Length of sleeve seam, 18 inches.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch;  
tog., together; ins., inches; rep., repeat.

**Tension:** 6½ sts. to 1 inch.

### THE FRONT

With 2 No. 12 needles cast on 84 sts. and  
work 3 ins. in (k 1, p 1) rib. Change to  
No. 9 needles and continue in (k 1, p 1)  
rib, but always knit into the back of the  
knit sts., increasing one st. at each end of  
the 7th and every following 8th row until  
there are 104 sts. on the needle. Continue  
without further shaping until the work  
measures 12½ ins. from the lower edge. Here  
shape for the armhole thus: Still knitting  
into the back of the knit sts. continue in  
rib and k 2 tog. at both ends of the next  
and every alternate row until 60 sts. remain.  
Now increase once at both ends of the  
next and every following 4th row until  
there are 70 sts. on the needle. Here  
shape for the neck thus: Work across 24  
sts., cast off 22 sts. (very loosely), work to  
the end. Work on the last 24 sts., knitting  
2 sts. tog. at the neck edge on every row  
until 22 sts. remain. In the next row in-  
crease once at the armhole edge, at the  
same time knitting 2 sts. tog. at the neck  
edge, then in the following row k 2 tog.  
at the neck edge (21 sts.). Work 2 rows  
without shaping, then to shape the shoulder  
cast off 5 sts. at the armhole edge 3 times,  
then 6 sts. once. Join in the wool at needle  
point and work on the remaining 24 sts.  
to match the first side.

### THE BACK

Work exactly as given for the front until  
60 sts. remain. Now increase once at both



**VIVIAN:** You'll play a better game in a moulded jumper—slim and close to  
your figure. Done in a simple stitch that even the most inexperienced knitter can  
manage.

### THE COLLAR

Join the shoulder seams. With the right  
side of the work facing, using No. 12 needles,  
pick up and knit 120 sts. evenly round the  
neck. Commencing to pick up the sts.  
from the left front shoulder (40 sts. on  
each of 3 needles) (60 sts. on back and  
front), taking the 4th needle work in rounds  
of (k 1, p 1) rib, (do not knit into the back  
of the knit sts.) for 1½ ins., ending at the  
left shoulder.

**Next Round:** Rib 25, cast off 10 sts. in  
rib, work in rib to the end of the round.  
Now work backwards and forwards in rib  
on the remaining sts. for 1 inch, then change  
to No. 9 needles and work a further 1½ ins.  
in rib. Cast off loosely in the rib.

### THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 44 sts. and  
work 2½ ins. in (k 1, p 1) rib (do not knit  
into the back of the knit sts.). Change to  
No. 9 needles and continue in rib, but knit  
into the back of the knit sts., increasing  
once at each end of the 5th and every fol-  
lowing 6th row until there are 73 sts. on  
the needle. Continue without further shap-  
ing until the work measures 18 ins. from  
the lower edge. To shape the top: K 2  
tog. at both ends of the next and every  
alternate row until 34 sts. remain.

### TO MAKE UP

Press the work lightly under a damp  
cloth with a warm iron. Join the side and  
sleeve seams. Set in the sleeves, placing  
the centre of the cast-off sts. at the top to  
shoulder seams, and the two corners to the  
angles formed by the decreasing and in-  
creasings of the raglan armhole. Press  
all seams.

## ALISON

(Continued from Page 6)

ing once at each end of the needle, in every  
alternate row, until there are 102 stitches  
on the needle, then in every 4th row until  
there are 122 stitches on the needle.

Continue without shaping until the work  
measures 7½ inches from the commence-  
ment.

Decrease once at each end of every row  
until 80 stitches remain. Work 2 inches  
without shaping. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

### THE COLLAR

Using the No. 10 needles cast on 141  
stitches.

**1st Row:** \* K 1, p 1, repeat from \* to the  
last 2 stitches, k 2.

**2nd Row:** Like the 1st row.

**3rd Row:** (K 1, p 1) thirty-four times, k  
2 tog., k 1, slip 1, k 1, pso., \* p 1, k 1, repeat  
from \* to the end of the row.

**4th Row:** Increase once in the first stitch.

(k 1, p 1) thirty-four times, p 3, \* p 1, k 1,  
repeat from \* to the last stitch, increase  
once in the last stitch.

Repeat the 3rd and 4th rows until work  
measures 4½ inches.

Cast off in rib.

### TO MAKE UP THE JUMPER

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron  
press lightly. Sew up the side, shoulder and  
sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing  
seam to seam, making two pleats each side  
of the shoulder seams. Sew cast-off edge  
of collar to neck, placing the point at the  
centre front. Using the blue embroidery  
wool, work a zig-zag chain around the  
lower edge of collar, and yoke, as illustrated.  
Work a red dot in each angle. Make a  
crochet loop at top of back opening. Sew  
on glass buttons to correspond.

Sew red button in position.



## DESTINED for A festive FUTURE

THE dramatic new silhouette may be yours if you'll just choose this simple ribbed sweater to highlight your winter wardrobe.

**Materials Required:** 8ozs. 3-ply "Ramada" super fingering wool, shade 7584 (clover mixture), 1 "Millward" crochet hook, size 2½, 1 pair No. 9 "Viyella" knitting pins.

**Measurements:** To fit 34-inch bust. Length, shoulder to hem, 20½ inches, sleeve seam, 18½ inches.

**Tension:** 8 stitches to 1 inch, 9 rows to 1 inch.

**Abbreviations:** K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together, d.c. double crochet.

This jersey may, if preferred, be knitted in either "Ramada" lustre crepe or "Dacnite" 3-ply knitting wool.

### BACK

Cast on 110 sts. and work in pattern thus:  
1st Row: K 1, p 1, alternately to end of row.

2nd Row: P.

These two rows form the pattern and are repeated throughout, but after first increasing the 1st row of pattern will begin p 1 and after 2nd increasing k 1, etc.

Work in pattern for 10 rows.

Next Row: K first st. from pin tog. with first st. from cast on row. Repeat to end of row to form a hem.

Work in pattern for a further 3 inches, then increase 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row until 134 sts. are on pin.

Continue on 134 sts. until work measures 13 inches from bottom of hem, ending on a p row.

Shape armholes: Cast off 8 sts. beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 together at beginning of next 8 rows (110 sts. on pin).

Continue on 110 sts. until armholes measure 6½ inches, measured straight up.

Shape shoulders: Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off.

### FRONT

Cast on 118 sts. and work as for back until 142 sts. are on pin and work measures 13 inches from bottom of hem.

Shape armholes: Cast off 12 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of next 8 rows (110 sts.) Continue on 110 sts. for a further 6 rows.

Shape neck: Rib 32 sts., cast off 46 sts., rib 32 sts.

Continue in pattern on last 32 sts. until armhole measures 6½ inches, measured straight up, not round armhole, ending at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder: \* Cast off 8 sts., work to end of row. Work back. Repeat \* to \* twice.

Cast off. Join wool at neck edge to remaining 32 sts., and work to match other side.

### SLEEVES

Cast on 56 sts. and work in pattern as for back for 10 rows. Make hem as for bottom of jersey.

Continue in pattern for a further 3 inches. Increase 1 st. at each end of next and every 8th row until 100 sts. are on pin.

Continue on 100 sts. until work measures 18½ inches from bottom of hem.

Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 48 sts. remain.

Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows. Cast off.

### BOW (Made in two pieces)

Cast on 150 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 10 rows. Cast off loosely in rib.

### TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. Commencing at right back of neck, work 1 row of d.c. round neck, working 1 d.c. into each st. of knitting. Work three more rows, missing the corner sts. in each round to make the edging lie flat. Slightly press seams and hems on wrong side, also the crochet edging. Sew bow to front of jersey, and arrange as picture, tacking into position.

### TO ALTER SIZE

Take a careful note of the measurements given in the instructions, then measure yourself in order to be sure that the garment is your size.

To enlarge a plain garment, multiply the number of stitches required for one inch by the number of inches necessary for the extra width.

To make a smaller size, cast on as many less stitches as are required for one inch. To enlarge a patterned garment, make certain that enough stitches are added for a complete pattern.

Armhole shaping: If a larger garment is required, add half an inch on both back and front armhole shaping to the shoulder. Do not forget to work the sleeve correspondingly larger when casting on. For a smaller garment, reduce the length of the armhole shaping to shoulder by half an inch and make the sleeve correspondingly smaller.



**OLGA:** A style that looks at its very loveliest in the new clover tonings. Its tailored severity is relieved with an interesting scroll trim at the neckline.



# ENGAGING new ANNY Blatt MODEL

To Make You Slender As A  
Jonquil's Stem

VIENNA is behind "Dorothea" with her snowy-white, double-breasted cardigan, a-sparkle with crystal buttons and happy-go-lucky stripes.

**Materials Required:** 1000z. Anny Blatt Kurly wool, white. 100z. each Anny Blatt Kurly wool, shade H5 (red) and H3 (green). 12 buttons. 1 medium crochet hook.

**Knitting Pins:** 1 pair each No. 8 and No. 10 "Vipella" pins.

**Measurements:** To fit 34-inch bust. Length, shoulder to hem, 19 inches, sleeve seam, 18½ inches.

**Tension:** 5½ stitches to 1 inch. 8 rows to 1 inch.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; st-st., stocking-stitch; tog., together; d.c., double crochet.

Work into back of all cast on stitches. Pattern is worked in stocking-stitch throughout.

**Pattern:** 24 rows, white; 2 rows, red; 4 rows, white; 2 rows, green; 4 rows, white; 2 rows, red.

## BACK.

Cast on 78 sts. on No. 10 pins. Work k 2, p 2 rib for 26 rows.

Change to No. 8 pins and pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of next and every 12th row until 90 sts. are on pin.

Continue on 90 sts. until work measures 12½ inches from cast on.

**Shape Armholes:** Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at each end of next 6 rows (70 sts.). Continue on 70 sts. in white wool until armholes measure 6½ inches, measured straight up.

**Shape Shoulders:** Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off.

**Right Front:** Cast on 48 sts. on No. 10 pins. Work k 2, p 2 rib for 10 rows.

**Next Row:** Make buttonhole: K 2, p 1, cast off 4 sts., rib to end of row.

**Next Row:** Rib to last 3 sts., cast on 4 sts., k 1, p 2.

(Five more buttonholes are made up front to neck edge, the second buttonhole 16 rows after the first, i.e., on 17th and 18th rows, make the remaining 4 buttonholes on every 27th and 28th rows.)

Continue in k 2, p 2 rib until 26 rows have been worked from cast on.

Change to No. 8 pins and pattern. Increase 1 st. at end of next and every 12th row until 54 sts. are on pin.

Continue on 54 sts. until work measures 12½ inches from cast on, ending at side edge.

**Shape Armhole:** Cast off 4 sts., work to end of row.



**DOROTHEA:** An audacious little Viennese model, soft and warm as a kitten's ear. - It will serve you smartly all winter through.

Take 2 tog. at armhole edge on next 8 rows (44 sts.).

Continue in white wool for remainder of front.

Work 12 rows on 44 sts.

Change to k 2, p 2 rib and continue until 8th buttonhole has been worked, ending at front edge.

**Shape Neck:** Cast off 14 sts., rib to end. Take 2 tog. at neck edge on next 6 rows (24 sts.).

**Shape Shoulder:** \* Cast off 6 sts., rib to end. Rib back.\* Repeat \* to \* twice. Cast off.

**Left Front:** Cast on 48 sts. on No. 10 pins. Work to match right front, reversing increasing and decreasing and omitting buttonholes.

## SLEEVES (both alike)

Cast on 40 sts. on No. 10 pins. Work k 2, p 2 rib for 16 rows.

Change to No. 8 pins and pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 60 sts. are on pin.

Continue on 60 sts. until 3 patterns have been worked.

Continue in white wool only until sleeve measures 18½ inches from cast on.

Cast off 2 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 50 sts. remain.

Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows. Cast off.

## TO MAKE UP

Press st-st. part of work on wrong side with hot iron over damp cloth.

On the fronts and sleeves, beginning on 4th st. in from edge, work alternate vertical lines of red and green chain-st. over the pattern stripes to form check, leaving 4 sts. between each line.

Sew up shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes.

Work 1 row d.c. in white wool up right front edge, round neck and down left front. Sew 6 buttons on left front 2 inches from edge.

Sew 6 buttons on right front 3 inches in from edge and level with buttonholes.

Sew 4 press studs on edge of left front, one at neck edge and 3 more at equal distances apart.

Sew 1 press stud at neck edge of right front, and 1 press stud at bottom edge of right front.



## CHARM . . . in every trim CHIC LINE . . .

**M**ORE than a good sports jumper—it's an incentive to go out and play just for the fun of wearing it, and it fits so snugly.

**Materials:** Yarn, "Nursery Vivella" knitting yarn, 3-ply. 1 pair No. 10 needles. 2 spare needles or stitch holders.

**Measurements:** Length from shoulder, 18½ inches. Bust to fit 34-inch to 36-inch. Sleeve seam, 5½ inches underarm.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; tog., together; inc., increase; dec., decrease; rep., repeat; st., stitch or stitches; patt., pattern; beg., beginning; alt., alternate.

**Tension:** 13 rows and 7½ sts. to one inch.

### BACK

Cast on 97 sts. K working into back of sts. on this row only. Work in pattern as follows:

**1st Row (back of work):** K 1, \* wool forward, slip 1, k 1 \*. Repeat from \* to \*.

**2nd Row:** \* k 1, k 2 tog. into back of next 2 sts. (the slipped st. and wool forward st. of previous row) \*. Repeat from \* until 1 st. k 1.

These 2 rows form pattern and are repeated throughout garment.

Continue in pattern for 46 rows, then inc. 1 st. at each end of row in next row and every 6th row following until 129 sts.

Continue in pattern until 12 inches from casting on.

**Shape Armholes:** Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. at both ends of next row. Now dec. 1 st. at both ends of alt. rows until 99 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures 14 inches from casting on, ending on wrong side of work.

**Shape for Yoke:** Work 26 sts. in patt. Cast off 47 sts., work remaining sts. in pattern. Work 26 sts. in patt. place remaining sts. on spare needle and work.

**Right Side of Back:** \* Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of row, work remaining sts. in pattern, turn, work next row in patt. without shaping. Repeat these 2 rows until all sts. are cast off. When casting off work into back of slipped st. and wool forward st. and k 2 tog. as usual, counting this as 1 st. Join wool to sts. on spare needle and work left side of back to match, from \* to end.

### FRONT

Work exactly as back.

**Yoke:** Cast on 24 sts. Work in patt. inc. 2 st. at both ends of alt. rows until 66 sts., ending on wrong side of work. Continue on these sts. as follows: Work 23 sts. in patt., p 20 sts., work 23 sts. in pattern.

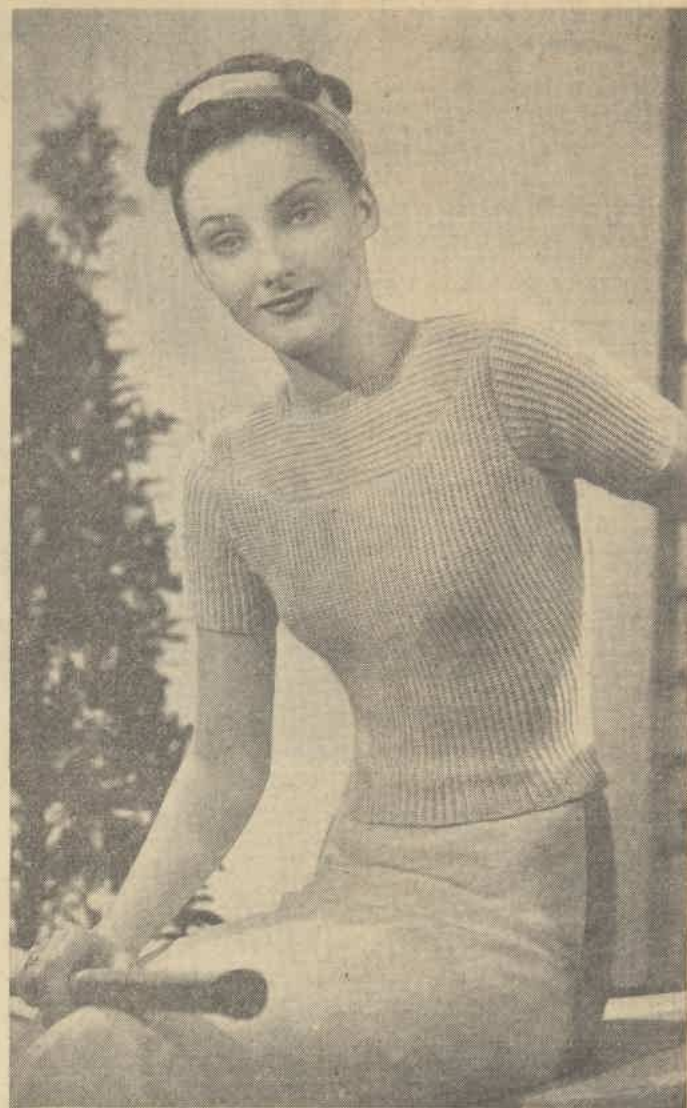
Repeat this row 5 times more.

**Next Row:** Work 23 sts. in patt., p 4, cast off 12 sts., p 4. Work remaining sts. in patt. Continue to work on these sts. for **Front Half of Yoke.** \* work 23 sts. in patt., p 4 (place remaining sts. on spare needle for present).

**Next Row:** P 4, work 23 sts. in patt.

Repeat these 2 rows until 58 rows have been worked\*, place these sts. on spare needle. Join wool to sts. on first spare needle and work back half of yoke to match, beginning with p 4, work 23 sts. in patt., then as from \* to \* of front half.

**Next Row:** Work 23 sts. in patt., p 4, cast on 12 sts., work across sts. on spare needle,



**PATRICIA:** A handy little jumper that's sleekly smart and so easy to knit. You'll enjoy every minute of making it.

then continue on 66 sts. for 5 more rows, purling the centre 20 sts. as before on every row.

Now work all sts. in patt. Shape this end of yoke by dec. 1 st. at both ends of alt. rows until 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

**Sleeves.** Both Alikes: Cast on 75 sts. Work in pattern for one inch, then inc. 1 st. at both ends of next row and every 8th row

following until 87 sts. Continue until seam measures 5½ inches or length required, ending on wrong side of work.

**Shape Top:** Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 23 sts. remain. Cast off.

**Making Up:** Sew yoke on to matching parts of back and front. Join side seams. Join sleeve seams and insert same. Press all seams with warm iron over damp cloth.



# CAPTURING a quaint elfin CHARM

VERY, very young—that's how you'll feel in this jumper—it gives you a sort of inspired story-book appeal.

**Materials:** 6ozs. "Viyella" knitting yarn, 3-ply, a small odd quantity of contrasting color for tassels, 1 pair No. 12 "Viyella" knitting pins, 1 pair No. 11 "Viyella" knitting pins, 1 spare knitting pin pointed at both ends, 4 button moulds or small buttons, 1 crochet hook No. 12.

**Measurements:** Length 19 inches, bust 32-34 inches, sleeve underarm measurement 6½ inches.

**Tension:** 12 rows and 12 stitches to one inch.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; beg., beginning; dec., decrease.

**Note.**—The twists are made every thirteen rows, and are worked thus:

Slip 1 knit st. on to spare needle, keeping it in front of work. Slip next two purl sts. purlwise off left-hand needle on to right-hand needle (but without purling them), now put slip stitch that is on spare needle on to left-hand needle in front of the 2 sts., and then on to right-hand needle, making three stitches in front of wool. Slip the next k st. from left-hand needle on to spare needle (again keeping it in front of work). Place the first 3 slipped sts. back on to left-hand needle and bring the slip st. now

on spare needle on to left-hand needle, crossing it in front of the 3 slip sts. K 1, p 2, k 1, into these 4 sts.

The scarf is worked in with the back of the garment and forms the shoulder line.

## FRONT

Cast on 128 sts. with No. 12 needles and work into backs of sts. on 1st row. Work 12 rows k 2, p 2, rib.

**13th Row (pattern row):** K 2, p 2, \* k 1, repeat from \* to \*, k 1, p 2, \* repeat from \* to \* to end of row.

Work 13 rows in k 2, p 2, rib.

**27th Row (pattern row):** K 2, p 2, k 2, p 2, \* k 1, repeat from \* to \*, k 1, p 2, \* Repeat from \* to \* to end of row.

These 27 rows form the pattern and are repeated throughout the garment.

Continue on No. 12 needles for 56 rows. Change to No. 11 needles and continue until work measures 13 inches.

## SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 8 sts. beg. each of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 110 sts. remain.

Continue on these sts. until work measures 18 inches.

## SHAPE NECK AND SHOULDERS

These slope up from neck towards back, as scarf is sewn on to this shaping.

**1st Row:** Work 45 sts. in pattern, cast off 20 sts., work 45 sts. in pattern.

**2nd Row:** Work 45 sts. in pattern, place remaining sts. on spare needle, and work left side of shaping by casting off 5 sts. at beg. of alternate rows at neck edge until 5 sts. remain. Cast off.

Join wool at neck edge, take sts. off spare needle, then work right side shaping in same manner.

## BACK

Work exactly as front until work measures 17 inches. Divide for neck opening, also working each side piece of scarf.

Work 55 sts. in pattern and place remaining sts. on spare needle. Continue on these sts. for 70 rows.

## SHAPE SCARF

K 2 sts. together at beg. of alternate rows (opposite edge to opening) until work measures 15 inches from dividing for opening. Use darning needle and draw all sts. together at end of scarf. Fasten off firmly.

Join on wool, pick up sts. off spare needle, and work second side in same manner.

## SLEEVES (BOTH ALIKE)

Cast on 86 sts. using No. 12 needles. Work in pattern until seam measures 6½ inches.

**Shape top of sleeves:** Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 20 sts. remain. Cast off.

## TO MAKE UP

Sew up side seams. Sew scarf on to front slope for shoulders. Join sleeve seams and insert same. Work 1 row double crochet over front of neck. Work 2 rows double crochet round opening at back, making four loops for buttonholes in 2nd row, by working 5 chain, 3 double crochet sts. down one side 4 times. Sew buttons on to match buttonholes.

Make two tassels of contrasting color wool by winding wool round fingers until tassel is of desired size, cut one end and tie tightly round loops of other end. Sew on to scarf. Cover moulds by working rounds of double crochet to fit and drawing tightly over moulds. Press all seams only, under damp cloth, with warm iron.



**ELINOR:** Fitted like the paper on the wall, and charming to have because of its interesting new stitch and frivolous neckline.



## To make You smartly 1939

YOU'LL hail it with delight, wear it and love it for its simplicity, its sparkle, its gaiety.

**Materials:** 7 ozs. 3-ply "Ramada" superfine-wool. Shade 7638 (green), 1 yard petersham ribbon to match wool, 2½ inches wide, 6 buttons and 1 belt clasp, 1 pair each No. 9 and No. 12 "Viyella" knitting pins.

**Measurements:** To fit 34-inch bust. Length, shoulder to hem, 22 inches. Sleeve seam, 18½ inches.

**Tension:** 7 sts. to 1 inch. 9 rows to 1 inch.

**Abbreviations:** K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together, st.-st. stocking-stitch.

Work into back of all cast on stitches.

### BACK

Cast on 118 sts. on No. 12 pins. Work in p 1, k 1 rib for 12 rows. Change to No. 9 pins and st.-st. Commencing with a k row, work 22 rows. Take 2 tog. each end of next and every 4th row until 39th row has been worked (106 sts. on pin). Work 17 rows on 106 sts.

Increase 1 st. each end of next (57th), and every 4th row until 81st row (7th increase) has been worked (120 sts.).

Work 37 rows on 120 sts.

Change to pattern.

1st Row: K 37, p 2, k 42, p 2, k 37

2nd and Every Alternate Row: P

3rd Row: K 35, p 2, k 42, p 2, k 38, p 2, k 2, p 2, k 35.

5th Row: K 27, p 2, k 48, p 2, k 8, p 2, k 27.

7th Row: K 25, p 2, k 48, p 2, k 6, p 2, k 42, p 2, k 6, p 2, k 2, p 2, k 35.

9th Row: K 12, \* p 2, k 8, p 2, k 8, p 2, k 42, p 2, k 8, p 2, k 8, p 2, \* k 17.

11th Row: K 15, p 2, k 42, p 2, k 6, p 2, k 8, p 2, k 42, p 2, k 8, p 2, k 6, p 2, k 6, p 2, k 15.

13th Row: As 9th row.

From this point, keep pattern of 6 straight lines unchanged, repeating \* to \* of 9th row on every k row.

Shape armholes.

15th Row: Cast off 6 sts., k 11, work \* to \* of 9th row, k 17.

16th Row: Cast off 6 sts. P to end.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 96 sts. remain.

29th Row: K 5, work \* to \* of 9th row, k 5.

31st Row: K 5, p 2, k 8, p 2, k 8, p 2, k 18 (p 1, k 1), 3 times, slip remaining 45 sts. on spare pin.

32nd Row: Rib 5, p to end.

33rd Row: As 31st row.

Repeat these 2 rows 5 times.

44th Row: P 1, k 1, cast off 2 sts., k 1, p to end.

45th Row: As 31st row to last 4 sts., p 1, k 1, cast on 2 sts., p 1, k 1 \*\*.

Next 8 Rows: As 32nd and 33rd rows alternately.

Repeat these 10 rows until end of 4th buttonhole ending at \*\*.

Next Row: As 32nd row.

Shape shoulder: Still working in pattern, cast off 8 sts., pattern to end. Work back \*.



### HELEN:

*Slim precision that narrows you down to your minimum. Ideal for sport in a flattering shade of green. Make it in just a few leisure evenings at home.*



Repeat \* to \* twice. Cast off 8 sts, place remaining 19 sts. on holder.

Join wool at centre back to sts. left unworked, cast on 6 sts.

31st Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, k 18, p 2, k 8, p 2, k 8, p 2, k 5.

32nd Row: P to last 6 sts., rib 6. Repeat these 2 rows 22 times, then work 31st row.

Shape Shoulder: \* Cast off 8 sts., work to end. Work back. \* Repeat \* to \* twice.

Cast off 8 sts. Place remaining 19 sts. on holder.

### FRONT

Cast on 116 sts. on No. 12 pins. Work 12 rows ribbing as for back.

Change to No. 9 pins and pattern.

1st Row: K 17, \* p 2, k 8, p 2, k 8, p 2, \* k 38, repeat \* to \* once, k 17.

Second and every alternate row: P.

Repeat these 2 rows, decreasing as for back on 23rd and every 4th row until 39th row has been worked.

Continue on 106 sts. for 11 more rows.

51st Row: K 13, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 38, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 13.

53rd Row: K 14, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 34, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 14.

55th Row: K 15, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 32, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 15.

57th Row: K twice into 1st st., k 15, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 30, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 15, k twice into last st.

59th Row: K 18, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 28, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 18.

Continue thus, moving pattern lines, \* to \* one st. nearer centre front every k row, and increasing as 57th row on 61st and every 4th row following to match back, until 81st row has been worked (120 sts. on pin), and centre lines are 6 sts. apart.

83rd Row: K 34, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 8, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 34.

85th and 87th Rows: As 83rd row.

89th Row: K 33, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 10, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 33.

91st and 93rd Rows: As 89th row.

95th Row: K 33, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 12, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 32.

97th and 99th Rows: As 95th row.

Continue thus, so that every 6th row moves pattern lines 1 st. further from centre, which continues now to top of shoulder.

Shape armholes: Beginning on 133rd row, cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of next 12 rows. Still keeping in pattern work 18 rows without decreasing.

Next Row: Pattern 40 sts., slip next 16 sts. on a safety pin, join another ball of wool, pattern 40 sts.

Continue working right shoulder.

Take 2 tog. at neck edge on each of next 6 rows. Work 5 rows without decreasing.

Take 2 tog. at neck edge on next row. Repeat these 6 rows once.

Next Row: P.

Next Row: K 5, work \* to \* of 1st row, k 5. Work 10 rows on 32 sts., keeping pattern lines straight as for back.

Shape shoulder: \* Cast off 8 sts, work to end. Work back \*.

Repeat \* to \* twice. Cast off.

Return to 40 sts. of left shoulder.

Work to match right side, but casting off for shoulder on k rows.

Neck Ribbing: Sew up shoulder seams, take 19 sts. of left back from spare pin, and rib 6, k 13, pick up and k 30 sts. along left neck, k 18 sts. from safety pin, pick up and k 29 sts. along right neck, k 13, rib 6 from spare pin.

Work 10 rows.

Work in p 1, k 1 rib, making buttonholes as before on 1st row and 7th row. Cast off in rib.

(Continued on Page 13)



## SAUCY and SIMPLE

**I**F you are an ingenue, make the most of it—wear this youthful little jumper with its pretty square neckline.

**Materials Required:** 7 ozs. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2100 (Salmon). 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11. Colored wools for embroidery.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 19½ inches. Bust, 32¾ inches. Length of sleeve seam, 5½ inches.

**Abbreviations:** K knit, p puri, st. stitch, tog. together.

**Tension:** 6 sts. 1 inch, 8 rows 1 inch.

### BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 90 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 3½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 9 needles, increase 1 st.

1st Row: K 1, \* p 1, k 1, repeat from \* to end of row.

2nd Row: P.

3rd Row: P 1, \* k 1, p 1, repeat from \* to end of row.

4th Row: P.

Repeat last 4 rows, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 95 sts. Continue in pattern and when work measures 13½ inches, shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 7 inches, shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.



**SALLY:** Knit this jumper for yourself with its saucy puffed sleeves. We like it in salmon-pink with a drawstring of palest blue.

### FRONT

Work basque the same as for back. Next Row: P 36, \* p twice into next st.,

repeat from \* 18 times, p 36. Work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 114 sts. When work measures 13½ inches, shape armholes as for back. When armholes measure 3½ inches, work as follows:

Next Row: Work 24 sts. (leave on spare needle), \* m 1, k 2 tog., k 2, repeat from \* to last 26 sts., m 1, k 2 tog., work 24 sts.

Continue on last 62 sts. for 1 inch, then cast off the 58 centre sts., and work remaining 24 sts. in pattern until armhole measures 7 inches, then shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool and work the remaining 24 sts. to correspond.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 84 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 9 needles.

Next Row: \* P 3, p twice into next st., repeat from \* to end of row (105 sts.) Work in pattern for 4 inches, then k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 17 sts. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves. Make 2 cords with 3 strands of wool 16 inches long. Sew cords on each side of neck and thread through holes, tying in centre, make pom-poms and sew on ends of cord. Using colored wools, embroider around each side of neck, as shown in illustration.

## HELEN

(Continued from Page 12)

### SLEEVES

Right: Cast on 44 sts. on No. 12 pins. Work 12 rows p 1, k 1 rib.

Change to No. 9 pins.

Next Row: P., working twice into 2nd st., then in every 8th st. to end (80 sts.).

Change to pattern.

1st Row: K 4, \* p 2 (k 8, p 2) 4 times, \* k 4. 2nd and Every Alternate Row: P.

Repeat these 2 rows, keeping pattern of 5 straight lines.

On 7th row, k 2, k twice into next st., work to last 3 sts., work twice into next st., k 2.

Increase 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 84 sts. are on pin, but change pattern after 11th increase row (72 sts. on 67th row).

68th Row: P.

69th Row: K 16, work \* to \* of 1st row, k to end.

71st Row: K 17, work \* to \* of 1st row, k to end.

Continue moving \* to \* 1 st. further on for next 4 k rows, increasing on 73rd and 79th row, which has 23 sts. before \* to \* of 1st row. This completes pattern. Work remainder of sleeve in st-st.

When 103rd row has been worked, continue on 84 sts. until work measures 18½ inches.

Cast off 2 sts. at beginning of every row until 30 sts. remain. Cast off.

Left: Make this as right sleeve, but

when pattern changes, move lines one st. in opposite direction on each k row.

69th Row: K 14, work \* to \* of 1st row, k to end.

71st Row: K 15, work \* to \* of 1st row, k to end.

Continue to match right sleeve.

### BELT

Cast on 17 sts. on No. 9 pins.

1st Row: K.

2nd and Every Alternate Row: P.

3rd Row: K 1, p 2, k 4, p 3, k 4, p 2, k 1.

5th Row: P 1, k 4, p 2, k 1, p 2, k 4, p 2.

7th Row: K 5, p 2, k 3, p 2, k 5.

9th Row: K 4, p 2, k 5, p 2, k 4.

11th Row: K 3, p 2, k 7, p 2, k 3.

13th Row: K 2, p 2, k 9, p 2, k 2. Repeat

3rd to 14th rows, 10 times.

15th Row: K 1, p 2, k 11, p 2, k 1.

17th Row: P 2, k 13, p 2.

19th Row: As 15th.

20th Row: P.

These rows form centre back of belt, pattern of first half is now reversed. Work instructions backwards, repeating 13th to 2nd row eleven times in all.

K 1 row and cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. Press seams only. Sew on buttons to match buttonholes. Sew down lower edge of underwrap. Machine edges of belt to petersham ribbon, sew ends to clasp.



## DEFY WINTER'S icy winds IN THIS

A GAY pick-me-up in tempting new guise, flavored with imagination and colored with piquancy.

**Materials Required:** 9oz. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white). Small quantities of colored wools for embroidery. 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11; 7 buttons.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 20in.; bust, 32½in.; length of sleeve seam, 19in.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl, st., stitch; tog., together.

**Tension:** 6 sts., 1in.; 8 rows, 1in.

### BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 108 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

**1st Row:** K 3, \* p 2, k 3. Repeat from \* to end of row.

**2nd Row:** P 3, \* k 2, p 2. Repeat from \* to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows, and when work measures 12 inches shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 7 inches shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

### LEFT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 68 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

**1st Row:** \* k 3, p 2. Repeat from \* to last 8 sts., k 8.

**2nd Row:** K 10, p 3, \* k 2, p 3. Repeat from \* to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows 4 times.

**11th Row:** (K 3, p 2) 6 times, \* sl. the next 3 k sts. onto spare needle and leave in front of work, sl. the next 2 p sts. onto spare needle and leave at back of work, k the next 3 sts., p the 2 sts. from spare needle, k the 3 sts. from spare needle, p 2, k 3, p 2. Repeat from \* once, k 8.

**12th Row:** Repeat 2nd row.

Repeat last 12 rows and when work measures 12 inches shape armhole by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armhole measures 4 inches cast off 12 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 28 sts. When armhole measures 7 inches shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times.

### RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 68 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 1 inch (working 1st row into back of sts.).

**Next Row:** K 2, p 2, cast off 4 sts., work to end of row.

**Next Row:** Work in ribbing to last 4 sts., cast on 4 sts., k 2, p 2. Continue in ribbing until work measures 3½ inches. Change to No. 9 needles.

**1st Row:** Cast on 6 sts., k into back of cast on sts., k 4, cast off 4 sts., \* p 2, k 3. Repeat from \* to end of row.

**2nd Row:** \* p 3, k 2. Repeat from \* to last 10 sts., cast on 4 sts., k 10.



**BETTINA:** Flashing white sports cardigan with effective, easy-to-do peasant embroidery that makes you look so bright and attractive.

**3rd Row:** K 14, \* p 2, k 3. Repeat from \* to end of row.

**4th Row:** \* p 3, k 2. Repeat from \* to last 14 sts., k 14.

Continue as for left front, keeping 14 sts. in garter-st. instead of 8, and making 5 more buttonholes 2½ inches apart. When shaping neck, cast off 18 sts. instead of 12 sts.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 56 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, increase 2 sts.

Work in pattern (working the 11th row as follows): Increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 84 sts. Work 8 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 22 sts. Cast off.

**11th Row:** P 1 (k 3, p 2) 5 times, work the next 8 sts. in cable-st. as for left front (p 2, k 3) 5 times, p 1.

### COLLAR

Join shoulder seams. Stitch back facing on right front. With right side of work towards you, using No. 11 needles, pick up and k 120 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 5 rows, make a buttonhole as in basque, continue in ribbing for 3 inches, make another buttonhole, work 5 rows ribbing. Cast off. Turn back collar, stitching buttonholes together.

### TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Using colored wools embroider cardigan as shown in illustration.



## BRIMMING *with* FASHION INTEREST

**L**OOK picturesque and exciting in a jumper that will do as much for your ego as a new man's compliments.

**Materials:** "Paton's" Super Crepe Yarn. (Shade 59444), 10 ozs. Hyacinth. "Beehive" Knitting Needles. 1 pair each Nos. 12 and 9. 4 buttons.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 19 inches. Width all round at underarm, 35 inches. Length of sleeve from underarm, 18 inches.

**Tension:** To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 7 stitches to the inch.

### THE FRONT

Using the No. 12 needles, cast on 108 stitches.

Work in rib of (k 2, p 2) for 3½ inches.

Using the No. 9 needles, proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** K 1, p 2, w.r.n., k 2 tog., \* p 8, w.r.n., k 2 tog., repeat from \* to the last 2 stitches, p 2, k 1.

**2nd Row:** K 3, w.r.n., p 2 tog., \* w.r.n., p 2 tog., repeat from \* to the last 3 stitches, k 3.

These two rows form the pattern, and are repeated throughout. Keeping the continuity of the pattern, increase once at each end of the needle in every 8th row until there are 124 stitches on the needle.

Continue in pattern without shaping until the work measures 13 inches from the commencement.

Cast off 8 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Decrease once at each end of the needle in every row until 98 stitches remain.

Continue in pattern without shaping until the work measures 17½ inches from the commencement.

Proceed as follows:—

**1st Row:** Work in pattern to the last 58 stitches, cast off 18 stitches, work in pattern to the end of the row.

Work in the first 40 stitches as follows:

Decrease once at the neck edge in every row until 34 stitches remain, ending at the neck edge.

Work 8 rows without shaping. Shape for the shoulders as follows:

**1st Row:** Work in pattern to the last 10 stitches, turn.

**2nd and Alternate Row:** Work in pattern to the end of the row.

**3rd Row:** Work in pattern to the last 20 stitches, turn.

**5th Row:** Work in pattern to the last 30 stitches, turn.

**6th Row:** Work in pattern to the end of the row. Cast off. Join in the wool at the neck edge, and work on the remaining 40 stitches to correspond.

### THE BACK

Work exactly as given for the front until the armhole shapings have been completed. Continue in pattern without shaping until the back armhole measures the same as the front armhole.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:

**1st and 2nd Rows:** Work in pattern to the last 10 stitches. Turn.



**MERYL:** A soft hyacinth jumper brilliantly finished with a fancy stripe stitch and scattered with a drift of multi-colored dots.

**3rd and 4th Rows:** Work in pattern to the last 20 stitches. Turn.

**5th and 6th Rows:** Work in pattern to the last 30 stitches. Turn.

**7th Row:** Work in pattern to the end of the row. Cast off.

Using the No. 12 needles, cast on 58 stitches.

Work in rib of (k 2, p 2) for 2 inches.

Using the No. 9 needles, proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** \* P 8, w.r.n., k 2 tog., repeat from \* to the last 8 stitches, p 7, k 1.

**2nd Row:** \* K 8, w.l. fwd., p 2 tog., repeat from \* to the last 8 stitches, k 8.

Continue in pattern as given in these 2 rows, increasing once at each end of the needle in the 4th and every following

8th row, until there are 90 stitches on the needle.

Continue in pattern without shaping until the work measures 18 inches from the commencement.

Cast off 2 stitches at the beginning of every row until 18 stitches remain. Cast off.

### THE COLLAR

Using the No. 12 needles, cast on 138 stitches. Work in rib of (k 2, p 2) for 4 inches. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP THE JUMPER

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Sew up the side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew the collar in position, and, if required, sew on beads as illustrated.



## PERSUASIVE FLATTERY

**S**TRAIGHT from the Paris Openings came the inspiration for this sophisticated debutante blouse for important autumn dates.

This jumper may be knitted with either a crochet or a knitted yoke.

**Materials Required:** 7oz "Ramada" Super Fingering wool, 3-ply, dark, for the crochet yoke jumper; 6oz "Ramada" Super Fingering wool, 3-ply, dark, for the knitted yoke jumper; 1oz "Ramada" Super Fingering wool, 3-ply, white; 1 pair No. 10 "Viyella" knitting pins; 1 crochet-hook, No. 12, for the crochet yoke jumper; 1 set of four No. 10 "Viyella" knitting-pins for the knitted yoke; 1 yard of 1½ in. wide ribbon, 4 press fasteners.

**Measurements:** Length from shoulder to hem, 17 in.; bust, 34 in.; sleeve, underarm, 6½ in.

**Tension:** 7 sts. and 10 rows to one inch.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; sl, slip a stitch; tog., together; inc., increase; dec., decrease; m., make a stitch; beg., beginning; ltr., long treble; tr., treble; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet. (In long treble the wool is twisted over the hook twice before inserting the hook into st. For treble the wool is twisted over the hook once before inserting the hook into st.) Half tr., half treble, i.e., with a loop on the hook \* wool over hook, draw another loop through the next st. (3 loops), wool over hook, draw through all the loops. Rep. from \*.

### THE FRONT

With dark wool cast on 102 sts. Rib in (k 1, p 1) for 30 rows, working into the back of every k st. Inc. 1 st. at the end of 30th row. Commence pattern thus: Sl. 1, k 1, \* k 1, m. 1, k 2 tog. Rep. from \* to the last 2 sts., k 2. This row is repeated throughout. In the following rows the m. 1 of the first row is knitted together with a knit st. when working k 2 tog. Work in pattern inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of 6th row and every 6th row following, until 119 sts. Continue until 80 rows are worked. Work should now measure 8 in. from commencement of pattern.

Shape the armholes as follows: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of each of the next 2 rows.

Shape the yoke as follows: K 2 tog., work 41 sts. in pattern, cast off 21 sts., work 41 sts. in pattern, k 2 tog. Work the right side of front on these 42 sts., place remaining sts. on holder or spare needle. Keeping the continuity of the pattern, dec. 1 st. at the armhole edge on the next 3 rows, also dec. 1 st. at the neck edge on every row until 24 sts. remain. Now dec. 1 st. at the neck edge on every alternate row until 1 st. remains. Fasten off. It will be found easier to omit the last "m 1" to act as a decreasing. Join on wool, pick up sts. off holder and work left front in same manner.

### THE BACK

Work in exactly the same manner as front.

### THE SLEEVES (both alike)

Cast on 60 sts. Rib (k 1, p 1) as front for 30 rows. Inc. in last row of rib by working into back and front of every k st., and also in last p st., making 91 sts. Work in pattern as front for 30 rows.



**ZELDA:** An eye-catching new style that's bright and exciting. And, best of all, it's easy to make despite its intricate-looking stitch.

Shape top of sleeve by casting off 3 sts. beg. of every row until 13 sts. Cast off. Press each part of garment under damp cloth with hot iron. Join in side and sleeve seams, also top of yoke fronts to back points. Insert sleeves. Mark centre front with colored wool or cotton to assist in working yoke. Hold right side of garment facing worker, use dark wool and crochet yoke as follows all round neck of garment.

**1st Row:** \* 5 ltr. worked into first st., 1 tr. on each of the next 4 sts., 1 half tr. on each of the next 4 sts., 1 d.c. on each of the next 11 sts., 1 half tr. on each of the next 4 sts., 1 tr. on each of the next 4 sts. (32 crochet sts. worked over 7 ribs of knitted pattern) Rep. from \* 9 more times (320 sts. all round). Sl-st., the last tr. to first st. of each row.

**2nd Row:** 2 ch., 2 tr. into centre of 5 ltr., 2 ch., \* 1 tr. on alternate sts. of the first row, (14 tr. between groups), 2 ch., 2 tr. in centre of 5 ltr., 2 ch. Rep. from \* all round.

**3rd Row:** \* 2 ch., 1 d.c., 3 tr., 1 d.c. in centre of 2 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. on tr. between groups, missing the centre hole (12 tr. between groups). Rep. from \* all round.

**4th Row:** \* 1 d.c. on d.c. of 3rd row, 2 ch., 5 ltr. in centre of 3 tr., 2 ch., 1 d.c. on d.c., 2 tr. into each of the next 4 holes, 1 tr. into next hole, miss 1 hole, 1 tr. into next, 2 tr. into next 4 holes (9 tr. on each side of centre tr.). Rep. from \* all round.

**5th Row:** \* 1 d.c. on d.c., 2 ch., 3 tr. in centre of 5 ltr., 2 ch., 1 d.c. on d.c. Now join in white wool and carry the wool not

in use along the top of the sts. Work 1 tr. on each of the next 9 tr., miss the centre tr., work 1 tr. on each of the next 9 tr. Change to navy wool and rep. from \* all round.

**6th Row:** All navy blue. \* 1 d.c. on d.c., 2 ch., 5 ltr. in centre of 3 tr., 2 ch., 1 d.c. on d.c. Work 1 tr. on each of the tr. of the previous row missing the 2 centre trs. (In this row 8 trs. on each side.) Rep. from \* all round.

**7th Row:** \* 1 d.c. on d.c., 2 ch., 3 tr. in centre of 5 ltr., 2 ch., 1 d.c. on d.c. with white wool, work 1 tr. on each of the tr. of the previous row missing the 2 centre trs., (7 trs. on each side.) Rep. from \* all round.

**8th Row:** As the 6th row (6 trs. on each side).

**9th Row:** As the 7th row (5 trs. on each side).

**10th Row:** As the 6th row (4 trs. on each side).

**11th Row:** As the 7th row (3 trs. on each side).

**12th Row:** Divide for neck opening by working 1 d.c. on d.c., 2 ch., 2 tr. in 2nd of the 3 tr. of the 11th row. Turn and sl-st. back over these sts. Now work all rows backwards and forwards instead of all round. Continue this row as 8th row, ending with d.c. on d.c., 2 ch., 2 tr. in 3rd st. of "3 tr." of the 11th row. Work 2 ch. to turn every row, and 2 tr., 2 ch., 1 d.c. at beginning and end of this and next 2 rows. (2 trs. on each side.)

**13th Row:** 2 trs., 2 ch., \* 1 d.c. on d.c., 2 ch., 3 tr. in centre of 5 ltr., 2 ch., 1 d.c. on

(Continued on Page 17)



# ZELDA...

(Continued from Page 16)

d.o. With white wool work 1 tr. on each side of the 4 trs. on previous row. Rep. from \* to end of row (2 trs. on each side).

14th Row: As the 6th row (1 tr. on each side).

15th Row: The rest of the yoke is worked in navy wool. 3 ch., 3 tr., \* 2 ch., 1 tr. on d.c., 1 tr. in centre space, 1 tr. on d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c. on each of the 5 l.tr. Rep. from \* and end 2 tr. on tr.

16th Row: 3 ch., 2 tr., \* 1 tr. on every st. of the 15th row.

17th Row: As the 16th row.

18th Row: 3 ch., \* 1 tr. on each of the next 8 tr., miss 1 tr. Repeat from \* to end of row, ending with 8 tr.

## THE COLLAR

Work 6 rows of tr. on tr. of previous row, with 3 ch. to turn each row. Fasten off wool.

## THE KNITTED YOKE

N.B.—When working the white stripes it will be necessary to weave in the blue wool across the back of the work as in "Fairisle."

With the right side of the work facing, using the set of 4 needles, commencing at the centre front of the neck, using the navy wool, pick up and knit 320 sts. evenly all round the neck of the garment (108 sts. on each of the two needles and 108 sts. on the third). Taking a fourth needle work in rounds as follows:—

1st Round: Knit.

2nd Round: Knit.

3rd Round: K 3, \* k 11, (k 2 tog.) twice, k 17. Rep. from \* to the last 29 sts., k 11, (k 2 tog.) twice, k 14.

Work 2 rounds without shaping.

6th Round: K 3, \* k 10 (k 2 tog.) twice, k 16. Repeat from \* to the last 27 sts., k 10 (k 2 tog.) twice, k 13. Join in white wool.

7th Round: K 3 blue, \* 22 white, 6 blue. Repeat from \* to the last 25 sts., k 22 white, 3 blue.

8th Round: As the 7th round.

9th Round: All in blue, k 3, \* k 9 (k 2 tog.) twice, k 15. Repeat from \* to the last 25 sts., k 9 (k 2 tog.) twice, k 12.

10th Round: Knit all in blue.

11th Round: K 3 blue, \* k 20 white, 6 blue. Repeat from \* all round.

12th Round: K 3 blue, \* k 8 white (k 2 tog.) twice, k 8 white, 6 blue. Repeat from \* to the last 23 sts., k 8 white (k 2 tog.) twice, white, k 8 white, 3 blue.

Continue in this manner, decreasing 2 sts. in the centre of each striped panel in every 3rd round until the 6th white stripe has been completed. (140 sts.) Here divide the sts. for the neck. Change to blue wool.

1st Row: K 3, \* k 2 (k 2 tog.) twice, k 3. Repeat from \* to the last 11 sts., k 2 (k 2 tog.) twice, k 5, turn and work backwards and forwards on these 120 sts.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: Purl.

Now work 1 inch in (k 1, p 1) rib.

Next Row: \* (k 1, p 1) 4 times, k 1, p 2 tog. Repeat from \* to the end. Work a further 2 inches in rib. Cast off in the rib.

## TO MAKE UP

Using a damp cloth and a warm iron, press each piece, carefully avoiding the ribbing. Join side and sleeve seams and set in the sleeves. Sew the press fasteners to the front opening. Cut the ends of the ribbon into points, fold it in two, and stitch the folded end underneath the right-hand side of the front opening.



## DONALD:

A sturdy pull-over any man will appreciate. It's as smart in the club house as on the golf course.



# COMBINE comfort AND STYLE

V-NECKED sweater in smart zig-zag stitch with bright contrast neckband, basque, and cuffs.

## FRONT

Work the same as for back until work measures 15 inches.

Next Row: Work 59 sts., k 2 tog. (leave remaining 60 sts. on spare needle).

Continue on last 60 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge every 4th row. When work measures 16 inches, shape armhole by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row 6 times.

Continue to decrease at neck edge every 4th row until decreased to 28 sts. When armhole measures 8 inches, shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool and work other side to correspond.

Materials required: 11 oz. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 347 (l. grey.) 2 oz. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, No. 55 (d. grey.) 1 pair No. 9 needles. 1 set of 4 No. 11 needles. Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 24 inches. Chest 38 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 21 inches.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together, l.g. light grey, d.g. dark grey. Tension: 8 sts. 1 inch. 8 rows 1 inch.

## BACK

Using No. 11 needles and d.g. wool cast on 120 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 3 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 9 needles, and l.g. wool, increase 1 st.

1st Row: P 1, \* k 7, p 1, repeat from \* to end of row.

2nd Row: P 1, \* k 1, p 5, k 1, p 1, repeat from \* to end of row.

3rd Row: K 2, \* p 1, k 3, repeat from \* to last 3 sts., p 1, k 2.

4th Row: P 3, \* k 1, p 1, k 1, p 5, repeat from \* to last 8 sts., k 1, p 1, k 1, p 3.

5th Row: K 4, \* p 1, k 7, repeat from \* to last 5 sts., p 1, k 4.

6th Row: P.

Repeat last 6 rows, and when work measures 15 inches, shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row 6 times. When armholes measure 8 inches, shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

## SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and d.g. wool, cast on 74 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, and l.g. wool, and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 10th row until increased to 100 sts. Work 8 rows. Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 24 sts.

Cast off.

## NECK BAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using 4 No. 11 needles and d.g. wool, pick up and k 200 sts. around neck. Decrease 1 st. each side of "V" every row, and work 3 rows rib of k 1, p 1, in d.g. wool, change to l.g. wool, k 6 rows, change to d.g. wool, k 1 row, work 5 rows ribbing. Cast off.

## TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam.



## WARM AS TOAST

**F**RESH as the violet's initial bud . . . a sensible long-sleeved cardigan to show you at your best. Perfect when the thermometer drops.

**Materials:** 12oz. "Relyena" knitting wool. Two No. 8 and two No. 10 "Beehive" knitting needles. A "Beehive" stitch-holder. Five buttons.

**Actual Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 19 inches. Width all round at underarm, 33 inches. Length of sleeve from underarm, 17 inches.

**Tension:** To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 54 stitches to the inch in width (an average knitter, using the size of needles recommended, will achieve this result. One who knits more tightly will require a size coarser needle, while a looser knitter should use a needle a size finer).

### RIGHT FRONT

Using the No. 8 needles, cast on 46 stitches.

**1st Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1. Repeat from \* to the end of the row.

**Repeat this row once.**  
**3rd Row:** K 2, p 1, cast off 2 stitches, k 1, \* p 1, k 1. Repeat from \* to the end of the row.

**4th Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1. Repeat from \* to the last 4 stitches, p 1, cast on 2 stitches (thus forming a buttonhole), k 1, p 1, k 1. Repeat the 1st row four times.

**9th Row:** K 2 (p 1, k 1) three times, knit plain to the end of the row.

**10th Row:** K 1, purl to the last 8 stitches, (p 1, k 1) four times.

**Repeat these two rows six times.**  
**23rd Row:** K 2, p 1, cast off 2 stitches, k 1, p 1, k 1, knit plain to the end of the row.

**24th Row:** K 1, purl to the last 6 stitches, p 1, k 1, p 1, cast on 2 stitches, k 1, p 1, k 1.

**Repeat the 9th and 10th rows five times.**  
**35th Row:** K 2 (p 1, k 1) three times, k 12, (p 1, k 1) ten times, k 6.

**36th Row:** K 1, p 5, (p 1, k 1) ten times, p 12, (p 1, k 1) four times.

**Repeat the 35th and 36th rows once.**

**39th Row:** K 2, (p 1, k 1) three times, k 12, (p 1, k 1) ten times, k 3, increase once in the next stitch, k 2.

**40th Row:** K 1, p 5, cast off 20 stitches, p 12, (p 1, k 1) four times.

Leave these stitches on a stitch-holder until the pocket has been worked.

### POCKET

Using the No. 8 needles, cast on 20 stitches.

**1st Row:** Knit plain.

**2nd Row:** K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1. Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows fifteen times.

Commencing again on the stitches of the front, work across the row, working across the pocket stitches in place of the cast-off stitches.

Proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** K 1, purl to the last 8 stitches, (p 1, k 1) four times.

**2nd Row:** K 2, p 1, cast off 2 stitches, k 1, p 1, k 1, knit plain to the end of the row.

**3rd Row:** K 1, purl to the last 6 stitches, p 1, k 1, p 1, cast on 2 stitches, k 1, p 1, k 1.

Keeping a border of 8 stitches in rib at the front edge, continue in plain, smooth fabric, making a buttonhole in the following 19th and 20th rows, whilst at the same time, increasing once at the end of the needle in the next and every following 6th

### PRUDENCE:

*Set your needles clicking and make this delightful little cardigan. It looks particularly attractive in misty-blue.*



### LEFT FRONT

Using the No. 8 needles, cast on 46 stitches.

**1st Row:** K 1, \* p 1, k 1. Repeat from \* to the last stitch, k 1. Repeat this row seven times.

**9th Row:** Knit plain to the last 8 stitches, (k 1, p 1) three times, k 2.

**10th Row:** (K 1, p 1) four times, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

**Repeat the 9th and 10th rows twelve times.**

**35th Row:** K 4, (k 1, p 1) ten times, k 12, (k 1, p 1) three times, k 2.

**36th Row:** (K 1, p 1) four times, p 12, (k 1, p 1) ten times, p 3, k 1.

**Repeat the 35th and 36th rows once.**

**39th Row:** K 1, increase once in the next stitch, k 4, (k 1, p 1) ten times, k 12, (k 1, p 1) three times, k 2.

**40th Row:** (K 1, p 1) four times, p 12, cast off 20 stitches, p 6, k 1.

Leave these stitches until the pocket has been worked.

Work a pocket as given for the right front.

Commencing again on the stitches of the front, work across the row, working across the pocket stitches in place of the cast-off stitches.

Proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** (K 1, p 1) four times, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

**2nd Row:** Knit plain to the last 8 stitches, (p 1, k 1) four times.

**3rd Row:** Like the 1st row.

Keeping a border of 8 stitches in rib at the front edge, work in plain, smooth fabric, increasing once at the beginning of the needle in the next and every following 6th row until there are 53 stitches on the needle.

Work 9 rows without shaping.  
(Continued on Page 19)



## PRUDENCE...

(Continued from Page 18)

Continue in plain, smooth fabric, decreasing once at the front edge (inside the border) in the next and every following 6th row until 50 stitches remain. Work 3 rows without shaping.

In the next row cast off 7 stitches; knit plain to the last 8 stitches. (k 1, p 1) three times, k 2.

Decrease once at the armhole edge in every alternate row, whilst at the same time, decreasing once at the front edge (inside the border) in the 2nd and every following 6th row until 32 stitches remain. Work 3 rows without shaping.

Continue in plain, smooth fabric, decreasing once at the front edge (inside the border) in the next and every following 6th row until 26 stitches remain. Work 8 rows without shaping.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:  
1st Row: (K 1, p 1) four times, purl to the last 6 stitches, turn.

2nd Row: Knit plain to the last 8 stitches, (k 1, p 1) three times, k 2.

3rd Row: (K 1, p 1) four times, purl to the last 12 stitches, turn.

4th Row: Knit plain to the last 8 stitches, (k 1, p 1) three times, k 2.

5th Row: (K 1, p 1) four times, turn.

6th Row: (K 1, p 1) three times, k 2.

7th Row: (K 1, p 1) four times, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

8th Row: Cast off 18 stitches, (k 1, p 1) three times, k 2.

Work 11 inches in rib on the remaining 8 stitches. Cast off.

### BACK

Using the No. 8 needles, cast on 82 stitches.

1st Row: K 2, \* p 1, k 1. Repeat from \* to the end of the row.

Repeat this row seven times.

9th Row: Knit plain.

10th Row: K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

Repeat the 9th and 10th rows fourteen times.

Continue in plain, smooth fabric, increasing once at each end of the needle in the next and every following 6th row until there are 96 stitches on the needle.

Work 25 rows without shaping.

Cast off 7 stitches at the beginning of each of the next two rows.

Decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 66 stitches remain. Work 29 rows without shaping.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:

1st Row: Knit plain to the last 6 stitches, turn.

2nd Row: Purl to the last 6 stitches, turn.

3rd Row: Knit plain to the last 12 stitches, turn.

4th Row: Purl to the last 12 stitches, turn.

5th Row: Knit plain to the last 18 stitches, turn.

6th Row: Purl to the last 18 stitches, turn.

7th Row: Knit plain to the end of the row. Cast off.

### SLEEVES

Cast on 24 stitches.

1st Row: Knit plain to the end of the row, cast on 2 stitches.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to the end of the row, cast on 2 stitches.

3rd Row: Knit plain to the end of the row, cast on 1 stitch.

4th Row: K 1, purl to the end of the row, cast on 1 stitch.

Repeat from the 1st to the 4th row five times, then the 3rd and 4th rows five times

(there should now be 70 stitches on the needle).

Decrease once at each end of the needle in 11th and every following 8th row until 48 stitches remain. Continue without shaping, until the work measures 18½ inches from the commencement, ending with a purl row.

In the next row, \* k 1, k 2 tog., k 2. Repeat from \* to the last 3 stitches, k 2 tog., k 1. Using the No. 10 needles in the following row k 2, \* p 1, k 1. Repeat from \* to end of the row. Repeat this row for 3 inches. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

### TO MAKE UP THE CARDIGAN

With a dry cloth and hot iron press lightly. Sew up the side, shoulder, and sleeve seams, joining the seams of each piece by sewing together the corresponding ridges (formed by the stitch knitted at each end of every row). Sew in the sleeves placing the seam 2 stitches to the front of the side seam. Join together the bands from the fronts and sew to the back of the neck. Sew the pocket linings in position on the wrong side. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

## THIS IS what HE WANTS...

A POLO sweater that's faultless in every line, and warm enough to challenge the most blustering southerlies.



### OWEN:

Man's ideal winter jumper with raglan sleeves and polo neck. Quite simple to do from the directions given here.

Materials Required: 11 ozs. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2089 (Bottles), 1 pair No. 9 needles, 1 set of No. 11 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 24 inches. Chest 38 inches. Length of sleeve seam 21 inches.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together.

Tension: 6 sts. 1 inch, 8 rows 1 inch.

### BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 116 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 24 inches (working 1 row into back of sts.) Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: K 1, p 1, to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows, and when work measures 15½ inches, cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog.

each end of every row until decreased to 84 sts., then every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. Cast off.

### FRONT

Work the same as for back until decreased to 44 sts.

Next Row: K 16 (leave on spare needle), cast off 12 sts., k 16. Continue on last 16 sts. and k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 2 sts. Cast off. Join wool and work the other side to correspond.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 60 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 94 sts. Work 4 rows. Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 70 sts., then every 2nd row until decreased to 12 sts. Cast off.

### NECK

Join back, front and sleeve seams together. With right side of work towards you, using 4 No. 11 needles, pick up and k 120 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 5 inches. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams.



## With the Hall Mark Of Paris

A FASCINATING little jumper in which to go skittering hither and yon — at a moment's notice perhaps. You'll love the new stitch.

Jersey with ribbed yoke and alternative instructions for short sleeves.

**Materials required:** Long sleeves—80s. 3-ply "Ramada" super fingering wool, shade 7638 (turquoise). Short sleeves—70s. 3-ply "Ramada" super fingering wool, shade 7638 (turquoise); 1 pair each No. 9 and No. 12 and 13 "Vivella" knitting pins; 1 spare pin (pointed both ends).

**Measurements:** To fit 34-inch bust. Length, shoulder to hem, 20 inches. Long sleeve seam, 18½ inches. Short sleeve seam, 4½ inches.

**Tension:** 7 stitches to 1 inch; 10 rows to 1 inch.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

This jersey may also be knitted in either "Ramada" lustre crepe or "Daenite" 3-ply knitting wool.

### BACK

Cast on 116 sts. on No. 9 pins (do not work into back of sts.).

Work pattern as follows:—

1st Row: K 1 (for border), \* p 6, k 6, \* repeat \* to \* to last 7 sts., p 6, k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, \* k 6, p 6, \* repeat \* to \* to last 7 sts., k 7.

Repeat last 2 rows once.

5th Row: K 1, \* p 6, sl. next 3 sts. on spare pin, bring to front of work, k next 3 sts., k 3 sts. from spare pin, \* repeat \* to \* to last 7 sts., p 6, k 1.

6th, 8th and 9th Rows: As 2nd row.

7th and 10th Rows: As 1st row.

Repeat 9th and 10th rows once.

13th Row: K 1, \* sl. next 3 sts. on spare pin, bring to front of work, k 3, k 3 sts. from spare pin, p 6, \* repeat \* to \* to last 7 sts., sl. next 3 sts. on spare pin, bring to front of work, k 3, k 3 sts. from spare pin, k 1.

14th and 16th Rows: As 1st row.

15th Row: As 2nd row.

These 16 rows form the pattern for the back.

Work first row but with every st. k in pattern the corresponding st. of the cast on row to form a hem.

Continue in pattern until work measures 6 inches from bottom of hem.

Increase 1 st. at each end of next and every 8th row until 128 sts. are on pin, working the extra sts. in pattern.

Continue on 128 sts. until work measures 13½ inches from bottom of hem. (7½ patterns worked, not including hem.)

### SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 104 sts. remain.

Continue on 104 sts. until armholes measure 4½ inches, measured straight up. (10½ patterns worked.)

### SHAPE NECK

\*\*Next Row: Pattern 43, turn, work back.

Pattern 39, turn, work back.

Pattern 35, turn, work back.

Pattern 31, turn, work back.

Pattern 27, turn, work back.

### SHAPE SHOULDER

\*\*\*Next Row: Cast off 7 sts., pattern 29, turn, work back.



### FLORENCE:

Another slender style with a snug crew neck. And though you'd never suspect it, it's surprisingly easy to knit.



Next Row: Cast off 7 sts., pattern 12, turn, work back.

Next Row: Cast off 7 sts., pattern 6, turn, work back.

Cast off.\*\*\*

Join wool at centre to sts. left unworked and work to end of row.

Repeat from \*\* of other side, leaving the centre 50 sts. on spare pin.

### YOKE

With No. 12 pins pick up 10 sts. along the side edge of shoulder shaping, k the 50 sts., knitting twice into every 4th st., k up 10 sts. along other side of neck.

Work in k 2, p 2 rib for 19 rows.

Change to No. 13 pins. Work k 2, p 2 rib for 3 rows. Cast off in rib.

### FRONT

Cast on 128 sts. on No. 9 pins. Do not work into back of cast on sts.

Work pattern as follows:—

1st Row: K 1, \* k 6, p 6, \* repeat \* to \* to last 7 sts., k 7.

2nd Row: K 1, \* p 6, k 6, \* repeat \* to \* to last 7 sts., p 6, k 1.

Repeat last 2 rows once.

5th Row: K 1, \* sl. next 3 sts. on spare pin, bring to front of work, k 3, k 3 sts. from spare pin, p 6, \* repeat \* to \* to last 7 sts., sl. next 3 sts. on spare pin, bring to front of work, k 3, k 3 sts. from spare pin, k 1.

6th and 8th Rows: As 2nd row.

7th Row: As 1st row.

9th Row: K 1, \* p 6, k 6, \* repeat \* to \* to last 7 sts., p 6, k 1.

10th Row: K 1, \* k 6, p 6, \* repeat \* to \* to last 7 sts., k 7.

Repeat last 2 rows once.

13th Row: K 1, \* p 6, sl. next 3 sts. on spare pin, bring to front of work, k 3 sts., k 3 sts. from spare pin, \* repeat \* to \* to last 7 sts., p 6, k 1.

14th Row: As 10th row.

15th Row: As 9th row.

16th Row: As 10th row.

These 16 rows form the pattern for front.

Work the 1st row, but with every st. k in pattern the corresponding st. of the cast on row, to form a hem.

Continue in pattern until work measures 6 inches from bottom of hem.

Increase 1 st. at each end of the next and every 6th row until 140 sts. are on pin.

Continue on 140 sts. until work measures 13½ inches from bottom of hem (7½ patterns worked from hem).

### SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 104 sts. remain.

Continue on 104 sts. until armholes measure 3½ inches, measured straight up (9½ patterns).

Shape neck as for back from \*\* to \*\*.

Work 18 rows on 27 sts. Shape shoulders as for back.

### YOKE

With No. 12 pins, pick up 24 sts. down side of neck shaping, k across centre 50 sts., knitting twice into every 4th st., pick up 24 sts. along other side of shoulder.

Work k 2, p 2 rib for 19 rows. Change to No. 13 pins. Work 3 rows in k 2, p 2 rib. Cast off.

### LONG SLEEVES

Cast on 56 sts. on No. 9 pins. Work in pattern as given for back for 16 rows, then make hem as given for back. Continue in pattern until work measures 3 inches from bottom of hem.

Increase 1 st. at each end of next and every 8th row until 92 sts. are on pin. Continue on 92 sts. until work measures 18½ inches from bottom of hem.

Cast off 2 sts. at beginning of every row until 28 sts. remain. Cast off.

### SHORT SLEEVES

Cast on 92 sts. on No. 12 pins. Work in k 2, p 2 rib for 2 inches. Change to No. 9 pins and work pattern as for back for 2½ inches from bottom of hem. Shape top as for long sleeves.

### TO MAKE UP

Lightly press work with hot iron over damp cloth. Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes.